A

COLLECTION

OF

36 Loyal Poems,

All of them written upon the Two late

PLOTS,

VIZ,

The Horrid *Salamanca* PLOT in 1678.

AND THE

Preſent *Fanatical Conſpiracy* in 1683:

To which is added,

Advice to the CARVER,

Written on the Death of the late L. *Stafford*

WITH

Several *Poems* on their Majeſties *Coronation*,

Never before Publiſhed.

Collected by *N. T.*

Printed by *N. T.* at the Entrance into the *Old-Spring-Garden* near *Charing-Croſs*, 1685.

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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

READER,

I Here present Thee with the LOYAL POEMS that have severally scatter'd in Print, and ventur'd most of them to Peep into the World, even in the Highest of Dangers and worst of Times; when the very Pestilential Air of Poison'd Senates, and Infected Kingdoms rag'd highest, and Threatned Fatallest; being a whole Collection of all that durst look abroad since the first Apparition of all the Popish Hobgoblins, either contain'd in, or raised by that unparallel'd Piece of Discovery the Salamanca Narrative: That Master-piece of Hocus Pocus, where the Dextrous Operator Titus so much out-went every little Brother of the Slight of Hand, the Puny Jugiers of the

Age; *that whereas Their feebler Art can only ſwallow* Knives *or* Daggers, *This greater* Hictius Doctius, *could Gorge or Diſgorge* Fire-Balls *and* Black-Bills; *nay,* Squadrons *and* Armies, *either above or below Ground*; *and tho with no leſs than three* Kingdoms *for their Spectators, ſcarce one* Engliſh Eye-ſight *quick enough, or one* Head-piece *deep enough to detect the* Legerdemain. *But that* Egyptian *ſort of Darkneſs being a little over, and our* Engliſh Pericranes *having either new Brains put in, or our Old ones new waſht, or ſome thing like it, Thanks to the Care and Conduct of our* Royal Exorciſts, *two of the Beſt and Wiſeſt of Kings, who are at preſent diſpoſſeſt of thoſe* Popiſh Demons *and* Spectres, *that ſo* All-to-be-Devil'd us, *whilſt the* Fanatical Incantations *that rais'd them, are both Detected and Baffled.*

I confeſs indeed, that the greateſt part of theſe Poems *have been of my* Own Printing *and* Publication; *and truly ſome of them at no little* Charge; *That particular* Poem, *called,*

called, A Dialogue betwixt the Devil and the Ignoramus Doctor, *&c. Having Cost me little less than Forty Pounds. For the Worthy* Robin Hog, *the* Engineer of the Faction, *and the Assistant* Swearing-Master *to the Great Beuk-blawer* Titus; *partly in Vindication of the* Whig Dagon, *the* Popish Plot, *was Generously pleas'd to* Out-Law *me in the* Crown-Office *for Printing that* Dialogue: *Together with another as* Mortal a Crime, *in my* Weekly Intelligence, *Number* 60. viz. *For publishing the* Guild-hall Rioters; *Two Sins* (*let me tell you*) *enough, either of them alone, to pull down his Severest Vengeance. For in the first place, the Reputation of the Doughty Author of* Invisible Commissions, Screw'd Guns, *and* Silver *Bullets, was so nice a point, and so tender a Concern to so Violent a* Plot. Zealot *as* Robin, *that nothing less than utter Destruction was deserv'd from him by so Insolent a Transgressor as my self, for Daring so much as to Doubt the* Gigantick Veracities *of his Adored* Gamaliel Titus.

And then for that ſecond, as Hainous a Guilt of mine ; my Expoſing the Guild-hall Rioters (*Oh*, Monſtrum Horrendum !) *my Daring to touch the* Whig Honour *and* Innocence *of thoſe* Schiſmatical Confronters of Authority ; *that under the Umbrage of* Bethelite Sheriffs, *and* Barnardiſton Juries, *were labouring ſo hard in the old Road of* Religion *and* Liberty, *as to be almoſt got up to the old Perch again of mounting* Rebels *upon* Thrones *and* Monarchs *upon* Scaffolds. *My Affronting thoſe Dear and Darling* Republican Bouteſeus *in Vindicating the Honour of the Matchleſs Sir* John Moore, *that moſt Indefatigable of* Patriots, *and Beſt of* Magiſtrates, *whoſe Ever-memorable* Reſolution, Loyalty *and* Succeſs *alone, almoſt turn'd the whole* Ballance : *and I may (without Flattery) ſay Effectively Secur'd even* Monarchy *it ſelf. All this I ſay was ſo Over-damnable an Offence to the Conſtitution and Kidneys of little* Robin, *that 'tis not to be wonder'd, if it raiſed his Fierceſt and moſt Implacable Dudgeon againſt me.*

But

But, alas, those two fore-mentioned Unpardonable Faults *alone have not suffer'd his Severest Rebuke, but likewise my Publication of the* Hue and Cry after *Titus Oates* when turn'd from *Whitehall.* The Poor Prisoners Lamentation for the loss of Sheriff *Bethel*: Let *Oliver* now be forgotten; *With Oates's* Manifesto, or a Dialogue between *Titus Oates* and the Dr. of *Salamanca, have all felt the the same Lash, and provoked the same Mortal Indignation from him*: *For, alas, the least Attempt, or Venture of Unmasking, or Exposing of* Imposture, Fanaticism *and* Villany; *or the least Defence of the* Government, Monarchy *or* Succession, *was so Capital a Crime to the Offended* Robin, *that he was ever presently upon my Back upon the least Transgression of that too* Criminal kind; *and never left me, till with many a* Zealous *Puff and Blow he was sure to Light the* Coals, *and Burn my* Fingers *for't.*

These, Gentlemen, *have been my Faults, and this Prosecutor my Scourge for them.*

And truly to give him his due, and ſhow you truly the Conſiderable Figure he has made in the World; conſidering the many Misfortunes that have attended the Garagantua Affidavit Heroe TITUS; *and how the* Popiſh Kings-Bench Cloyſter Immured that *quondam* St. *Omerian* True Proteſtant, *and Silenced that never to be forgotten Oracle; whilſt* Poxes, Gibbets, Goals *and* Beggary, *and other ſuch like Accidental Mundane Calamities have ſcattered and diſcomfited the* Dugdales, Turbervils, Macnemara's, Commine's, *and the reſt of the* Evidential Forces; *Conſidering, I ſay, all this Univerſal Defeat and Mortality, our ſingle* Robin *was reſolved to Supply them all; and as the Terrible* Goliah Champion *of the whole Party, ſtept forth with his Fore-head of* Braſs, *and the reſt of his Armour of Impudence, and with an open-mouth'd Defyance, bellows Death and Damnation to every man that durſt Love either* Truth, Honour *or* Honeſty. *And to ſhew you that he wanted neither Courage nor*

Conduct

Conduct for such an Undertaking, he has sufficiently manifested by his long and daily Atchievements, his great Abilities in both kinds, when dreading neither Evangelists *on one Hand, nor Devil on the other, he began to Swear through* Brick-walls *no less than two years before the* Doctor *Swore through so much as one* Key-hole.

And truly not to be Idle in any Thriving Vocation in the days of Yore, he played Sir William Wallers *Jackall, and with a full Cry of* Popery *and* Idolatry, *hunted down* Gold-Chains *and* Apostle Spoons *with him, for* Beads *and* Crucifixes, *and Old* Jacobusses *for* Peter-pence; *and so played at* Pick-pocketing *and* Burglaring, *under the cloak of* True Protestant Justiceing *with him, as well as the Worshipful Sanctified* Land-Pyrate *himself. By such, and many other Feats of Activity, having well lined his Pockets, and thereby not a little pufft up his Pride, he had through long Use and Practice so far surmounted the Silly Punctillios of* Justice *and* Conscience, (*as a thing so much below*

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below

below him) *that he boggled at nothing, tho never so* Villanous, *to gratifie either his* Interest *or* Revenge. *And really take all those of my* Profession *together through the whole Town, no man has felt half the weight of his* Heavy Swearing Hand *as my Self have done. For though* Malice *and* Rapine *gave him his* daily Bread, *he has made it his restless and indefatigable study more particularly to ruine me, then all mankind beside. Nay, not content with Prosecuting me for the above nam'd* Dialogue, *and the rest of those Honest and* Loyal Pamphlets, *He endeavoured to Blast my Reputation as much as he had done my Fortunes, and that two by an imputation as Ridiculous as Impudent, for he Maliciously offer'd to Swear that I had Printed more* Whig-Pamphlets *than any other Person in Town, so egregious a piece of* Forgery, *that nothing but a Countenance as steeled as his own, could ever have invented.*

To Readers, *I now beg your Pardon for Troubling you with nothing but Complaints and Grievances; an unrelishing Subject for*

a

a Preface, had not my long load of Sufferings extorted them from me, and made them thus publick for the Vindication of my Loyalty, *a part where no Man is wounded, without ſome Exclamation at the ſmart.*

But that he hath not done this without the hopes of Reward, is a plain Caſe; for an Eminent Ignoramus-Jury-man *(lately Apprehended) publickly preſented him with* 661. 13 s. 4 d. *in the ſpace of a few Months; beſides divers private Guifts from the Party for his great Service done them.*

However, I ſhould not have dwelt ſo long upon ſo Inconſiderable a Varlet as this, had it not been to ſhow how Capritious ſome mens Fortunes are, that even ſo inconſiderable a Varlet, ſhould give ſo great a ſtroke towards any mans Ruine. But Shame and Scorn have at laſt over-taken him: For he is turn'd out of his Imployment with Diſgrace, and Deſpiſed by all Mankind, which in a great meaſure hath eaſed the Pain of

Your Humble Servant,

NAT. THOMPSON.

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POEMS.

THE VVAKING VISION; OR, REALITY in a Fancy.

AS I was walking, reading in a Book,
Of all the Plots that *Hell* had undertook,
Methought I heard a ſudden murmuring Rout,
And curious to behold, I fac'd about;
When ſoon the Croud did to my ſight appear,
With a young *Hero* ſtalking in the Rear.
Their Leader was an old man, known too well
By that falſe traiterous name *Achitophel*:
He fac'd about, and waving round his Wand,
The cringing Rout ſtood ſtill upon's command.
Lieutenant *Abſolom* forſook the Rear,
And ſtrutting forward, did i'th' Front appear.
Thus fixt in their Array, the firſt that broke
The ſilence, was *Achitophel*; who ſpoke
With roaring voice, and viſage moſt auſtere,
When to his Eccho all the Rout gave ear:
All big with expectations, till the bold
Snake-like *Achitophel* this ſtory told.
I need not tell you of the caſe betwixt ye,
If you remember *Forty eight* and *Sixty*:

How happy were we in the first of those,
When no man durst our *Laws* and *Wills* oppose;
Wills as obliging as the *Persian* Laws;
We fought, and prosper'd in the *good old Cause*:
None durst oppose our *Faction*, or appear
In vindication of a *Cavalier*.
Then all our Party in one humour stood
To bleed the Nation, tap the Royal Blood.
Till envious Death at last did basely trip
Old *Noll* up with his short *Protectorship*.
Then turn'd the Game, and *Monk* began to sing
In Loyal tone, Now Boys a *King*, a *King*!
Against our wills he did by force restore
The *King* to that which was His Right before;
Then all those plaguy Rogues call'd *Cavaliers*,
Began to peep abroad, and shake their Ears;
Each one expecting from the *King* to be
Rewarded for his *Truth* and *Loyalty*.
When thus we saw our *Plots* go down the wind,
We chang'd our Note, and spake in other kind.
And made the World believe 'twas only We
Restor'd the *King* to Crown and Dignity:
When if we could but still have been obey'd,
No *Stuart* e're had *Englands* Scepter sway'd.
But since what's done can't be undone again,
Why stand we idle, gazing here in vain?
Let's try our wits, and Plot for to obtain,
And play the *Old Game* over once again:
Do as our Fathers did, come, play our parts,
And let the people know you're *English* hearts
That are not given to change.—— *Eighty*,

Eighty one offers us a mark as fair,
As ever *Forty* did: come, —strike,—prepare,
Take *Oaths of Secresie*, and *Covenant*
To ease the Nation of her groans and want.
(*Right* and *Religion*, *Liberties* and *Laws*,)
Will make the Rout quickly espouse our Cause:
Tell 'em if they don't stir they're quite undone;
Religion's ruin'd, *Liberties* are gone:
Perswade 'em that the *Pope* and *Popish Train*,
Are just returning to the Land again:
That's a pretence ne're fails, but always takes,
And of a Bad *Old Cause* a *Good One* makes.
Now, now's the time; strike up, for if you miss,
You'l never meet a time so pat as this.
Here's *Popish Plots* discover'd and found out,
With *Fears* and *Jealousies* to charm the Rout;
And soon perswades them all their Lives are lost,
That they must burn like *Martyrs* at a Post,
Unless they get the *Popish Party* quell'd,
That are by *Evil Counsellors* upheld: [Knaves,
Here's *Grievance* upon *Grievance*: these are
And those would make the free-born Subjects
Slaves:
Tell them the *King*'s a Tyrant, and Oppressor,
And that we have a damn'd *Popish Successor*:
The *Parliament*'s Dissolv'd, and we must be
Govern'd by *Arbitrary Tyrany*:
But yet be sure to keep you in the shade,
And do what e're you do in Masquerade.

If any *Senator* against you sit,
Be sure to call him *Papist*, *Jesuit*,
Mac-Tory, *Protestant in Masquerade*,
That would your *Liberties* and *Rights* invade.
Now one word more, and I have spoke enough,
Go fall to work, for I have found you stuff.
Which having spoke, the Rout were jogging [home,
But soon return'd at voice of *Absolom*;
Who with andacious tone cry'd hark, my friends,
Come side with me, if you'l attain your ends;
Achitophel shall change, and take the Rear,
And I my self will in the Front appear;
And good old *David* soon shall know that I
VVill be his *Heir*, or else I'll bravely die.
VVhat though my Mother was his Concubine?
The fault was hers, I'm sure it was not mine:
I am his Son, and from his Loins did spring:
I am of *Royal Blood*, and *will be King*:
Do you but help me to obtain the *Crown*,
I'll rule by Law, and all your Foes put down;
I'le part the *King* and *Council* quite asunder,
And will redress the Griefs you labour under:
If once I can but to the Throne attain,
I'le grant *New Charters*, and the Old maintain.
At which the Rout with hollows fill'd the Skies,
And cry'd, *We'll venture all for Liberties*:
VVhen suddenly the Rout did disappear,
And all the Coast was in an instant clear.

Then

Then I began to think which was the worſe,
Fanatick Bleſſing, or a *Popiſh* Curſe:
I put them in two Scales to try their weight,
And found the Ballance equi-ponderate;
But holding them a while, I quickly found
As this was hoiſted up, that kiſs'd the ground:
Then ſuddenly I found the meaning out;
This ruins quickly, but that round about.
Then to my mind my thoughts began to ſing,
Go haſte, and what thou'ſt heard inform the King:
I durſt not go, but preſently I wrote,
And ſeal'd it up, and ſent the King this Note.

To the KING.

DRead Sir, *if you will Rule this Land in peace,*
Expel your Foes, and Friends will ſoon increaſe:
Your Ruine does, Sir, *too too plain appear,*
Rome *leads the Van*, Geneva *brings the Rear.*
If you'l be ſafe, you muſt expel them both,
The Roman Gnat, *and the* Diſſenting Moth:
And vigorouſly let them underſtand,
You are their King, *and will like* King *command.*
And if you e're expect to gain your Ends,
As well as open Foes, *take heed of* Friends;
I mean a flatt'ring Friend, whoſe only ſhew
Makes him a Friend, but really is not ſo.
Learn by your Father, not to truſt to thoſe
That in the end will prove confiding Foes.

Consider on't, you're in a woful straight,
Think but on Forty one, *and* Forty eight.
I only speak this for a Precedent,
For Heav'n I hope will all such things prevent.
You're now the Darling of all Loyal hearts,
And may be still, if you will take their parts:
But if you bear with Faction, *or with* Rome,
And do delay to give them both their doom,
All Loyal *men must suffer by those two,*
And be in spight of Fate undone with You.
You must be sure to ruine both, or none;
If one remain, you're sure to be undone:
For if you ruine Rome, *on equal scores,*
To shut the Window, *but leave ope the* Doors;
Unless you ruine the Fanaticks *too,*
For know one Nation can't hold Them and You.
Those men I fear against your Life combine,
That strive to cross you in your good design;
And those men sure would yield to put you down,
That tell the People. You are not their own.
Pardon me, Sir, *if I your quiet break,*
For Poets *dare at all Adventures speak.*

The Deliquium: *or the Grievance of the Nation discovered in a Dream.*

FRom evenings *Coffee*, lac'd with long Argu-
[ment
Of the Kings Power and Rights of Parliament,
And hot-brain'd Company, who make it their
[Vocation,
Waving their own, to mind th' Affairs o'th' Na-
[tion;
Whose noddles for these many months have been
Hatchers of Grievances, unfelt, unseen;
Ill-mamner'd Fools, whose ignorance is Hate,
They understand not, therefore blame the State.
Their real grievance is their want of sense,
Beasts in all things, but in Obedience.
Cloy'd with their noisy Cant (in equal plight
Of laughter, scorn, and grief) I bid good night:
Troubl'd to think of *Englands* Grand Disease,
Groaning with th' burthen of such Sots as these;
To bed I went, where restless long I lay,
Despair'd of sleep, and waiting for the day:
Lord! (said I) must our Monarch ne're have rest?
The more indulgent, th' more he is oppress
With Fools that know not, think not what they
[want;
Their desire Granted, they'l soon cure the Grant:
Yet the King's still in fault! methinks I see
Tears flowing down the Cheeks of Majesty.

If I am troubled, how much more is He,
Who bears the burthen of their Calumny?
Thus lay I 'long, my Soul quite ſpent with Sighs,
When ſleep inſenſibly ſtole o're my Eyes.
From lump of Fleſh unchain'd, methought my [Soul
Through dark unwholſom Foggy Miſts did rowl;
Horrour increating ſtill, methought I came
To the dire Manſions of Eternal Flame,
The Gates of Braſs tranſparent were, and thence
Flew *Azure* flames with ſmoak of nauſeous ſtench,
With a confuſed noiſe of Howls and Groans,
Such as would melt (if any thing can) the Stones.
The horrour quell'd my Spirit, that I ſtood
'M z'd and inſenſible as Stone or Wood,
Till by a Friend reviv'd; *cheer thee*, quoth he,
This place as yet is not deſign'd for Thee.
He led me through the Gates, where lo, a place,
Larger than all this lower Worlds vaſt ſpace,
The torments gave ſome light (elſe dark as night)
A pale bituminous diſcoulor'd Light,
Millions of wretched Souls my Fancy view'd,
Veltring in flames, with Pitch and Brimſtone ſtrew'd.
Juſt at the Gate th' Infernal *Senate* ſate;
For know, that Hell's no Kindom, but a *State*;
A Democratick State; for it affords
(As I was told) no King nor Houſe of Lords:
Tho' *Lucifer*'s a kind of Prince, he ſate
But *Chair-man*, or rather *Speaker* to the *State*;

A Troop of Ghaſtly Fiends ſurround his *chair*,
All which of *a Select Committee* were,
VVho (having plaid *their Devils part* ſo well)
Had been Elected *Burgeſſes of Hell:*
Two who were lately to *Utopia* ſent,
Stood now for *Members of the Parliament.*
O Yes, was ſtrait proclaim'd; *appear, appear,*
You that are Candidates; *Mighty* Lucifer
Aſſures his Vote for him who merits beſt
For his Utopia *Service*; All the reſt
To *Lucifer* with formal Bows ſubmit; [fit.
They would conſent to what *His Grace* thought
Python appear'd; Great Sir, *ſaid he*, ſince I
VVent with this *Honourable Houſe*'s Embaſſy
T' *Utopia*, I ha' brought that Realm to be
(An't pleaſe Your Grace,) in all Conformity
To your deſire; But firſt I muſt confeſs
Letters of Credence from his *Holineſs*
(Your Grace's Correſpondent) I procur'd
To ſome Lords there; whom I before Inſur'd
By my *Ignatian* Friends; O! they're a Crew
Of the moſt hearty, diligent and true,
Zealous unwearied Boys, to propogate
VVhat may conduce to th' good of this our State:
Had they but cunning equal to their will,
This place with humane Souls they'd quickly fill;
You'l need no other Fiends: *Theſe* did my work,
And privily about the Realm did lurk:
Some ign'rant Bigots they engag'd, and ſome
Only with th' pleaſing pride of *Martyrdom*;

Some

Some by Ambition's Bait were finely caught,
All things at once *boldly to venture at:*
But I confeſs, though all my Art I try'd
To bring the Great *Almanzor* to our ſide,
I fail'd; but then I got it buz'd that *He*
Would ſoon make one in the Conſpiracy;
This tickl'd, and engag'd them in that *Plot*
VVhich by th' *Utopians* ne'r will be forgot.
In ſhort, This Honourable Houſe knows well
How I've *deſerv'd a Burgeſs-ſhip in Hell*;
If not, we've ſome *Jeſuits* here can tell.
Then through the Houſe a murmuring Applauſe
Shew'd that they all inclin'd to *Python*'s Cauſe.
VVhen *Syphax*, th'other Candidate appear'd,
Great Sir, *ſaid he*, I hope my Cauſe (when heard)
VVill gain your ſuffrage; Mighty Sir, you know
M'Opponents method was a while ago
Us'd by *Cantarogax*, Your Agent then
To th' ſame Realms, tho' but in vain; ſince when
Others with like Effects have us'd it; I
Us'd the experienc'd Rule, *Preshytery:*
This was the method, Mighty *Lucifer!*
That brought ten thouſand Rebel Souls a year
For twenty years together to this place,
For *Python*'s part, an't pleaſe your Grace,
He hatch'd a *Plot* I muſt confeſs; but what
Effects did this his *ſo much talkt of Plot*
Produce? VVhy 'faith he e'en ſent here no more
Than thoſe who were Your Grace's own before.

For

For my own part, I to the Houſe will give
Of all my Actions a ſhort *Narrative.*
In grave and comly Hypocritick Dreſs,
Bearing the outward form of Godlineſs,
I cloath'd my ſelf, and to *Utopia* went,
Haunted the City, Court and Parliament;
And in ſhort time pick'd up a numerous Crew
Of all Religions, every Sect a few:
I made all thoſe my own who took great pains
To make their ſeeming Godlineſs their gains:
All thoſe who uſe Religion for a faſhion,
Or ſeem to thrive by th' *ruine of the Nation*;
All who'd at Court their expectations croſt,
Or by ill manners had Preferments loſt:
All thoſe who were engag'd in the *late Broils*,
In *the King's Death* and *the three Nations Spoils*,
And had this King's late *Act of Grace* abus'd
By their unnatural Ingratitudes: [fain,
All who had loſt their Games, and now would
For their own turn, have the *Cards dealt again.*
I found one fit at laſt to ſteer theſe right,
A Favourite of theirs, a much fam'd VVight,
Capricio call'd, and thereby hangs a Tale,
Meager his Viſage is, his Face as pale
As his Deeds black; Dame Nature ſure deſign'd
That by his out-ſide men might know his mind,
Hell's in his Body, and his ſhrivl'd Skin
Seems dropping from his rotten Bones within:
His Corrupt Tortur'd Body does convey
Freſh ſpleen and rancour to his Heart each day;

Which

Which left it ſhou'd o'reflow, or by miſhap,
Be over-charg'd from *Sun* or *Fleece*, a Tap
Is in his Body fixt, with curious Art,
Which from his double Envy-canker'd heart,
By pumping, does exhauſt th' exundant Juice,
Reſerving ſtill enough for's daily uſe.
With this half Fiend I many Conſults had,
And we at laſt this Reſolution made,
Almanzor's due Succeſſion to oppoſe,
Among his many unprovoked Foes
We choſe young *Marcion*, not for any love,
But to undo the Youth, as time will prove:
Poor eaſie Prince, he littte thinks that we
Proſtitute this his weak Credulity
To our own uſe, to Anarchize the State,
And haſten his two ſoon intended Fate:
Diſguſted Lords we got ſome two or three,
To put their helping hands to *Anarchy*.
Amongſt the reſt one *Libertino* nam'd,
Of him I muſt confeſs I was aſham'd,
His vicious Life did much diſgrace the Cauſe;
But 'twas enough his hate to King Church, Laws
And Goverment in general, drew the rude
Unthinking, Jealous, Headlong Multitude
To eſteem him ſo that he this Title bears,
One of the Proteſtant Utopian *Peers*.
With theſe in cloſe Cabals ſometimes I paſt,
And forg'd a feaſible Deſign at laſt:
'Twas thought without ſome provocation 'twere
Not fit our Cauſe in publick ſhould appear:

I pitch'd upon a Rogue, the truth to tell,
Has not his Fellow even here in Hell,
Among our Crew we forg'd a Plot, which he
First brought to light; A Re-diſcovery
He made as ſoon, ſwore to, and was believ'd,
Then our good Party found themſeves aggriev'd
And cry'd aloud *Theſe Tories, Brethen ſee;*
Behold, we ſay, the Lords Delivery.
This was ſome Biſhop ſure, or Maſquerader.
Soon after this a Son accus'd his Father; [Sir,
Forward and backward ſwears, at laſt he vows,
He was ſubborn'd by that ſame Papiſt *Towzer.*
Things went on well, & now they thought 'twas [time,
The Ladder of Rebellion they ſhould clime:
The Senate ſate; High for the *Good Old Cauſe,*
Magna Charta, and Fundamental Laws,
No *Arbitrary Power*, but we muſt give
Neceſſary Limits to Prerogative, [Laws,
Tho' the King mayn't, yet We may break the
Puniſh at pleaſure, though without a Cauſe;
Then muſt *Almanzor* be excluded, He
Has too much Spirit, too much bravery;
They muſt and will have preſently Redreſs,
Of a long Bead-roll of Grievances.
And theſe are ſuch as the K. won't, nor can't,
Nature and Conſcience will not let him grant:
If not, no Money, Sirs, what e're come on't;
A Fig for Foreign Foes, ſo the K. want.

Coun-

Councellors muſt be tax'd, and moſt of all
Hali, whom they had nought to charge withal,
But only 'cauſe he could diſcern the weather,
And judge when Elements would claſh together;
They do not think it ſafe that any Lord
That has but ſenſe, ſhould ſit at Council-Board;
Thoſe that ſit there ſhould in their Foreheads [have
Their Beaſt-ſhips mark of either Fool or Knave;
Who lov'd the K. was Voted ſtraight to be
Betrayer of the Subjects Liberty
And their old long-lov'd Darling Property.
Capricio tells them next, *they want a Prince*
Fit to be truſted with the Rule; and ſince
The preſent King's not ſuch, they think 'twere fit
That they be truſted both with Him and It.
In ſhort, I've brought that Kingdom, now of late,
In all Conformity ſo near our State,
That whoſoever ſees both, will ſurely Swear
'Tis an exact true Pattern of This here.
Then ſuch loud ſhouts from all the Senate came,
That I awak'd, and found it but a *Dream.*

SEJANUS: *Or the* Popular Favorite *now in his ſolitude, and Sufferings.*

IS this thy Glory now? is this thy Pride,
Of ſticking to the Saints, and Godly ſide?
Religious bugbear words that fright from hence
From Subject, all their Loyalty to Prince,
Make black Rebellion, ſeem white Innocence;
Entitle Heaven, to the vileſt Crimes,
Make Deity, like th' Rabble, blame the Times.
Mad Zealots! ſo Atheiſtically civil,
Baſpheme the Gods, to Complement the Devil.
The mightieſt of the inſpir'd Saints, is come
To Crown himſelf with fancy'd Martyrdom:
Geneva Whig, that ſtill cries out at *Rome*,
But raiſes ſtill Domeſtick Broils at home.
How quietly Great *Charles* might end his Reign,
Which all in troubles the poor Prince began,
Now vext by Ghoſt, meer ſhadow of a Man:
The cunning Hypocrite, that ſtill can ſpy
The ſmalleſt Mote in his kind Prince's eye,
By Zeal, and Nature, made ſo double blind,
That in his own the Beam he cannot find:
Some ſay but one vaſt Luminary ſtands
In's ſurrow'd brow, and watches all the Land;
But ſunk into its hole, crept out of ſight,
As if it were afraid to ſee the Light,
His Skull's too narrow Circle can't contain
His Tow'ring thought, & vaſt Gygantick brain;

Blinded

Blinded again with hopes of Reformation,
Poor little *Poliphemus* of the Nation;
That mighty Monſter brav'd the riſing Floud,
And this can wade thro' a whole Sea of Blood.
How hath this wretched Iſle been chang'd, and curſt,
Since thou wert born, and ſince it knew thee firſt!
How did its Tributary Rivers pay
A bloody, dreadful Homage to the Sea!
VVhilſt on the Purpl'd Ocean thou didſt ride,
And tack about ſtill with the Wind and Tide:
This floating Bark, he now again would Steer,
Ah! treacherous Pilot, and falſe Mariner;
The Kingdom's yet ſcarce mended Hulk to ſave,
VVould launch again into the Purple wave:
Religious Bully! that can cheat a Nation,
And make it periſh, working out Salvation.
Three Kingdoms he o'relooks, & ſoon can count
The *Tories* all, from *Barwick*, to the *Mount*:
Sifts Cities, Shires, to find what each afford;
Calls this *Tantivy*, that *Proteſting Lord*:
Sees what grave Noddle's for Caballing fit,
And who are *Bromigens* of Senſe and VVit.
Theſe are the faculties of Soul and Mind,
And here his Body as compleat you find;
From's liquid Corps, diſtills a fleeting gore,
And the whole Carcaſs, makes one putrid Sore.
The better to Emit this flowing Sap,
His Belly carries ſtill a Tap,

Thro'

Through which black Treaſon, all its dregs doth [ſtrain
At once, both Excrements of Guts and Brain;
But ſome will have his clear, thin Body paſs
For a refin'd ſort of Optick-glaſs:
Some make the poliſht Fabrick of his Bone
A glittering Skeleton of Specular Stone.
Old *Ovid*'s Muſe from hence may take her flights,
Her *Argus* only had an hundred ſights;
This little Monſtrous Corps, is Eye all o're,
And the whole Body ſees at every Pore;
Sees hatching Thought, meer *Embrio* of a Plot,
Nay ſees it oft before it be begot.
But to ſay truth, his Opticks are but two:
Yet more than *Ovid*'s Centinel can do
With 100 Eyes, that many things could view;
But this ſees many hundred ways with two:
So quick, ſo nimble, and ſuch rolling Eyes,
They watch each other, like two cunning Spies,
Leſt This declare for King, and That for People,
For Cities Pyramid, or Churches Steeple.
Poor turning, winding, weathercock of State,
Set on the doubtful Pinacle of Fate,
And now will turn again, if not too late.
If well corrected for his Inſolence,
The little Spaniel fawns upon his Prince;
But once eſcap'd the Ax, or fatal Loops,
Straight to the dull unthinking Rabble ſtoops,
Puffs up with the vain blaſt of Vulgar breath,
Thus ſmall State-Urchins hurry to their death:

So the kind Air with an officious blaſt,
Toſſes poor Bubbles, to the Clouds at laſt;
Dances the little Globe about the Skie,
Then breaks the glittering Ball it fann'd ſo high.
So *Romes* fam'd Darling once that govern'd all,
With the inconſtant Rout did ſtand or fall;
Th' obliged Camp, their General did Crown,
Then dragg'd his ragged Carcaſs thro' the Town.
Weak Fools! that think they may ſecurely flee
On the looſe wings of wild Inconſtancy,
Or on its Metaphor, the *Mobile*.

Diſguſted by the Rout, this cunning Wight
Runs cringing to his injur'd Monarch ſtraight,
Whoſe goodneſs is too ready to forgive,
Faulty alone in ſuffering Him to live.
Advanc'd to follow Mace, and wear a Gown,
The *Tony* then ſaw *Mutineers* in Town,
But now they all *True Proteſtants* are grown.
Whilſt he unto its Chambers can reſort,
There's nought alas, of *Popery* at Court;
Clap the Prophetick Soul but in the *Tow'r*,
It ſtraight Divines of *Arbitrary Pow'r*.
Now leaves the Rout, and then as ſoon as able,
Leaves his good Prince, juſt as he left the Rabble.
Who e're before ſaw ſuch a little thing
Contend with Monarch, grapple with a King!
Of Gyants oft we read, that fought the Skies,
Cuſt back the Thunder of the Deities;
But ne're of Pigmy Lord that did the ſame,
A Lord that's only fit to fight with Crane.

This

This buisy Noddle of the Factious Crew,
Not now distinguish'd by th'old northen blew,
(The Badge of upstart *Whigs* must still be new)
With his *Green Bob* in this new Senate sits,
And round him all those Liv'ry-men of wits;
Some raze a name, and some insert a clause,
Order their Bills themselves, & vote them Laws:
With awful care some Scriblers penning be
A Speech for Sister *Scotlands Liberty*,
'Gainst *Lauderdale*'s unbounded Tyranny.
There a young Scribe is copying out a Cant,
Next morn for to be spoke in Parliament:
Up starts an Hector, swears upon a Book,
'Gad you shall see we'll exclude the Duke.
This brings a Bill 'gainst *Arbitrary Power*,
And That will send a Member to the *Tower*;
One Votes him to be *Censur'd on his Knees*,
This cries *Discharge*, That, *Let him pay his Fees:*
And in the little Club you fairly see,
Of that great Senate an Epitomee.
But now the mouth of this *Young Rump* is gone,
The dissolv'd Members scatter in the Town;
Poor *Tony*'s now confin'd, and like to write
All that fierce Indignation can Indite;
His second Volume quickly will appear,
The *Tower* always made Him Scribler.
As below on some bright Meteor gaze,
Poor Panick Fools admire a little blaze,
Which once dropt down, regardless we pass by,
As too vile object for our scornful Eye,

The gazing Croud thus him in Luſtre view,
Careſs, admire, and adore him too;
But once Eclips'd, or ſhaded in a Cloud,
Away runs all the ſilly buzzing Croud.
All thy paſt ſhifts will ſerve thee now no more,
Or there is ſcarce another left in ſtore:
The Tempter his old Sorc'reſs doth forſake,
When once h'hath brought the wither'd Hag to [Stake:
When the glib changing Monſter once was ta'ne
And fetter'd in the cunning Shepherds chain,
With all his wiles he never could eſcape,
Tho' chang'd to Fiſh, to Dragon, and to Ape,
And every minute put on other ſhape.

Our ſad diſtracted *Albion* gazing round,
She ſaw no Foe, but ſtill ſhe felt a wound:
The bleeding Deer thus trembling ſtands at Bay,
But can't find where the cloſe hid Archer lay.
As on the winding Banks, and watry Maze,
Where fam'd *Meander* cuts his crooked ways,
The loſt confounded Traveller doth gaze.
At laſt kind Fate, or Providence doth bring
The poor deſpairing Soul unto the Spring:
So ſome kind Angel, *Genius* to this Iſle,
Where peace, alas! with thee could never ſmile
Hath taught us now to make her flouriſh ſtill,
Shewn us the hidden *Source* of all her Ill.
Reaſon the *Plummet*, *Wit* the *Line* ſhall be,
Both ſtretcht to *fathom*, and to *meaſure* thee:
Lead through the Labyrinth of all thy Tricks,
All the wild *Mazes* of thy *Politicks*.

A Canto *upon the Miraculous Cure of the* K's Evil, *perform'd by the* D. *of* M. *in* 80.

AS Popiſh Farriers uſe t'imploy
In their own Trade the good St. *Loy*,
The Saint to whom they have Recourſe,
As to *Heavens Maſter of the Horſe*:
To him they loudly cry for *Mercy*,
On *Ragged Colts that have the Farcy*; For
For *Hackneys Gall'd to him they Pray*,
And Drink dead Drunk upon his day:
So to his Grace of *M*—— Trots,
A *Filly Fole that had the Rots*;
For ſtill ſhe knew, (and 'twas no News)
He kept the *Mares*, though not the *Muſe*.
But had you ſeen the *Skittiſh Jade*,
You would have thought her *Drunk or Mad*;
For at firſt daſh *his Hand ſhe ſeiz'd*,
Much was th' *Ambitious* Heroe *pleas'd*.
So ſweetly did *Don Quixot* Grin;
When the *Maid Marrian of the Inn*
He thought was ſome *Enchanted Queen*;
Askt his *Dead-doing Hand to Kiſs*;
But what *White Devil danc'd in this*?
Some *Fly*, ſome *Rat*, or *Great old Puſs*,
Or *Spirit Mephoſtophilus*;

Or *Pug* that *Paracelſus* wore
In *the* *Pomel of his Sword before*;
Or *Healing Virtue* that as Rare is,
Is ſent *His Grace by's Aunt of* Fayries,
Who aids him thus in *Hugger Mugger*,
So did *Doll Common*, *Abel Drugger*.
Some *ſweaty Devil in his Palm*,
Transfuſes *Brine inſtead of Balm*;
And *Brine* you know *is good for th' Itch*,
In any *mangy Dog or Bitch*:
Long in his Fiſt the *Leprous Drab*,
Paddles and pores *familar Scab*.
The *Witch her Dam* had ſet her Fancy
Agog upon this *Chyromancy*;
To view each Line the *Hag Importunes*,
And thus *Young Gipſie reads his Fortunes*.

The men of Weſtminſter *ſhall paſs*
High Votes in Honour of Your Grace;
No Prayers for fear of the Black-Rod,
They'l Vote (*I fear*) No King, No God.
Great ſtickling there ſhall be for Two,
Pillory'd Benjamin *and* You.
What will you give me the next Spring,
If then You are not Crowned King?
By Oates *before we Reap next Crop*,
Oates *in a Tub will Preach You up*.

So *Sybel* ended her vile Gueſſing,
And each to other gave their Bleſſing;
But Oh! the *Green ſick Girls* may boaſt,
This Duke hath Cur'd them to his Coſt;

Thou

Though now he cuts his Capers high,
He may with *False-staff* one day cry,
(When Age hath set him in the *Stocks*)
A Pox on my Gout, a Gout of my Pox.
Yet that Fat Knight with all his Guts,
That were not then so sweet as Nuts,
Though oft he boldly fought and winkt,
Led *Harry M*——— by Instinct;
Reveres a Buckram Prince of *Wales*,
His great Heart quops, his Courage quails.
The *Lyon Rampant* is too wise,
To touch a Prince, though in Disguise:
Much less a Prince so Kind and Civil,
To touch a *Kingdom* for *Kings-Evil.*
He means to make it (for its Health)
A Common Whore, a Commonwealth.
The stroaker *Graitrix* was a sot,
And all his Feat-tricks are forgot;
But *Duke Trinculo*, and *Tom Dory*,
Will be a famous Quack in *story.*
Let every *scabby City Cuckow*,
Fly into Your *Hedge-lane* to look You,
If *Seventh Sons* do things so Rare.
In You *seven Fathers* have a share.
Shew us some more of these fine Mocks,
Shew then Your *Black Art*, Your *Black Box.*
'Tis thought you've there some pure Receipt,
Great *Mountebank* of our sick State.
Your *Zany*, who this Cure reveals,
Tell us in *March* Your Highness heals.

Tom Roſs's *Ghoſt to his Pupil.*

SHame of my Life, Diſturber of my Tomb,
Baſe as thy Mothers proſtituted Womb;
Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
To Knaves a Fool, to credulous Fools a Knave,
The King's Betrayer, and the Peoples Slave.
Like Samuel *at the Necromantick Call,*
I riſe to tell thee, God has left thee, *SAUL?*
I ſtrove in vain thy Infected Blood *to cure,*
Streams will run muddy where the Spring's *impure.*
In all your meritorious Life we ſee
Old TAAFS *invincible ſobriety.*
Places of Maſter of the Horſe, *and* Spy,
You (like Tom H——d) *did at once ſupply:*
From Sydney's *Blood your Loyalty did ſpring;*
You ſhew us all your Fathers but the KING,
From whoſe too tender and too bounteous Arms,
(Unhappy he who ſuch a Viper warms;
As dutiful a Subject, as a ſon)
To Your true Parents, the whole Town you run.
Read if You can, how th' old Apoſtate fell,
Out-do his pride, and Merit more than Hell:
Both He and You were glorioufly bright,
The firſt and pureſt of the Sons of Light:
But when like Him you offer'd at the Crown
Like Him, your angry Father kickt You down.

The

The Oxford *Alderman's Speech to the D. of* M. *at His entrance into that City about* September 80.

STout Hanibal, *before He came to Age,*
Perpetual Wars with Rome *was ſworn to wage!*
You lead us to ſuch Wars; Oh happy We!
Great Prince! You are a Soldier good as He:
Though ſome will ſay, (to give the Devil his due)
He was as good a Proteſtant *as You.*
You to the Whore of Whores, the Whore of Rome,
Devoted from Your own chaſte Mothers Womb;
Though in the Schools of Jeſuits *true bred,*
You ſcorn'd to learn of them to write or read:
A Proteſtant! *(the more to be admir'd)*
That never were Inſtructed, but Inſpir'd,
So unconcern'd from Popery *You paſs,*
No uſe of Underſtanding in the Caſe.
True Intereſt *(that all other things o'repowers)*
And generous Indignation made You Ours:
Even ſo in Spain *to* Maſs *come Trading* Jews,
Caſt Drabs turn Quakers *but to ſpite the* Stews.
But Fears *and* Jealouſies *of You wᴙ ſcorn,*
That are ſo true a Son of Honour born;
And ſince have made both Gog *and* Magog *bleed,*
All but the Demagogue, *You'l do the Deed:*

You'l

You'l Damn *and* Ram *proud* Antichriſt *to Hell*;
But force Him firſt to work one Miracle.
He that with four hard words, and one Grave Nod,
Turns an inſipid Wafer *into* God;
Were You a Dough-bak'd Duke, *with leſs ado,*
To Prince *of* Wales *might Tranſubſtantiate You.*
Do you but ſay't, we'l ſwear that You are ſo,
And rather Kiſs Your Hand, *than Kiſs His* Toe:
Reſolv'd, Reſolv'd, *It muſt not be gain ſaid;*
Faith we'l believe Your Mother was a Maid.
Why ſhould You think Ambition *any Crime?*
We'll make You Duke *of* Venice *in good time:*
Or, if You ſcruple to Uſurp the Crown;
Having once rais'd Us, You may then ſit down.
You, or Your Friends ſhall have the foremoſt place;
Perhaps we'll joyn Sir Armſtrong *with Your Grace:*
Whether You Reign, or He, it is all one,
Great Alexander's *Dear* Hepheſtion.
But when You come to Reap theſe goodly Fruits,
Sweet Sir, remember theſe our Suits,
Firſt, Let theſe Lordly *Biſhops* to Pot;
'Tis plain their Lordſhips all are in the *Plot,*
They hold none lawful Heirs, but lawfully be-
[got.
Our *Commonwealth*'s a Caſtle in the Air,
If we Pray for *King* or *Common Prayer.*
Theſe Paltry Schollars, blaſt them with 1 breath,
Or they'l Rhime your *Grace* and *Us* to death.
Then O brave we! then hey for our good Town!
Then up go we when Wit and Senſe go down.

The

The Ghoſt of the late Paliament to the New one to meet at OXFORD

FRom Deepeſt Dungeon of Eternal Night,
The Seats of horror, ſorrow, pains & ſpight,
I have been ſent to tell Your tender Youth
A Seaſonable and Important Truth!
I feel (but Oh too late) that no Diſeaſe,
Is like the Surfeit of Luxurious Eaſe;
And of all others, the moſt tempting things,
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was Superlatively Ill,
But by degrees, Induſtry and Skill:
And ſome, whoſe meaning hath at firſt been fair,
Grow Knaves by Uſe, and Rebels by Deſpair,
My time is paſt, and yours will ſoon begin,
Keep your firſt Bloſſoms from the blaſt of Sin;
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous ways,
Preſerve your ſelves, and bring *Serener Days*.
The buſie ſubtile *Serpents of the Law*,
Did firſt my mind from true Obedience draw;
While I did Limits to the *King* Preſcribe,
And took for *Oracles* that *Canting Tribe*;
I chang'd true Freedom for the name of Free,
And grew *Seditious* for Variety.
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd,
And, by the Law Illegally abus'd!

The

The Robe was ſummon'd, *M—d* in the Head,
In Legal Murder none ſo deeply read:
I brought him to the Bar, where once he ſtood,
Stain'd with the (yet Un-expiated) Blood
Of the Brave *Strafford*, when 3 Kingdoms rung,
With his accumilative Hackney Tongue;
Priſoners and Witneſſes were waiting by;
Theſe had been taught to *Swear*, & thoſe to *Dye*;
And to expect their *Arbitrary Fates*,
Some for *Ill Faces*, ſome for *Good Eſtates*:
To fright the People, and alarm the Town,
Burnet & *Oates* imploy'd the Reverend Gown:
But while the *Triple Mitre* bore the Blame,
The Kings *Three Crowns* were all their aim,
I ſeem'd, (and did but ſeem) to fear the *Guards*,
And took for mine the *Bethels* and the *Wards*,
Anti-monarchick Hereticks of *State*,
Immoral Athieſts, Rich, and Reprobate.
But above all I got a little Guide,
Who every Foard of Villany had Try'd;
None knew ſo well the old pernicious way,
To Ruine *Subjects*, and make *Kings* Obey;
And my ſmall *Jehu* at a furious rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty Eight*.
This the *King* knew, and was reſolv'd to bear;
But I miſtook his *Patience* for his *Care*.
All that this *Happy Iſland* could afford,
Was Sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradice One onely Tree
He had excepted by a ſtrict Decree;

A *Sacred Tree* which *Royal Fruit* did bear,
Yet It in pieces I Conſpir'd Tear;
Beware my Child! *Divinity* is there.
This ſo out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and He endure no more,
My un-prepar'd and un-repenting Breath,
Was ſnatcht away by the ſwift Hand of Death;
And I (with all my Sins about me) hurl'd,
To th' utter Darkneſs of the lower World:
A dreadful place where you too ſoon ſhall ſee,
If You believe *Seducers* more than Me.

The Parliament Diſſolv'd at OXFORD, March *the* 28th. 1681.

UNder 500 Kings Three Kindoms grone:
Go *Finch* Diſſolve them, *Charles* is in the [Throne,
And by the Grace of God will Reign alone.

What would the *Commons* have? the *Royal Line*
Heaven does diſpoſe of; 'tis not Theirs, nor Mine,
But His by whom *Kings* Rule, and are Divine.

I repreſent the *King* of *Kings*, who gave
The *Crown*, the *Sword*, the *Scepter*; what I have;
I am *Gods Servant*, not the *Peoples Slave*.

Their

Their *Frantick Votes*, & *Mad Reſolves* I hate;
I know a better way to heal a *State*,
Than to *Sin raſhly*, and *Repent too late*.

Bid them be gone *F.* they are damn'd uncivil,
To oblige Me to follow them to th' Devil;
To ſave Three Kingdoms I will not do Evil.

The *Preſbyterian*'s ſick of too much Freedom,
Are ripe for *Beth'lem*; it's high time to bleed 'em;
The 2d. *Charles* does neither fear nor need 'em.

I'll have the World know that I can Diſſipate
Thoſe *Impolitick Muſhrooms of our State*,
'Tis eaſier to *Diſſolve* than to *Create*.

They ſhan't *Cramp Juſtice* with their feigned
For ſince I govern only by the Laws; [flaws;
Why they ſhould be exempt, I ſee no cauſe.

To the Laws they muſt ſubmit; 'tis in vain
E're to attempt to ſhake off thoſe again;
For where *Charles* commands, there muſt Juſtice
[Reign.

When the *Peoples Father* does eſpouſe the Law,
All thoſe who *Subjects* from their *Duty* draw,
Do *Viper-like*, through *Parents* Boſom gnaw.

When they attend Me next, *F.* bid them bring
Calmer thoughts; bid them propoſe *Legal Things*;
Such as may both become *Themſelves* & *Kings*.

This

This will the *Joys* of our *little World* Compleat,
And all attempts of *Foreign Foes* Defeat;
Making the *People* Happy, *Monarch* Great.

The RECOVERY.

YEt once more *Peace* turns back her head, to ſmile,
And take ſome pity on our ſtubborn *Iſle*;
She and her Siſter *Truth* now Hand in Hand,
Return to viſit our forſaken *Land*.
I ſee, I ſee, O *Albion!* Bleſs the Sight!
Truth (long Eclips'd) lift up her Sacred Light,
And chaſe away the obſcene *Birds of Night*.
Th'ill boding *Screech-Owl* we ſo long did fear,
Hov'ring above us in our thick'ned Air;
Whoſe fatal note was never heard, but *Death*
Follow'd th' *Infernal Evidencing Breath*.
Hail *lovely Truth*! Oh! ſpread thy Rays Divine,
And bid thy dawning Beams more fully Shine;
Already thy *Glad Influence* we find,
And all now ſee, but they who will be blind:
They ſee whilſt thou hold'ſt up thy *Guiding light*,
The dangerous errour of their *Former Night*;
A *Night*, which all our Heaven did invade,
By the dire skill of *State Magicians* made:
In a dark Cell the *Wayward Brothers* met,
I'th' midſt a Chair there was for *Satan* ſet;
Which in his Abſence———

A little wither'd Conjurer ſupply'd,
And all his *Imps* drank Venom from his ſide:
His word was (then He out his *Tap* did pluck,)
Come my young Pugs of Treaſon, *come and ſuck:*
This Helliſh Rite perform'd, to work they go
To raiſe up Darkneſs from the ſhades below;
Thick Miſts of *Popular Fears and Jealouſies*
Did at their *Necromantick* Call ariſe,
And in *Black Clouds* hid the *Britiſh Skies.*
Here firſt their unskill'dSpirits the viſions play'd,
And learnt their *Viſions* to the *Hatfield Maid:*
Here firſt were rais'd the wond'ring world to
The Armies *Harris* muſter'd in the Air. [ſear,
But now the *Charm*'s diſſolv'd, & *England*'s free
From the *Enchantment*, does its madneſs ſee;
See its vain fears of that expected day,
No *Royal Blood* ſtain'd the Fifteenth of *May:*
Prevailing *Truth* has open'd *Britains* Eyes,
And *Folly* ſeen, begins to make her wiſe.
O let us then Unite, make *Faction* ceaſe,
Nor think *Confuſion* is the way to *Peace;*
That *Schiſm* muſt the *Churches* Fall prevent,
Or breaking *Law*, ſecure the *Government.*
Let *Traytors* to expected *Tryal* come, [doom:
And from the mouth of *Juſtice* receive their
'Tis ſo, the *Traytor* comes, now, now maintain
Juſtice thy Seat, nor bear the *Sword* in vain.
Tho Hackney *Speakers* wou'd o're Law prevail,
And Conquer Thee by telling a falſe Tale;
Though *Factious* or *Guilty Lords* appear,
To blunt that *Sword* whoſe edge they juſtly fear;

Tho

Tho *Garter* Blue, and *Star* the Court ſhould awe,
But Oh! that *Star* does now its Beams withdraw;
Nor at the *Tryal* will its Light diſpence,
To cheriſh *Treaſon* with its Influence.
VVhat then are they who from thy hand would [ſnatch
The *blackeſt Traytor* Hell did ever hatch?
When they but once that *Horrid Paper* ſee,
Which does almoſt exceed in *Villany*,
Satan, or his Vicegerent *Shaftsbury*;
Who in this Cauſe ſo much had never done,
But that he knew the ugly Brat his own.
Yet all in vain ſtrives *Councellour* and *Lord*,
Revenging Goddeſs, ſpeak the fatal Word;
Nor let *Confeſſion* turn aſide thy Blow,
But once ſtrike *Rogues* that own that they are ſo;
Had this been early done, t'had ſav'd the Guilt
Of ſo much Blood ſo prodigally ſpilt;
While certain *Villany* did hurry hence,
To unjuſt *Death* ſuſpected *Innocence*.
But *Juſtice* now in this Triumphant Scene,
Thy Shame does end, and *Triumph* does begin.
All this to thy Defender *Charles* is due,
Who now with Thee His *Glory* does renew;
Already with freſh Beams the *Crown* does ſhine,
Power Sacred grows, and *Majeſty* Divine.
His Majeſty's *Scepter*'s in His Hand held faſt,
Nor like a *Reed* is bent with every blaſt:
Hold, hold Great *Charles*, this Reſolution hold,
And in thy own and Kingdoms Cauſe be Bold;

What ever of this mighty *Body*, Thou
The *Head* resolv'st, We thy *Hands* will do;
Dare to be Happy, and to make Us so.
How Great is *Majesty*, and how August?
How *God like*, when 'tis resolutely Just?
Then 'tis that Willing Subjects gladly meet,
To throw their Lives before their *Monarchs* feet;
Then 'tis their Fortunes they before him lay,
Sure to be *Rul'd*, and Glory to *Obey*.
Such *Charles* is now thy State, and such the Train
Of these that now Petition thee to Reign;
See, even thy *Prodigal Son* does now desire,
To leave his *Husks*, & *Swine*, & *Wapping* Mire,
In which so long he wallow'd up and down,
Known to each *Dirty Kennel* of the Town;
And to his injur'd Father, and his Lord,
Would by his much wrong'd *Uncle* be restor'd:
How well has *Williams*, *Jones*, and *W———n*,
B—h, *G—d*, *T—y*, their great Duties done!
How have they taught the People to Repent
Their Zeal for their great Idol *Parliament*?
How have they shewn the *Arbitrary way*
That *Monster* took to make us all its Prey?
They to lose all, claim'd more than was their [Right,
And stretch'd their Power only to break it quite.
These, these are they who have true service done,
Meriting their Sacred Favours from the Crown:
These, these have made a *Dissolution* be,
Not *Wisdom* only, but *Necessity*.

These

These thus remov'd our *Jealousies* and *Fears*,
Were ever so Deserving *Pensioners!*

Then Charles, *since all things now conspire to bless*
Thy peaceful Age with Conquest *and* Success;
Begin, Resolve, and Venture to be Great,
Nor overthrow these vast Designs of Fate:
Begin at home, purge thine own House, and free
From Villains Tongues *the Ears of* Majesty;

False P——s *from thy* Bed-Chamber *Discard,*
Let Catch-pole Br——s *thy* Crourt *be bar'd,*
Nor leave one Factious R—l *in the* Guard.

A Panegyrick upon OATES.

Silvestrum Tenui Musam *Meditemur Avena.*

OF all the *Grain* our Nation yields
In Orchards, Gardens, or in Fields,
There is a *Grain* (which tho 'tis common)
Its *Worth* till now, was known to no man.
Not *Ceres* Sickle 'ere did *Crop*
A *Grain* with *Ears* of greater hope;
For why? some say, the Earth ne're bore,
In any Clime such *Seed* before.
Yet this *Grain* has (as all must own)
To *Grooms* and *Hostlers* well been known;

And often has, (without disdain,)
In musty *Barn* and *Manger layn*;
As if it had been only good
To be for *Birds* and *Beasts* the Food:
But now by new inspired force,
It keeps alive both *Man* and *Horse*:
Speak then my Muse, for now we guess,
What *Grain* it is, thou wouldst express.
It is not Barley, Rye, or Wheat,
That can pretend to such a Feat;
'Tis *OATES*, bare *OATES*, which become
The *Health* of *England*, *Bane* of *Rome*,
And *Wonder* of all *Christendom*.
And therefore *OATES* has well deserv'd,
From *Musty Barn* to be prefer'd,
And now in *Royal Court* preserv'd;
That, like *Hesperian Fruit*, *OATES* may
Be *Watch'd* and *Guarded* Night and Day;
Which is but just Retaliation
For having *Guarded* a whole Nation.

Hence every lofty Plant which stands
'Twixt *Barwick Walls*, and *Dover Sands*;
The *Oak* it self, which well we stile,
The Pride and Safe-guard of our Isle,
Must *Wave* and *Strike* its Lofty Head,
And now Salute an *Oaten Reed*:
For surely *Oates* deserves to be
Exalted far above any *Tree*.

Th' *Ægyptians* once (tho' it seems odd)
Did Worship *Onyons* for a *God*;

And poor *peel'd Garlick* was with them
Eſteem'd beyond the greateſt *Gem.*
What would they 'done, had they, think ye,
Had ſuch a *Blade* of *Oates* as we?
OATES of ſuch known *Divinity!*
Since then by *Oates* ſuch good we find,
Let *Oates* at leaſt now be enſhrin'd,
Or in ſome Sacred *Preſs* inclos'd
Be only kept to be expos'd;
And all fond *Reliques* elſe, ſhall be
Deem'd *Objects* of *Idolatry.*
Popelings may tell us, how they ſaw
Their *Garnet's Picture* on a *Straw*;
'Twas a great Miracle we know,
To ſee him *drawn* in *little* ſo,
But on an *Oaten Stalk*, there is
A greater *Miracle* than this;
A *Viſage*, which with *lively Grace*
Does twenty *Garnets* now *Out-face*,
And *Twig* of *Dodona's Grove*
E'en ſpeaks as if inſpir'd by *Jove.*
Nay, to add to the Wonder more,
Declares *unheard-of* Things before,
And thouſand *Myſteries* does unfold,
As plain as *Oracles* of old;
By which we ſteer Affairs of State,
And ſtave off *Britain's* ſudden Fate.

Let's then, in honour of the Name
Of *Oates*, enact ſome *Solemn Game*,

Where *Oaten Pipe* ſhall us inſpire
Beyond the *Charms* of *Orpheus's Lire*;
Stones, *Stocks*, and every ſenſeleſs thing
To *Oates* ſhall *Dance*, to *Oates* ſhall *Sing*,
Whilſt *Woods amaz'd* to th' Ecchoes ring,
And as (that *Hero's* Names may not
When they are rotten, be forgot;)
We *hang Atchievements* o're their Duſt;
(A debt to their great merits juſt:)
So if *Deſerts* of *Oates* we prize,
Let *OATES* ſtill hang before our Eyes;
Thereby to raiſe our Contemplation,
OATES being to this *Happy Nation*
The *Myſtick Emblem* of *Salvation*.

An Epithalamium *upon the Marriage of Captain* William Bedloe.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus Avena,
Arma virumque Cano.——————

I, he, who Sung of humble OATES *before,*
Now Sing a Captain *and a Man of War.*

GOddeſs of Rhime, that didſt inſpire
The *Captain* with Poetick fire,

Adding

Adding fresh Lawrels to that brow
Where those of Victory did grow,
And statelyer Ornaments may flourish now.
If thou art well recover'd since
The Excommunicated Prince:
For that Important Tragedy,
Would have kill'd any Muse but Thee;
Hither with speed, Oh! hither move,
Pull buskins off, and since to Love,
The ground is holy that you tread in,
Dance bare-foot at the *Captains* Wedding.
See where he comes, and by his side
His charming fair Angelick Bride:
Such, or less lovely was the Dame
So much Renown'd, *Fulvia* by name,
With whom of old *Tully* did joyn,
Then when his Art did undermine,
The *Horrid Popish Plot* of *Cateline.*
Oh fairest Nymph of all great *Britain*,
(Though thee my Eyes I never set on)
Blush not on thy great Lord to smile,
The second Saviour of our Isle;
What nobler Captain could have led
Thee to thy long'd-for Marriage Bed;
For know that thy all-daring *Will* is
As stout a *Hero* as *Achilles*;
And as great things for thee has done,
As *Palmerin* or th' *Knight o'th' Sun*,
And is himself a whole Romance alone.

Let conſcious *Flanders* ſpeak, and be
The Witneſs of his Chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very word
Has ſlain as many as his Sword:
Though common *Bulleys* with their Oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his *Month-Granadoes* kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing ſteel.
This *Hero* thy reſiſtleſs Charms
Have won, to fly into thy arms,
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of Coyn,
Could ever have his breaſt controll'd,
Or make him be a Slave to Gold;
His Love's as freely given to Thee,
As to the King his Loyalty,
Then, Oh receive thy mighty prize
With open Arms and wiſhing Eyes,
Kiſs that dear Face, where may be ſeen
His Worth and Parts that ſculk within;
That Face that juſtly ſtil'd may be
As true a Diſcoverer as He.
Think not he ever falſe will prove,
His well known Truth ſecures his Love;
Do you a while divert his cares
From his important grand affairs:
Let him have reſpite now a while
From kindling the mad Rabbles Zeal.
Zeal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
Shews plainly where its birth-place we may find,

In Hell, where tho' dire flames for ever glow,
Yet 'tis the place of utter Darkneſs too.
But to his Bed be ſure be true,
As he to all the world, and You,
He all your Plots will elſe betray,
All ye *She-Matchiavils* can lay.
He all deſigns you know has found,
Tho' hatch'd in Hell, or under ground;
Oft to the world ſuch ſecrets ſhew,
As ſcarce the Plotters themſelves knew;
Yet if by chance you hap to ſin,
And Love while Honour's napping ſhou'd creep [in.
Yet be diſcreet, and do not boaſt
O'th' Treaſon by the common Poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him Love on
All Virtues in Diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a Patriot as He;
And when, as now in *Chriſtmaſs*, all
For a new Pack of Cards do call,
Another Popiſh Pack comes out
To pleaſe the Cits, and charm the Rout;
Thou mighty Queen ſhalt a whole Suit command,
A Crown upon thy Head, a Scepter in thy Hand.

Funeral

Funeral Tears upon the Death of Captain William Bedloe.

SAd Fate! our valiant Captain *Bedloe*,
In Earths cold Bed lies with his head low;
Who to his laſt made out the PLOT,
And Swearing dy'd upon the ſpot.
Sure Death was *Popiſhly affected*,
She had our Witneſs elſe protected;
Or *down-right Papiſt*; or che Jade
A *Papiſt is in Maſquerade*.
The valiant *Bedloe*, Learned *Oates*,
From Popiſh Knives ſav'd all our Throats:
By ſuch a *Sword*, and ſuch a *Gown*,
Soon would the Beaſt have tumbl'd down.
They conquer like the *Hebrew* King,
And Oaths at *Rome's Golia* ſling;
And never *take God's name in vain*;
As many *Oaths*, ſo many *ſlain*.
The ſtouteſt of the *Roman* Band
Could not their thund'ring Volleys ſtand;
But all thoſe Miſſioners of Hell
By dint of *Affidavit* fell.
Great things our *Heroe* brought to light;
Yet greater ſtill kept out of ſight:

And

And, for his *King* and *Countreys* ſake,
Still *New Diſcoveries* could make:
In proper ſeaſon to relieve,
He ſtill kept ſomething in his ſleeve,
He was become, for *England's* good,
An endleſs Mine, a waſtleſs Flood;
Still Prodigal, yet *never Poor*;
No ſpending could exhauſt his Store.
But Death, (alas)! that *Popiſh Fiend*,
To all our hopes has put an end;
Has ſtopt the Courſe, and dry'd the Spring
Which new *Plot-tidings* would bring.
This *Witneſs* (did the Fates ſo pleaſe)
Had ſworn us into Happineſs?
Made the *Court Chaſte*, *Religion Pure*,
And wrought an *Univerſal Cure*;
Sworn *Weſtminſter* into good Order;
Reform'd *Chief Juſtice* and *Recorder*;
The Land from *Romiſh* Locuſts purg'd,
And from *Whitehall* the Chits had ſcourg'd;
Had judg'd the great *Succeſſion-Caſe*,
And ſworn the Crown to the right place.
ENGLAND! thy mighty loſs bemoan;
Thy watchful Centinel is gone!
Now may the *Pilgrims* Land from *Spain*,
And (*Undiſcover'd*) croſs the Main:
Now may the *Forty thouſand Men*
In *Popiſh Arms* be rais'd agen:
Black-Bills may flie about our Ears:
(Who ſhall ſecure us from our *Fears*?)

Jeſuits

Jeſuits may fall to their old Sport
Of burning, ſlaying Town and Court,
And we be ne'r the wiſer for't.

Then pity us; exert thy Pow'r,
To ſave us in this dangerous hour:
Thou haſt to death ſworn many men,
Ah! ſwear thy ſelf to life again.

ANAGRAM and ACROSTICK
On the Salamanca-Doctor,

Ana- { TITUS OATS / JUST A SOTT. } *gram.*

When Adam *proper Names on Beaſts con-ſer'd,*
The Salamanca-Doctor *was it'h' Herd;*
The Midwife, ſhe foreſaw 'twould prove a Dunce,
So gave him Name *and* Character *at once:*
Which but unfold, and joyn again with Art,
Both Sott *and* Drunkard *lurk in ev'ry part;*
Nor is his Temper *thus alone betray'd,*
'Tis on his Face *in* Ruby Signs *diſplay'd.*
Well may we doubt the Goſpel *of that PLOT,*
Whoſe chiefeſt Evidence is JUST A SOTT.

An

An ACROSTICK.

*T*rayter to God, damn'd Source of Blaſphemy,
I nſect of Hell, grand Maſs of Perjury;
T horough-pac'd Villain, ſecond unto none,
U nleſs to *Judas*, (if by him out-done;)
S atan's black Agent, Hells Monopoly,
O f all that's called Sin and Villainy:
A curſed Parent of an Hell-bred Brood,
T eacher of Lies, Spiller of guiltleſs Blood;
E nglands dark Cloud, Eclipſing all her Glory;
S atan's Delight, and Hells Repoſitory.

The Convert SCOT, *and* Apoſtate ENGLISH.

1.

C*Leveland*; thy Aſhes (ſure) will riſe,
The *Scots*, are Proſelites become,
Here were thoſe Rebels in diſguiſe;
And now thou wouldſt reverſe their Doom.

2.

'Twas our *Fanatick Presbyter*,
The Devils Factors made the *Plot*,
By them miſled, the *Scots* did Err;
When then thou call'dſt, *Apoſtate Scot.*

3.

The Proverb; *From the* North *no Good*,
Is now turn'd *South*, where Perjur'd Slaves
Swear

Swear us to Goals; and in a Flood
Of Butchery, ſcarce give us Graves.

4.

The Damned Crew of Angels fall,
Whoſe Pride firſt mov'd them to Rebel,
But you Incarnate, worſt of all,
Through Malice God and Man would Sell.

5.

Devil to Devils all were true,
But Man to Man, no thought can reach,
Nature would ceaſe to be, if you
Might cut off all you would Impeach.

6.

The Laws conſtruction doth lie
In Judges Breaſts; the Letter kills;
Juſtice, ſuch Evidence throws by,
Whoſe lives are Infamous for Ills.

7.

There's ſeven of them, and ſeven more,
Have Covenanted all with Hell,
To make ſeven deadly Sins their Whore;
None ever knew her half ſo well.

8.

Theſe Villains charge themſelves with Crimes
They have not done? Damn'd Policy!
That what they ſwear at other times
May be believ'd, though Perjury!

9.

To which a Pardon being had,
Then Hang who e're they will accuſe;

And

And make the Raging Rabble mad,
When any man for Juſtice Sues.

10.

Reaſon is Witchcraft; or elſe why
Can any Man of Senſe believe
Such Basket-Crew, e're came ſo nigh
To Courts and Councils to deceive.

11.

Commiſſions, Armies, Fleets, and *France*,
All this Intrigue diſcover'd be
Oates, *Bedloe*, *Dugdale*, *Dangerfield* and *Prance*,
Who can believe ſo ſtrange a Lye?

12.

Did ever men ſell their Belief
To Goals and Pillories? who yet
Gives Credit to a Common Thief,
Or Branded Rogue on miſchief ſet?

13.

Plague of the Innocent, the Nations Curſe,
The hand of Heaven will cut down;
Since God made Man, none ever worſe
Pretended yet to ſave a Crown.

14.

But theſe the Vulgar Hereling Slaves,
The *Baſhaws* uſe to Storm their Works,
And raiſe themſelves upon their Graves;
Such are our *Engliſh* (Noble) *Turks*.

15.

Juſtice awake, *Scroggs* ſit thou faſt,
Thou wert o'r-rul'd by Perjuries:

But

But *Langhorn*'s Caſe urges thy haſt,
To clear fair Truth from Forgeries.

16.

Now un-deceived, be juſt and bold,
You dare enough, do then as well,
And growing Good, as you grow Old,
Ages to, come may your Juſtice tell.

17.

Our Laws are founded, or ſhould be,
On the Laws of God, *Who never Kill*
When they can Save; and yet you ſee
How Blood of Innocents we Spill.

18.

The Law condemns a *Prieſt* to die,
But Supream Law commands them no,
That for their Lives they muſt not flie;
One of the two they muſt forego.

19.

Our Faith in many points agree,
Our Birthrights we may claim of old;
What is it then to any he
If ancient Verity I hold.

20.

Likely, you Err, for upward look,
What ages paſt believ'd do I,
And nearer to the Spring, the Brook
Far diſtant, doth in Puddles die:
If at the Fount, I Drink or Waſh,
The Chriſtal Spring hath us'd no daſh.

Hath

21.

Hath Charity deserv'd to Die,
Our Saviour Suffered for that;
We sometimes kill an Enemy,
Not murther Friends for none knows what.

22.

Our Laws receive their force from Power,
And the Offenders forfeit Life;
Here 'tis, where Law doth Law devour,
And why, such Law, would end the Strife?

23.

Men long in Peace, deserving well
From King and Country, now surpriz'd,
And charg'd with Crimes, no age can tell,
But those who have this Plot devis'd.

24.

Now worthy *Scrogs*, your Brethren too;
Unbyas'd let your Judgements fall;
We dare the World, what they can do,
May we have Justice, when we call.

25.

Oh! *Cleaveland*, hadst thou liv'd this age,
Thou couldst not Write, unless to Lie;
For none but Devils tread our Stage:
Where speaking Truth, you surely Die
For publick Good or *Popery*.

26.

A King to Govern, or else none,
A *Linsey-woolsey* Government;

'Tis Rabble Property they own,
And say 'tis Law, or so 'tis meant.

27.

They stalk with one ambitious Fool,
Affecting Popularity;
Make use of Him as a Close-stool,
First fill Him up, then throw Him by.

28.

The Monster *Mobile*, then Roars,
Prepar'd by th' Mountebank of State,
We'll have no Fools, nor Sons of Whores,
A Commonwealth shall end their Date.

29

Nor King, nor Parliament, nor Laws,
Kill all pretenders to the Crown;
Nor Lords, nor Bishop; those Py'd Daws,
With all adherents shall go down.

30.

Then up go we, we'll share the Land;
Too long they have usurp'd our Right:
And now by turns, we'll all command,
And shew the World our last New Light.

31.

Are we not good as Fisher-men?
Our *Hogan-Mogan* Neighbours now;
They were call'd Traytors; and what then?
Their King that was, now does them allow.

32.

They did Reform, it thriv'd, so good,
God did intend what they should be;

They were inforc'd to let ſome Blood,
(As We) to purge Idolatry.

33.

Your Elders Laws have that vaſt ſcope,
Preliminary to all Power;
Each in his Pariſh would be *Pope*,
Like *Baal*'s Prieſts all things devour.

34.

Theſe are your Saintſhips Rules of State,
And *Lucifer* hath Lectur'd you;
All above you, ye Deadly hate,
And would not God ſhould have his due.

35.

Muſt ſtill the Van *Religion*,
Led on by Lies and falſe pretence,
Bring up the Rear *Rebellion*;
And blind your Reaſon without Senſe.

36.

Set up an Idol-Parliament
Which with falſe Worſhip men adore,
As if *Religion* were now meant,
The Houſe of Commons, Common-Whore.

37.

The ſlights of *Hocus* not ſo plain,
Though Cheats our ſight, yet none believe,
But *Hocus* ſtill he doth remain,
Through fine Conveyance in his Sleeve.

38.

Thus Captain *Satan* leads you on;
Your Pride and Malice makes you Swell,

Then Captain leaves ye all alone,
You'l find the way your ſelves to Hell.

39.

Damn'd Hypocrites, Rebellious Race,
In Power Impudent and Bold;
Pale Whining Cowards, Face to Face
Your Good and Hopes lyes in your Gold.

40.

Short-ſighted Fools, can your baſe Coin
Corrupt that God who Kings protects,
Or ſuffer you to break that Line,
Which he hath made, and ſtill directs.

41.

'Tis not to caſt down *Popery*,
But by your counterfeited Zeal;
To raiſe *New-Englands* Anarchy,
Devolving to a Commonweal.

42.

Too long on Caterpillers, I
Digreſſion make; but now to Men
Whoſe Honour, in Antiquity
Deſerves to be reviv'd again.

43.

Religion early there embrac'd
By Race of Kings, Chriſtians bold,
Brave men at Arms, and not debas'd;
And now this Age revives the Old.

44.

Now Sweet blows the *Northern* Air,
Diſpelling Miſts, and no Clouds there;

The

The *Rebel Covenant* washed fair,
No thoughts against an apparent Heir.

45.

Brave *Scots* go on, a Braver man
Ne're wanted yet Protection,
Than our Great Duke of *York*; what can,
But This, merit Oblivion?
All that is past of Guilty Fact,
Lies buried here, in this one Act.

46.

None live Unblemish'd, or who not deceiv'd,
Who ever Trusts unhappily
May err; If none must be believ'd,
We must forsake Society.

47.

Frailties to all men are allow'd;
We Plume not here on Angels Wings;
The weak or fearful in a Cloud,
Cannot distinguish best of Things.

48.

Repentance wipes out blackest Spots,
If ye relapse y'are sick to death,
Be henceforth call'd the *Convert-Scots*,
This *Covenant* sign now with your Breath.

49.

A Glorious occasion now
Courts ye with opportunity:
Let after-ages say of You
When all men fail'd us, You stood by.

50.

Your King, your Country, all their Friends
Now need your Duty, and your Love,
Bravely appear, and make amends;
Let's Hand in Hand together move.

51.

Down with your *Kirk-Rooſt*, Curb them ſo
They cannot hurt; take Sword in Hand,
Defend your King from In-bred Foe.
And *York* conduct you in Command.

52.

The Law of Nature binds Mankind,
And that Religion is ſo true,
To give and take with equal mind,
To God and *Ceſar*, what is due.

53.

Rouſe then, Brave men, let the World ſee,
What you dare do for Royal Blood;
Your Lives and Country are not free;
'Leſs you maintain Monarchy Good.

54.

But if ye fail, all Good mens Curſe
On you and your Poſterity:
May ye be Slaves, and what is worſe,
Beg Bread of your *Preshytery*.

A

A Poſtſcript upon the D. of York's *Return to* Scotland.

NOw *York* again Shines in our Sphere,
A conſtant Day-light, true born Son;
Which doth forebode a Happy Year,
Now finiſh what you have begun.

2.

If your wild Spirit is, poſſeſt
With Helliſh Principles Rebel,
And againſt Legal Power proteſt,
Send them the ſhorteſt way to Hell.

3.

For ſpeedy Juſtice in a Storm,
And Mutiny more Souls doth Save,
Then ſlow Proceeding by Laws Form,
Loſt time, a Maſter's made a Slave.

4.

Examples made to terrifie,
Makes men conſider what they do;
Where no Reprieve is, but muſt Die,
Men are unapt t'engage that Foe.

5.

Let your Great Council make an Act,
And by that Act all Subjects Bind,
To take an Oath, or elſe be Rackt,
Till the Succeſſion they have Sign'd.

6.

Our Lofty Shrubs rais'd by the King,
That on his Seat, Juſtice Out-face,
Muſt tumble down, that no ſuch thing
Be ever nam'd; but with Diſgrace.

7.

Ingrateful Brutes, baſer than Slaves,
The fallen Angels is your ſin,
Who for your Makers do dig Graves;
But in thoſe Pits your ſelves fall in.

8.

Fooliſh *Achitophels*; his Fate
Follows your Steps, and you muſt Die
For the ſame Cauſe, and at the Gate,
Where *Treaſon*'s joyn'd with *Perjury*.

9.

The *Proteſtant* Religion
Is the falſe cry, and common Cheat
Of all your *Atheiſm*; who have none,
Nor will, till brought to Judgement Seat.

10.

There by Confeſſion purge your Guilt,
Mercy may meet you at the Stage,
Tell *Godfrey*'s Death; and what Blood's Spilt
By your Deſigns, and peoples Rage.

11.

Then, not till then, three Kingdoms may,
In Unity give Praiſe to God;
And all good men rejoyce, and ſay,
Charles's Scepter is like *Aaron*'s Rod.

12.

Then all true Subjects will obey,
The wild *Fanaticks* will Conform;
Then all the World with Us will say,
God Sav'd us in a mighty Storm.

13.

If you deny, all thinking Men
Conclude an Arbitrary Power,
Design'd by You, to save you, when
Y'are no where Safe but in the *Tower*.

The Mad-men's Hospital: *or a present Remedy to Cure the* Presbyterian Itch.

OH, Happy Soyl! unhappily possess'd,
Your Natives now invade your sacred Peace;
And that Religion we all profess'd,
Must now by Extirpation surcease:
Our Laws are broken, Birthrights ta'en away;
Banish'd or Murder'd, Innocents betray.

2.

This Hell-bred change, hath Reformation brought
By bold Interpretation of Text;
What was believ'd, and our Forefathers taught,
By new Dark-Lanthorn-Lights is now perplext
New Governments set up, the Rabble see
A way to Rule the Church, and Monarchy.

3.

3.

Oh, treble damn'd! Rebels to God and King!
Who firſt Arms into the Roundheads hands,
Taught them to know their Bruitiſh ſtrength;
[who bring
A right of Levelling on all mens Lands:
Like Hounds unhunted, left to their own Chaſe,
Seize all that croſs their way, Noble or Baſe.

4.

They love the King, as School-boys Maſters love,
Let them do what they will; how good a
Correct them, he's a Tyrant, none above [man,
Them, they admit, then govern them that can:
Break up the School, a *Commonwealth* their cry's,
Learning hath fool'd the World, and taught us
[Lies.

5.

Thus in this wilful and preſuming Age,
Where Reaſon's blinded with Opinion,
For current Truth, upheld by th'Peoples Rage,
They ſpurn at Truth, and true Religion:
Thoſe Beaſt-like Rights, which greater beaſts
[perſwade,
Are the falſe Opticks of their cheating Trade.

6.

Poor Countrymen! the whole worlds hate or
[ſcorn
Led by a creeping *Will oth' Wiſps* falſe Fire;
Like him to Malice, and to Miſchiefs born,
Leads you to periſh in a poyſon'd Myre:
Pride

Pride made the Devil, what is't made Thee ſo?
Malice; ſo coupled, both together go.

7.

But tell me yet, Mad-men have Intervals,
What end do you propoſe, ſuppoſe your Plot
Should take effect, that Palaces, and Halls,
The King, the Duke, Lords, Papiſts, and who
Should in one ruine fall; what will ſucceed? [not
Cutting of Throats, making each other bleed.

8.

For Jeſus Chriſt will not deſcend to Reign,
You (in his Members) crucifie him here;
In time compleat, when he will come again,
'Twill be to Your Confuſion and Fear:
Order ſupports the World, nothing can ſtand
Without it; Beaſts have Order and Command.

9.

Thoſe very Sects, who now together joyn,
Will then divide, and each their claim advance:
This is the Truth I hold; that Lorſhip's mine;
'Tis falſe, 'tis not, 'tis for the K. of *France*:
For when that one anothers Blood we draw,
'Tis time a third ſhould come to give us Law.
Y'are on a Precipice, and one ſtep more,
Y'are loſt; return, for Judgment's at your dore.

10.

Recipe.

Take but one grain of Faith from the Rock pure,
And fix it faſt to the right Anchor-ſtock,

Mixt

Mixt with the Oyl of Charity; 'twill cure,
Apply'd to the Heart side; *Probatum hoc:*
This never fail'd, lasts while the World endures,
Close kept; and all Mankind's diseases cures.

Tony's *Soliloquies.*

WHen the *Plot* I first invented,
I was ravish'd in conceit,
To see its frame so well cementeds
Varnish'd over with Deceit.
It was an Infant of my Spirit,
Nay, the Darling of my Soul,
If its contrivance be a Merit,
By *Jove* the *Cooper* did well Boul.

2.

For to give this *Engine* Motion,
To arrive where it did tend,
I fill'd the Vulgars ears with 'Notion,
And Gospel of my *Oaten Friend*;
I antedated all Transactions,
Distinguish'd Stiles of *New* and *Old*,
In the State I made such Fractions;
Some I bought, and some I sold.

3.

The *Mobile* I so distemper'd,
With the Magick of my *Care*,

None

None but wou'd his Soul have ventur'd
Where brave *Tony* bore a Share;
Have I not in Abomination
Held the *Miter* and *Lawn Sleeves*,
And Itcht at a ſecond Sequeſtration,
To pull down ſuch *Ghoſtly Theeves*.

4.

Have I not taught the *Sanhedrim*
To Imperate, and not Obey?
They had *Genu-flection* done to them,
Which men to Crowned Heads do pay.
Then would I Barter for Repeal
O'th' Five and Thirtieth of Queen *Beſs*,
To make a way for *Commonweal*,
(The Centre of Our Happineſs.)

5.

How many hot and high Debates,
In favour of th' *Excluſive Bill*,
I bandy'd 'twixt the two Eſtates,
(Th'effects of my depraved will!)
By Subornation, to the Block
I brought, a Loyal Noble Peer;
And truſted others to that Lock,
Which coſt my *Buck* and me ſo dear.

6.

In fine, poor profligated Wretch,
For to indulge my Minion Spight,
My Seared Conſcience I did ſtretch,
And did *Old Rowley's* Guards Indict.

I did

I did espouse all Wickedness,
And only lov'd what's purely Evil;
In that alone was my Excess;
Then take thy own *Associate*; *Devil.*

The Badger *in the Fox-Trap, or a* Satyr *upon Satyrs.*

COmus nor *Momus*, now must be my Theam,
My Muse must mourn in a more serious strein.
Since I, who ne'r could write to humor Men,
To humor Beasts, must now indulge my Pen.
One *April* Evening, I alone did lye,
In my Chamber Window, some three Stories high,
To view the prospect of the welcom Spring,
And hear Night's Choristers their Anthems sing.
But all those Chanting Quire soon were scar'd,
By a voice unhallowed, they and I both heard.
The more the Calm, the more the noise increast,
Voice like a Man, but call'd it self a Beast.
With Hums, and Haws, and Groans did thus begin,
Did ever God create so Vile a thing!
Internal and External Hoddy-doddy,
A perfect Monster both in Soul and Body.
Besides my Names and Titles are as Numerous,
As all my Actions, various still, (and Humorous;)
Some

Some call me *Tony*, ſome *Achitophel*;
Some *Jack a-dandy*, ſome old *Matchivel*,
Some call me Devil, ſome his Foſter-Brother,
And Turn-Coat Rebel all the Nation over.
And ſome compare me to a ſneaking Snail,
Who keeps its Shell in ſtorms of Wind and Hail.
Some call me *Hydra* with a hundred Heads,
And ſome a Monſter all of Matchleſs Legs;
Others the Scab from whence the Infection
Breeds
Some call me *Hedge-hog* in a Prickly Skin,
And that a treble Fiend is wrapt within.
But a *Badger* now, caught by a Fatal ſnap,
By th'longeſt Leg, within the *Foxes* Trap.
Which here was laid for ſome ſuch Animal;
When e're I'm freed, I ſurely drop to Hell.
The more I tug, the more the Spring doth bind me,
Nay one tug more leaves all my Legs behind me,
My Limbs and Sinues, are ſo feeble grown,
That were I looſe, I cannot ſtand alone,
Each member doth each others grief bemoan.
Tho' I from God deſerve this puniſhment,
Why ſhould the Devil ſuch a Friend torment,
Whom I have ever took for my *Protector*,
And for ten thouſand Souls he is my Debtor.
Can he at laſt a Treacherous Guardian be,
As I've been to all that truſted me.
'Tis for his ſake that I'm Deform'd and Hiſt at,
As Wizards all their Life; like Rams-horns Twiſted.

But

But poor *Devil*, now perhaps ſuſpected me,
That I'de Recant to get my Liberty.
And therefure Hampers me in this Crampt Jail,
That I have ſcarce room to wag my poor old [Tail.
Which I'le ne're do, to gain three Kingd. more,
Than my Ambition, hop'd to make me ſure,
Who knows what *Nick* hath yet for me in [ſtore?
Poor Fiend, on me us'd to have tender Care,
And made me eminent in Peace & War, [ſcar.
And yet I have Senſe Children and Fools to
By teaching *Ben* and *Franck* to Write great Lies;
How mighty Monſters quarrel in the Skies.
Viſions at *Hatfield*, either White or Green,
Far more Prodigious than the *Fairy Queen*.
To make them believe the *Papiſts* ſtill are [Plotting,
Te cut the Throats o'th' Saints whilſt they are [Napping.
And that they burnt the City down about us,
As ſure as I was ever Stout or Honeſt.
And that they'l endeavour for to do't again,
To lay the Land in univerſal Flame;
Tho' they themſelves be ſtifled in the Steam.
And how to make the Neighbours hate each [other
And for Revenge to Murder one another;
And to make a King to ſell a Royal Brother.

To

And to make the great ones like Pike in Pond,
To Devour the Smaller over the Land.
These are but pretty Symptoms of the Shams,
When my Familiar gave but ſingle Drams.
But when for lickly State we do contrive,
Oh! *Roger*, *Roger!* Oh! my Dribling ſide!
Come bring a Spoon, before I am quite Spent,
And from this Tap receive my Excrement.
Why *Roger*, *Harry*, *Tom*, *Will*, *Martha*——
Where's all the Rogues and Bitches, ſome of you come forth a-
The great Defluction of my Canker'd Spleen,
The Scum o'th' poyſon will not ſtay within,
But drains from th' Conclave of declining parts,
And quite obſtructeth my Etherick Arts;
Well, I keep Currs, but I'm the Dog that barks.
Then he himſelf unbuckl'd, and let fly
Venemous Extraction, till his Pump waxt dry.
Which he perceiving, tug'd and pumpt the more
Till all his Engines he in pieces tore,
Then like an Aſs, the *Badger* he did rore.
He Snarl'd, and Curſt, and Swore he was undone,
Expos'd to the Scorn of every Mothers Son.
Having loſt the Sluice which many years had ſtood,
And at his pleaſure drown'd the Land in Blood.
And tho' to's ruine it made the wider Gape,
He found himſelf the Faſter in the Trap.
He Hal'd his Limbs, which had his Soul long hated.

But the *Badger's* fast, and fears he shall be baited.
But am I now forsaken of my Friends,
Fools, nor Knaves, Servants, nor none attends.
Hells damn'd Fiends, break off those Slavish Chains,
Release your Friend, in these unpitied Pains.
Where's my Companions, o'th' same Imputation
My Fellow Sharers in the Ruine o'th Nation.
Where's my Cabals, and Mercenary Men,
Where's Silly *Perkin*, where's *Franck*, *Dick* and *Ben*;
Where's my Nursery, that Pist all in a Pen?
Wher's all our Senate, with their lowd Debates,
Where's our Committees, those Impish Quacks of State?
What no Redress?
Fiends, Furies, Goblins, Ushers of Black Shades.
Infernal Hell-Hounds, I Conjure your Aids.
Rise up and Tear my Tired Limbs asunder;
Let me like *Faustus* be a second Wonder.
Then one in Black came limping with all Speed,
I thought the Devil had been come indeed;
So did the *Badger*, and on his Tail did Squat,
Badg. Good Mr. *Devil*, do not take me yet.
Dr. I am no *Devil*, but Chief Doctor in the Synod,
Who came from *Salamanca* in a Minuit:
Let's feel your Wounds, to Cure you I will try.
B. Oh! Cursed *R*---- thou'rt as foul within as I.

What

What need'ſt thou feel me Dog, thou wilt undo [me,
My *Victim's* gone, a man may ſee quite through [me.
I am paſt the help of *Doctor* or of *Devils*,
Nothing but Death, can cure theſe growing [Evils.

D. But ſince your Diſtemper is ſo Deep and [Bloody,
And I a Doctor both for Soul and Body;
Prepare your ſelf to make a True Confeſſion,
Be it what it will, I'le give you Abſolution.
I am not like thoſe common ſort of *Prieſts*,
Who Abſolve none but their own *Silly Geeſe*.
I Pardon all, both—*Biter*, *Dipper*, *Pendant*,
Tho' Perjury and Treaſon hang at the end on't.
All ſorts of Rebels, Hypocrites and Atheiſts,
I Pardon all, but *Cavaliers* and *Papiſts*.

B. Some of my Sins are Forty years of Age,
Muſt I bring thoſe again upon the Stage?

D. Yes thoſe to chooſe, they are old, and [now grown Hory,
Shake out the Bag, and make an end o'th Story.

B. But how ſhall I begin this great Con- [feſſion?
Which in my Soul doth make this great Im- [preſſion.

D. Not like the Papiſts with a Bleer'd [Contrition.
Speak boldly, with Conſcience like a Tanner,

Make every ſin a Trophy of your Honour.
B. Why, in Forty one, and two and three, and
I then began to love a handſom W— [Four
D. Very good Sir, well and how much more?
E. The reſt are State-Affairs, not to be diſ-
[clos'd,
And by *Malignants*, are too much ſuppos'd.
And ſo all that, may well be thus Excus'd;
I own I have, both Church and King abus'd.
D. But you muſt Specify each dubious Query,
B. Nay then 'twill laſt from *June* till *January*.
Dr. Well we muſt follow Order, Courſe and
[Form,
B. Plague dam the Order, I ſuch cuſtom ſcorn:
It has been my Study, ever from my Cradle,
To break all Formal Order, far as I was able.
And muſt I now, to ſave an old damn'd Soul,
Go diſimbogue, each Cranny, Chink and Hole?
D. The more you own, your Crime will be
[the Leſſer,
Hear to your Reverend Father, and Confeſſor.
B. Prophane Impoſtor, Reverend do'ſt thou ſay,
That haſt been Perjur'd twenty times a day;
In Capital and Mortal Bloody Caſes,
To Murther Innocents with thy Diſgraces.
D. 'Twas to Oblige our Sworn Fraternities,
And to deſtroy the Cauſes ſubtile Enemies.
B. Well *Dr.* now I find you are much Reform'd,
Since our Cabals have Falter'd and Diſſolv'd.
D. 'Twas ſtill my nature to Sail with the
Wind; Come

Come ſcrape the Kettle, out with what's behind.
B. Lord Father, you have ſuch influence o're [me,
I wou'd ſpeak all, but that you'l quite abhor me.
D. Oh! you little Baſhful, Old, Arch Wag,
You know I neither dare Divulge nor Brag.
B. Why, in Forty three, I then began to Feel,
Which way Dame Fortune wou'd bring round [her Wheel.
Then I laid hold on that great Inſtrument,
And left the King for K. and Parliament.
Me they embrac'd, and my Advice did crave,
Finding I'd wit enough to be a Knave.
Then I fell on, 'gainſt Church, and King and [Heaven;
And Still my Conſcience with times kept Even:
And ne're Recanted what I Undertook,
Till K. was kill'd, and th'Son the Land forſook.
And then the Scepter fell in Traitours Hands,
And I was ready to aſſiſt Commands.
Then I was made a Miniſter of State,
And found a way the Church to Extirpate.
Then I helpt *Noll* to ſet up *Presbyters*,
And pull'd the *Biſhops* Surplice o're their ears;
And made the Clergy look like Privateers.
As they went down, Tub-Preachers they did
Preach'd Order, Altar down, and Sacrifice. [riſe,
I made him know, through States great Policy,
Thoſe were the men to maintain Tirany.
Noll being ſafe, by what I had done for him,

Suſpected me, 'cauſe I Betray'd my King.
Then to our Tribe he openly Proclaims,
He'd never Truſt a man that had three Names,
He Smoak'd my Soul from its Minority,
Still to be Oppoſite to all Authority.
Then I was forc'd new Meaſures for to take,
With the Kings Friends ſome ſmall Contracts did make,
I Beg'd they wou'd with Patience be contented,
For the Kings Return, a means was juſt invented
But this was done, when I could not prevent it.
I put my ſelf i'th Front o'th Sufferers, [Scars.
Tho' like to them, I had neither Wounds nor
When he arriv'd with glorious Acclamations,
And fill'd with Joys the Longing Expectations,
All Loyal Hearted Souls of theſe three Nations.
And every heart that had been Musket Proof,
For K. and Country under Fortunes Roof,
Had Broke the Fatal Spells of Slaveries,
With Joys did meet the King upon their Knees.
I like a Spaniel-whelp did lurk a Loof,
And Squint quite through the Opticks of my Hoof.
Expecting when the K. on me would Call;
And cry my Merits up above them All.
But when I found He did mind me no more,
Juſt to His Feet, I Crept upon all Four.
Then Clutch'd his Royal Hand between my Paws,

As

As if I'd never been for *Good Old Cauſe.*
Then His Clemency remitted what was paſt,
With Place and Title, he my Honour Grac'd.
Which I improv'd, till I was grown ſo High,
That I again did envy Monarchy.
Which being ſmelt by *York*, I was Degraded,
And out of all my Dignities Defeated.
And ever ſince my Brain has been a working,
For Sweet Revenge, my Soul hath ſtill been lurking.
To ſeveral Attempts I did aſpire,
E're I could pitch on one that would take Fire.
Till I had got this *Fatal-Plot* well grounded,
WithSeconds, and with ſham-plots to ſurround it.
Which ſerves as Paint upon an old Bawds Face,
To fill up Furrows, and to give a Grace;
As Painters always Imperfection Blaze.
And here we'l make Friendly, Fair Concluſion,
I prithee *Doctor* give me Abſolution.

D. Nay hold a while, your Crimes but now begin Sir,
Theſe were but Virtues to your latter Sins Sir.
You muſt rub up your Brains and Face about,
We have the Plot-Myſtick, yet to Hammer out.

B. G--Dam your Reverence, let that go by,
You are as deep i'th dirt in that as I;

D. Pox rot your Honour, that's a Plaguy Lie.
You have confeſt, you were the Engeneer,
That draw'd the Lines, which way the Plot would Bear;
That who ſhou'd keep the Front, and who the Rear.

B.

B. And had not your Impudence ſtill over acted,
Our Purpoſe long ere this had been Perfected.
D. 'Zounds 'twas for that, that I by you was
[choſen,
'Cauſe I could Out-face all the Truth in Heaven.
B. But not to Snap the Council up like Pea-
[ſants,
And call them Raſcals in the Royal Preſence.
Nor yet to call the Life-Guards *Popiſh Traitors*,
As if we were their Makers and Creators.
Nor to throw an *Odium* on them at their Inns,
When you ſaw our party totter like Nine-pinns
Too late to make the world eſteem us Kings.
Nor to call Inn-keepers Rogues for entertaining
The King's Life-Guards; thoſe things divulg'd
[our meaning.
Nor to call your ſelf the *Saviour of the Nation*;
As if there had been *Oats* from the Creation.
D. 'S death, Have you not acted worſe than
You vex me ſo, I ſcarce have time to Piſs. [this?
You have theſe ſeven years, made it your ſtudy
To draw diſguſted Parties to a Body.
You held Communion with Tub-Preachers jug-
[gling,
And draw'd their Brethren altogether, ſmug-
[gling
Their holy Siſters with whom they Ingender,
And bring forth Brood that's light with th' ſame
[Tinder:
Who are bred up in *Fears* and *Jealouſies*,
Where-

Wherewith you daily blind their pur-blind eyes.
And thus you draw the hearts of silly Subjects
From their own Sovereign, to be odious Objects:
For this Impression in their Infancy
Deprives them of the sence of *Loyalty.*
Thus you seduce the Land for future Ages,
To be a Den of Bruits; for wild out-rages;
Worse than wild Beasts, who still own some Su-
Both Infidels and *Indians* do the same. [preme;

B. Had you this Doctrine from *Salamanka,*
Where you ne're were, I know well, Sir, I thank
[ye?
You need not instance these most biting twinges,
Since our Designs are all flung off the hinges.
You're ten times worse, were your faults sum'd
[together,
Tho' thou pretend'st to be my Ghostly Father;
For thou art neither *Prot*, *Byter*, nor *Papist*:
Best thou canst boast of, is *Inhumane Atheist.*

D. You cross old Cur, resolve me these few
[Questions,
And I'le importune you for no more Confessions.
Who was the cause of *Scotlands* late Rebellions?
Who promis'd to assist their Force with Millions?
Who was't draw'd *Perkin* from his Royal Father,
To be cajoll'd into the Peoples Favour?
Who was't contriv'd the drawing of *Petitions*;
To gull the Nation into blind *Seditions?*
Who was't contriv'd Cabballing in the City,
And to school *Evidence*, chose a Committee?

Who

Who first contriv'd to Peach both Peers and Judges,
And make them scape before the Bar like drudges?
All those in eminent Places, and great Favour,
Yet never could be brought in guilty neither?
Who told the *Commons* that, 'gainst every Trial,
They must seclude all Members that were Loyal?
That none might ever pass for due Elected,
Unless approv'd on by the disaffected?
Who was it first that cursed Maxim mov'd,
That every Act for Money be reprov'd,
Unless *Prerogative* were squeez'd or shov'd?
Who was't contriv'd to have the Guards indicted,
When we our selves the City-Guards united?
Who was it cry'd, *No Money for the King*,
Till Kingly Powers into your hands we bring?
Who was it cry'd, *The King must not be trusted*,
With his own Life, while we are thus disgusted?
And that the People they were still in danger
Of Native *Papists*, and of *Popish* Stranger;
Till th' *Militia*, *Cinque-ports*, *Navy* and the rest,
Were all expos'd unto our Care and Trust?
Who was't that writ the *Address* for Shire,
As if all had been Subscribers that were there,
A voting for the Members, and had lear'd on't
Tho' ten in all the Number never heard on't?
Who was it first invented the *Black Box*,
And the *Black Bills* which were to give such knocks?

Who

Who was made privy unto *Godfrey*'s Death,
For which three men already loſt their breath?
Who was't converted Law into a Cloak,
To ſhelter Knaves, and Innocents to Choak?
Who was't that gave the Synod Approbations,
For to contrive Committees for Vexations,
And made a *Conventicle Synod* for three Na-
[tions?
Who gave Advice to Libel Church and State,
And none muſt mind the meaning till too late,
And the King's Friends made odious out of
[date?
Who was't perſwaded thoſe turn'd out of Places
Of great Authority, to make ſtrange faces;
And cry out *Popery* is now approaching;
Tho' they before conceived no ſuch poaching?
Who was't gave out, that a thouſand Watermen
Had all conſpir'd to Petition, when
The Parliament to *Oxford* were conven'd,
That they might ſit at *Weſtminſter* for them;
But ne're were heard of more from *Smith* nor
[*Ben*?
Who was't endeavour'd all that preparations,
To guard the City Members in their ſtations
To *Oxford*; which look'd far more Arbitrary
Than *Forty One*, or abſolute old *Harry*?
Who was the occaſion of the late Obſtruction
Of the Adreſſes of the Cities loyal Production;
Was't not the Canker of your Taps defluction?
Who ſchool'd *Fitz-Harris* for two years to-
gether,

And

And tann'd his Conſcience thick as Bullocks [Leather;
And kept him for reſerve to ſweep the Court
Of King and Queen, and all that them ſupport?
And now the Fool begins to ſtink for fear,
And is in danger quite as much as we are:
But makes ſuch ſcruples to put by the Coller,
As if he meant to hang Sir *William Waller.*
Who hath influenc'd all this *Perjury,*
Which hath out-fac'd both Law and Loyalty?
Who is't that holds the Plot ſtill by the Tail,
As Sea-men tug, to tack about their Sail;
And now by one ſmall breeze of Juſtice breath,
Fear to be ſhipwrac'd to eternal Death?
Who animated the wild Votes of late,
To make themſelves Comptrollers of the State;
And that their Votes without concurrence [might
Impeach the Crown, or Peers in ſpight of Right?
Who was't deſtroy'd both Monarchy and Law,
And would make it Lawful by a ſecond blow?
Who cry'd theſe Viſions and ſtrange Revela- [tions,
Tells us for Wars we muſt make Preparations,
Whilſt we know no danger but our own Dam- [nations?
Who made the Speech burnt by the Hangman's [hand,
Which did both Threaten, and the King Command?

In

In ſhort, Who was this *Helliſh Plot*'s Contriver?
Who was it's Plaintiff-Engine; who its Driver;
If it was You, ingeniouſly confeſs't,
And I'le give you Abſolution for the reſt.

B. Nay, Doctor, now I find you'l not abhor me,
For you your ſelf makes my Confeſſion for me.
Then nods and fleers, and at this Motion grins;
Theſe are but Title-pages of my Sins.

D. Nay, for the reſt we'l ne'er ſtand to unhole,
They'r only ſymptom-Inſects in your ſoul,
Flaws of diſtinction between fair and foul.

B. Well, ſince I find that all my hopes are paſt,
E're to ſhake off what I pull'd on ſo faſt,
But that I, at worſt, can hang my ſelf at laſt.
Rather than live under this ill, true notion,
After your kind Advice and friendly Caution,
I muſt confeſs, tho' with a feign'd Devotion,
All theſe black Crimes which to my Charge you [lay,
And many a thouſand ten times worſe than they,
Since I'm imperfect to perform the reſt;
He whiſper'd then, and I ſuppoſe confeſt;
Thus far degenerated from a Beaſt.
And then the *Doctor*, with his bended Chin,
Canted ſome words, and ſo abſolv'd his ſin.
And ſwore by the *Holy Doom* of his beſt Trade,
Badger thou art *Papiſt* now, as good as e're was
By this Canonick *Salamanka* Gown, [made:
I give to thee my beſt Benediction.

B. The *Badger* then began to friſk and ſquail,
As a Cow that's ſtung with Hornets in the Tail.
Thou Popiſh Dog, had I but power to rally,
I'de make thee know I hate all Chriſtian Folly.
But in the interval to prevent new Broils,
Aurora roſe, and all the Sequel ſpoils; [Rear,
Whoſe ſplendrous looks, with *Phœbus* in the
Drives all Malignants to a darker Sphere,
Their Conſcience then with fear began to crack;
The *Doctor* hoal'd, with the *Badger* at his back.

The Humble Wiſhes of a Loyal Subject.

MAY Blood of *Innocents* no more Diſgrace
The *Stuarts* Name, nor fly in *Charles*'s [Face;
Let Tyrants wear thoſe Stains whoſe due they [are,
Whilſt High Born Kings the Rod of Juſtice bear.
May proud Rebellious Faction tumble down,
And haughty Freedom truckle to the Crown.
May ſtubborn Peers, Pimps to a *Common-weal*,
(Maugre all *Ignoramus Juries*) feel
The Keen-edg'd Ax: May *Shute* and *Pilkington*
And *Corniſh* take the Law of *Abbington*;
May *Bethel*, and ſuch Citt Sh'riffs underſtand
The jerk of their own Hireling *Ketch*'s Hand.

May

May *Ward* Rewarded be by Them he ſerves,
On the *Triangle Tree*, as He deſerves;
May *Moore* ne're ceaſe to ſtand up for the Crown
'Gainſt the Preſumptuous Rabble of the Town.
May *Ignoramus* never more preſent
It ſelf in Court until a Parliament
Decide the Cauſe, how Treaſon juſtify'd
May be by *Ignoramus*, thus deny'd. [Court
May Knaves be Baniſh'd from Your Sacred
And thither none but Honeſt Men reſort.
May ſubtile Two-fac'd Lawyers Chat no more,
Whether *Succeſſion* be of Right, or Power:
May *YORK* return Your Senators to Face,
And juſtify his High-born Princely Race.
May *Godfrey*'s Murderers appear on Stage,
To Pin the Scene of this Tumultuous Age:
May *Hill* and *Green* ne're ceaſe in Heav'n to pray,
Till we behold that happy welcom Day.
May all that wiſh for Change of Government,
To pull down KING, to ſet up *Parliament*,
Like *Noll* and *Bradſhaw*, *Scot* and *Peters*, be
Rewarded for their Wicked Policy. [days
May pure Rogue, *Three Names*, end his Aged
In Hempen String to his Eternal Praiſe;
And Hang by Quarters o're the City Gates,
With Head on *Tower*, for his noble Feats;
Whilſt his own Zealous Bigots, paſſing by,
Behold their Demi-god extol'd to th'Sky.
May the Great Name of *STUART* now be-
Mirour and Terrour to all Chriſtendom: [come
Under

Under the Name of CHARLES, may
[*Charlemaine*
Be couch'd for Power, for Virtue *Charlebone.*

The Polititian's Downfall ; *Or* Potapski's *Arrival at the* Netherlands : *And the Congratulation of the* Proteſtant Joyner *at their Meeting.*

Flectere ſi nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.

—Virg.

IS *Tapski* Dead ? Why then the Stateſman
Who wou'd Immortal be and Deify'd. [ly'd
Strange Pride! th' exalted *Lucifer* is hurl'd
By ſtrong Impulſe of Fate from th' Belgic World.
The Burgo-maſter's baffl'd in's intent,
Deſcends from Watry t'a Fiery Element.
But ſtay! could his Vaſt Soul retire from hence?
And quit the ruins of decayed ſence,
Without ſome Prodigy in Nature ſhown ?
No ſwinging Thunder-bolt from Heaven
[thrown ?
No diſmal Harbingers of Fate come down ?
Sure Nature ſlept, when Fate did ſtrike the blow;

No

No Earth-quakes, no Convulſion-Fits below?
No Star or fiery Comet in the Sky
To Uſher in this Mans Mortality?
'Tis ſtrange that thus in Bed he took his Nap!
Could all the Putrid Excrements o'th' Tap
Support the hollow Cask no longer here?
Was't ſo infirm the Lees it could not bear?
Bleſs me! thus free from both th' extreams,
From *Tower-Hill* Sledge and *Smithfield* Flames,
Serenely did he moulder into Duſt,
And Monſieur *Ketch* he diſappointed moſt.
His buſie, active Soul (that long was pent
Within a Putrid, ill contrived Tenement)
Is quietly retir'd; but clog'd with Sin,
And Treaſon, in *Elyſium* can't get in.
Deny'd his reſt thus in the Seat of Bliſs,
He ſinks below into the damn'd Abyſs:
There he roves now, and reſtleſs till he find
Some black mouth'd Villain ſuited to his mind.
Bleſs'd be his Fate! in a Dark Priſon nigh,
Old *Tapski* does St. *Stephen* there eſpy
What Salutations paſt the Devil can tell,
The loud Report has circulated Hell,
Of this great Man's Arrival here to Dwell.
And here he ſhews State-gambols and his Tricks,
(For Hell and *Holland* love Good Politicks)
The Livery men now meet with one intent
To Chuſe this Fiend-like *Tapski* Preſident
The Carpenter tranſported, laughs to ſee
His Patron brought to Hell to this degree.

He grins with his extorted ill-look'd Face,
And makes now Devil-like a damn'd grimace,
To ſee Old *Tapski* mounted in his Place.
Brave Fortune ſure! and if it ſtill run even,
Farewel our Saint, it will be Captain *Stephen*.
The new State-Puppet does now Act with care,
With damn'd Old wheedling Tricks, grows Popular.
He at the Helm ſits, ſays all things ſure,
No diſmal fear of Arbitrary Power.
Puf't and exalted thus he hates thoſe near
Th' affections of his Maſter *Luciſer*.
His Soul is like as'twas when pent in clay
Still forming black deſigns for Anarcy,
To Stab Hells well compacted Monarcy.
He ſwears by *Styx* and *Acheron* to ſee,
That Hell, like *Holland* a Republick be,
To this the diſcontented Damn'd agree.
In order to't this Peſt of every Nation,
Does ſneakingly produce th' Aſſociation.
The damn'd themſelves ſtart at the bold Adventure,
Do there deny to ſeal the Indenture.
He frets at this, yet Swears he'l uſe more Tricks,
He'l win him with his City Politicks.
He'l buz the Ignorant Rabble in the Ear,
And them with's Rhetorick poſſeſs with Fear:
Tell'em of Jeſuits Plots, and Plots forſooth,
All which theſe credulous Hell-hounds ſnap for truth.

With-

He bawls that Property may be ſecur'd,
Without it all theſe Flames can't be endur'd
Their ſtench ſays he will vex us when confin'd;
We're doubly damn'd if once it be deſign'd,
That we ſhould loſe the Freedom of our mind.
The Fundamental Laws of Subjects gone,
When we can't range for ſatisfaction.
When chain'd in Dungeons we are paſt relief,
Reſolv'd by ſtratagem, I'le be Hell's Chief:
The *Joyner* with his Two Foot Rule draws near,
Shews his fine *Raree-ſhow* 'gainſt *Luciſer*.
To hear his wit about him they do throng,
And in a Lord's Apartment there 'twas Sung.
The *Joyner* ſwears he came to this intent,
To Square and Plain this Form of Govern-
[ment.
They all Applaud this Man, a Man of parts,
Well skill'd in State, as in Mechanick Arts.
Next him a Bull-fac'd Lawyer here approaches,
And with extended Lungs the matter broaches.
He there pleads high, makes tedious Speeches,
Which pleas'd the miſcreant Authors of the
[Breaches.
Old *Bradſhaw* with's great Catalogue there ſtood,
Of Rebel Whelps bedaub'd with Monarch's
[Blood;
Tho' twing'd with pains, tormented with deſpair,
Yet ſmile to ſee their Brother *Tapski* there.
Theſe *Quondam* Judges, Lawyers, Clerks combine
To alter Government, and the State refine,

To purge the Court from Councellors that are
[Evil.
They're ſeeming kind to their own Chief the
[Devil.
Thus *Tapski* well ſurrounded with his Friends
Republick Demons and ſtinking ſulphrous
[Fiends,
Slyly purſues his Intereſt and By-ends.
At this the Helliſh Brood begin to frown.
They ſee this damn'd Committee're Factious
[grown,
Their Principles and Practices they diſown.
But *Tapski's* cunning, ſtill he laughs and leers,
No diſappointment in the matter fears.
Infernal Government his ſquint Eyes view,
But *Beelzebub* its Charter will renew,
Leſt *Tapski* look and find a flaw in't too.
Suſpicious Members of the Lower Houſe,
By ſtrong Reſolves the Stateſmen indiſpoſe
From bearing Office in their Black Cabal.
(Green Ribbon Clubs are Epidemical.)
Tapski degraded, thus! what now remains;
What is the conſequence but Links and Chains?
A draught of liquid Brimſtone 'mongſt the
[Flames?
Strange fate! he's ſeiz'd and hurri'd off th' Stage,
And can't eſcape the Demons Popular Rage.
Infernal Officers do rant and tear,
And drag him into Dungeons of deſpair,

'Mongſt

'Mongſt Croaking Toads and Adders he's con-
Which is but ſad diverſion to his mind; fin'd,
Their diſmal noiſe can't lull the Fiend aſleep,
They are but frightful Comforts in the Deep.
Now *Tapski* racks his Brains for a releaſe,
And tries all methods which he thinks may
[Pleaſe.
He Flatters and Collogues in hopes to gain
Some Intervals of eaſe from lingring pain:
But ſtill his ſly attempts are all in vain.
Baffl'd by this his Kind, Perſwaſive way
He'l vindicate himſelf by force of Law;
The Helliſh Preſidents and Cuſtoms reads,
And *Bradſhaw* on his ſide profoundly pleads,
To have an *Habeas Corpus*, this they gueſs,
Will *Tapski's* wicked Grievances redreſs.
But Pox! the learned Sophiſters of Hell
Theſe artificial Cheats do know full well.
The thing's deny'd; caſt out, and in the ſence
Of Learned Men it's deem'd an high offence.
Tapski a mild recanting Paper brings;
(He fawns ſtill after diſobliging Kings:)
His flatt'ring ſtile they joyntly do refuſe,
His Treſonous Crimes admit of no excuſe.
He is impeach't, to Tryal he muſt come,
But *Tapski* hopes for to divert his doom.
If *Bethel's* Friends in lower Regions be,
He doubts not but the Law will ſet Him free.
He'l laugh at Malice and Infernal Furies,
If there he finds his *Ignoramus Juries.*

And there's one pik'd to *Tapski* well affected,
But they fail now, becauſe not well directed;
The *Pilkingtonian* Sneaking Trick's detected.
Laſt thus; Old *Tapski*'s Tongue begins to faulter;
And tho by Knaves he hath ſcap't th'Ax and Halter,
Yet now lies mute, dejected and forſaken,
And all the Accomplices of th' Treaſon taken.
In deepeſt Dungeons are theſe Traitors pent,
For thus conſpiring 'gainſt the Government.
A Fury Engines new and ſtrange provides,
To clapperclaw and thwack his Leach'rous ſides,
They're whip't with Rods well ſoakt in Devils Piſs:
(That's worſe than Mother *Creſwel*'s flogging is)
They lowdly roar, and grunt like Hogs in Stye,
Have burning Sulph'rous Flames to drink when dry.
They feel the ſtrange variety of Evils
What's worſe, they're piſs't upon by Tiny Devils,
No *Habeas Corpus* can theſe Imps remove
From diſmal Bonefires, or from burning Stove,
For ever muſt they be confin'd to Chains
No intermiſſion from their horrid pains.
Farewel Old *Tapski*, curſed at thy Birth,
Thou publick ſcorn of Hell, as well as Earth:
Farewel Old Treaſon, ſince the Traytor now
Is gone a Pilgrimage to Hell below.

A Congratulation of the Proteſtant-Joyner *to* Anthony *King of* Poland, *upon his Arrival in the Lower World.*

Joyner.

WElcom, my Lord, unto theſe Stygian Plains;
Welcom unto a Land where diſcord reigns:
This is a Land your Lordſhip will approve,
From whence theſe States hope you will ne'r re-
Welcom to Theſe, as to the States above, [*move.*
From them I'm come, and this bleſt News I bring,
Diſcord *is dead, and they have choſen you King.*
Pride, Envy, Malice, Hell would ſoon decay
Should Peace *appear, and* Diſord *fade away.*

Anth.

Thanks Friend, whoe'r thou art, for this bleſs'd [News,
The Name of *King* I hate, yet can't refuſe;
I wiſh ſome other Name they would confer.

Joyn.

What think you then, my Lord, of Emperour?

Anth.

Spoke like a *Roman* Soul; who, tho they hate
The Name of *Kings*, yet *Emperours* create.

Joyn. *Or, if theſe pleaſe not, what if you ſhould be Dubb'd of Mankind* Plenipotentiary?

Anth.

Spoke like a *Non-con's* Soul, that very Name
Does all my Vitals heat, and ſets my Soul on flame.

Let me embrace, and hug thee in my Arms;
That *Hogen-Mogen* word is full of Charms:
There's Beauty in't that leads my Soul away,
And I muſt follow, though I go aſtray,
Joyn. *What means my Lord by that recanting Speech?*
To go aſtray *implies you've made ſome breach.*
Anth. The obſervation of it does imply
You have been boil'd i'th world as well as I.
Joyn. *'Tis true, my Lord, I aim'd at mighty Things,*
To ſubvert Kingdoms, and to murder Kings;
To teach the Nation to be Picts *once more,*
And die their Skins with their own crimſon Gore:
That is the trueſt ſtain, that ne're will out;
Witneſs his Father, murder'd by the Rout.
Anth. That's the dead-bone, which (touching) bleeds a new;
And that's the cauſe I did the Son purſue:
Like *Cataline*, our Miſchiefs are not ſure;
But by effecting greater to ſecure.
Joyn. *But ſince i'th' world your Taper does not ſhine*
I like Damocles *tho* Presbyterians *dine;*
The Sword of Juſtice trembles o're their head,
And hangs ſecur'd but by one ſingle thread;
There needs no Atropos *to cut the ſtring,*
One blaſt of Treaſon more againſt their KING,
Does all the Vengeance on their own heads bring.
Ant. You ſeem a Convert now, Prithee declare,
What is your Name? From whence, and what you were? Joyn.

Joyn. *My Lord, ſurvey this Face, and you will*
(With a ſmall recollecting of your mind) [*find*
What my profeſſion was, and what's my Name,
By whom imploy'd, from whence, and what I am.
Anth. I ſeriouſly obſerve you, but can't tell,
You are ſo alter'd ſince you came to Hell;
But gueſs you are a Man of no great Fame;
Nor ever had, until of late, a Name:
A Name, I mean, that does deſerve Renown
For Murder, or for ſtriking at the Crown.
Joyn. *Small Shrubs, my Lord, may tall as Cedars* [*grow;*
What was John Leyden *and* Maſſanello? *What was* Wat Tyler *and* Jack Straw *of late?*
And our prodigious Oliver's *great Fate,*
That made all Europe *ſhake? To ſuch a height*
I might have roſe; but Fortune ow'd a ſpight,
And ſtruck it home juſt in the nick of Time;
And for a Throne, *I did a* Gallows *clime.*
My Lord, you ſure may know me now;—
Anth. I do;
Your Name is *Colledge*, and I pity you.
But prithee tell me, for I fain would know,
In all my journey hither, to and fro,
I could not ſpy one glimmering light of Heav'n;
For all was dark, but what from hence was giv'n,
Only ſome Link-boyes Skeletons did ply
I'th' way with Lights moſt dreadful to the eye.
What is the reaſon? For I've heard men tell
Strange Stories, and that viewing Heav'n is Hell,

And

And not enjoy't; Prithee what ſhall I do?
I'de give a world that happy place to view.

Joyn. *The reaſon is, You did in* Holland *die;*
A place that to the Centre lies ſo nigh,
That you're no ſooner dead, but you are here;
It is a ſhorter cut by half a Year:
It lies ſo low, and ſunk ſo deep i'th Sea,
It wants the uſe o'th Primum Mobile.
Had you in England *ſtaid, and dy'd as I,*
You might have clipt the Air, and reach'd the Skie.

Anth. But ſince I'm forc'd into this dark abode,
Deſcribe the pleaſures of that bleſſed Road:
I fancy that ſome pleaſure will enſue,
To hear that told which I ſhall never view.

Joyn. *No ſooner was my Soul diſcharg'd of Clay,*
But up it ſprang, and pinion'd quick it's way;
I paſs'd the Orbs with wonder and delight,
And wa'n't took notice of in all my flight;
At laſt, on Heav'ns Battlements I ſtay'd,
And all that bright Imperian round ſurvey'd;
Obſerv'd how the Primum Mobile *did fly*
Ten thouſand times more ſwifter than the Eye:
The vaſt Expance did all with Glory ſhine,
A Gate of Pearl did on my right hand ſtand,
And Peter, *(as I gueſs, by th' Keys in's hand)*
Who ope'd the door, and all pure Souls receiv'd,
I thought to enter too, but was deceiv'd.
[was giv'n!

Anth. What happineſs to thoſe bleſt Souls
Who'd plague their King and Conntrey to loſe
Heav'n! Joyn.

Joyn. *He took me by the hand, and turn'd me round;*
Bid me avant, *for that was holy Ground:*
Yonder's your Road; down there the Angels fell
And ſo muſt You. *At which I ſtruck at Hell;*
For in a moment (ſo quick was my Fate!)
My Head was daſh'd againſt Hells Iron-gate,
(Which then was ſhut) A wonder to the Crowd!
Open the door! *I boldly yaul'd aloud:*
A thund'ring Voice I heard; From whence? From who
D'ye come? *I ſtrait reply'd I came from You*
I am a *Joyner* by my Trade, and come
To fit and Wainſcot up his Lordſhips Room.
At which the Gates flew ope: I entred in,
Swept clean the Room of all things there but Sin;
She muſt remain, and your Companion be,
For ever, and to vaſt Eternity.

Anth. I'm mad! I rave! The Vulture gnaws my Breaſt!
I wou'd repoſe, but 'tis in vain to reſt.
No reſt is here! My ſcorching Entrails burn!
And all my Guts to horrid Snakes do turn!
Oh, curſed Fate! that I ſhould die ſo ſoon,
When all my Treaſons ſcarce did reach their Noon!
Oh! had I but a little longer ſtood,
I would have made the Nation flow with Blood:
But I am dead; yet ſtill I muſt Rebel,
And add more Flames unto the Flames of Hell;
I'll make grim *Pluto* tremble in his Throne,
And all the Subterranean Empire groan;

I'll

I'll make 'em drink again the bitter Cup,
And undermine their Hell and blow 'em up.
With that he foam'd at mouth, hung out his [Tongue,
(At which a horrid ugly Scorpion hung;)
His Eyes ſo hot did glow, made Fiends admire;
And burnt ſo fierce, as Hell it ſelf cry'd *Fire*;
But a ſhagg'd Fiend appear'd, and in a trice
Hurl'd his hot Soul into a Hell of Ice:
Where may each Traytor, that their Kings con- [troul,
Fin'd his Eſtate entail'd upon their Soul.

The King of Poland's *Ghoſt: Or a Dialogue betwixt* Pluto *and* Charon, *upon his Reception.*

Pluto. HOld *Stygian* Sculler, what haſt brought me here?
Charon. The Soul, Sir, of your long-wiſh'd noble [Peer.
Pl. What? not the King of *Poland*'s?
Ch. Yes 'tis it:
Pl. You old Tarpawlin, will you ne're learn Wit?
Who bid you touch at *Dantzick* and be hang'd,
D' ye think my Furies long to be harangu'd?

Ch.

Ch. Stop the miſtake, and let your Paſſion ceaſe,
He ne're came there, for *Poland's* ſtill in Peace;
But I ſuppos'd you waited for your Prey,
And therefore *Amſterdam'd* in his way.
Pl. Pox on your Zeal, you did it for your Fare,
Could'ſt think I want Incendiaries here?
Ch. No, no, Sir; I have Paſſengers enough
That ſpoke their Places, and gave Earneſt too?
And though y'had *Ronte-feu's* enough before,
Yet ſuch as This ne're touch'd th' Infernal Shore:
Scilla, *Sejanus*, *Cataline* and *Noll*,
Muſt give our Politician the Wall.
They, cruel wretches, ſought Imperial ſway
By Fire and Slaughter, ours a milder way.
They fought e'ne like your Furies for a Crown,
He by Petitions ſoftly bowls it down.
Kings may be fell'd, and never hurt a Limb,
And *Pluto's* ſelf fall gently under him.
But Sir, you're ſafe, for e're he came at *Styx*,
He drew and rack'd off all his Politicks.
Pl. I can't tell that, Coopers are cunning blades,
We Devils ſcarce can dive into their Trades;
The Lees of one rich Pipe may ferment more,
And I am plaguy loath to loſe my Power.
Ch. Fy *Pluto!* y'are too jealous of your Peer,
He that hath been your Drudge this 50 year;
If you begin to ſlight old Servants thus,
'Twill be a great Diſcouragement to Us.
Pl. Why didſt not take *Elizium* in thy way?
Ch. Why Sir, the Keeper feign'd he'd loſt his Key;

And

And would not ſlip the Lock for all my Pray'rs;
I touch'd beſides at Purgatory Stairs,
(The Trimmers office as ſome term it well,
Becauſe it ſquints both toward Heav'n and Hell)
But 'twould not do, *Pl.* No? what could they object?
He ſeems the very Founder of the Sect.
Ch 'Tis true; but they urg'd, 'twas like an Inn
Where Folks a while were baited for their Sin,
Then like cur'd Lunaticks turn'd out again.
And they alledg'd, my Charge was paſt all cure,
And nothing in the world was e're ſaid truer;
For 'tis not all the Saints in Heav'n and Earth,
Were he once in, could ever pray him forth.
Pl. Well *Charon*, I forgive thee, for I ſee
Thou ſpeak'ſt both for thy Client and thy Fee:
But how ſtand Cauſes on the *Brittiſh* Shoar,
Since they have loſt the Bawble they adore.
Cha. Why they reſent it in a various way,
And ſome there are who do not ſtick to ſay,
"That the Elm-board foregroan'd this fatal day.
That th' *Albion* Rocks relent, and change their hue
And eve'n *Tyburn* puts on Mourning too.
Your dear Friend *Titus* cloaths himſelf in Crape,
(Maſculine *Titus*) your out-doing Ape, [Rape.
Who's got above the Diſpenſation of a feeble
Other's there are who are not troubled much,
But rather ſeem beholding to the *Dutch*;
For this one kindneſs they to *Britain* do,
Commutes for Chattam and Amboina too.

THE

The Country-mans Complaint *and* Advice *to the* KING.

WE only can admire thoſe happy times
Of Innocence, unskill'd in Laws & Crimes,
When Gods were known by Bleſſings own'd by [Prayer,
And 'twas no part of Worſhip for to Swear:
Clearer than Fountains, and more free than thoſe,
Impartial Truth they all to each diſcloſe.
To hear and to believe were ſtrictly joyn'd,
And Speech thus anſwer'd what it firſt deſign'd.
But Oh unhappy State of Humane kind! [bind
Nought dreadful now our Awe, or Faith can
Vows and Religions are but bare pretence,
Oaths are found out to ſhackle Innocence,
And Laws muſt ſerve a Perjur'd Impudence.
Tumults addreſs for Blood, Witneſs for Hire [deceives,
And Judge is forc'd to Sentence what he ne're [believes.
All Truth and Juſtice, bluſhingly withdraw,
Leaving us nothing but the Form of Law:
Whereby Rogues profligate and hardned in [their Vice
Proſcribe all Loyal men, as Factions raiſe their
Poor Land! whoſe Folly to ſwift Ruine tends,
Deſpis'd by Foes, un-aided by its Friends.
In vain does Heaven her Fiery Comets light,
We ſtifle th'Evidence, and ſtill grope in night:

Baffled

Baffled by Fools, betray'd by perjur'd Knaves,
Rather than Subjects, we'll be branded Slaves:
And by a vain purſuit of airy Bliſs,
Forfeit ſubſtantial real Happineſs;
Change Monarchy (from all Oppreſſion free)
Religion, and its Native Purity,
True Freedom, without lawleſs Liberty:
For thouſand Maſters, worſt of Tyranny,
For frantick Zeal, formal Hypocriſie,
For Licence to rude rabbles, Hell and Slavery.
And all this wrought by old known Cheats and Rooks,
Gods! to be twice Cajol'd by Cants and Looks!
Sots, worſe than Brutes, to run into that Net
We ſee, and know for our deſtruction ſet!

To the KING.

ARiſe, O thou once Mighty Charles, *ariſe,*
Diſpel thoſe miſts that could thy piercing Eyes;
Read o're thy Martyr'd Father's Tragick Story,
Learn by his Murder, different wayes to glory.
How fatal 'tis, by Him is underſtood,
To yield to Subjects, when they thirſt for Blood,
And cloak their black Deſigns with Publick Good.
As thou art God-like by thy Pity, *ſhow*
That thou art God-like by thy Juſtice *too:*
Leſt we ſhould count thy greateſt Vertue, Vice,
And call thy Mercy, ſervile Cowardiſe.
Of old, when daring Giants ſkal'd the Skie,
The King of Gods ne're laid his Thunder by,
To hear Addreſſes for their Property.
But quell'd His *Rebels by a ſtroke Divine,*
And left example how to deal with Thine.

Advice

Advice to the CARVER.

BRing me a Man with animating Strokes,
Whoſe pregnant Steel gives Life to form-
[leſs Rocks;
Stone now muſt ſpeak, ſince humane Race is
[grown,
In Heart and Brain more dull and hard than
[Stone.
Carver thou muſt erect with learned Toyl
To *Truth* and *Innocence* a ſacred Pile:
Marble and Braſs are Elements too frail,
From Age to Age theſe Records to entail.
Some harder Mettal ſhould imploy thy Art,
Than *Pharaoh*'s or our *Judges* ſtony Heart.
From the deep Quarries of Immortal Truth,
Digg out Materials to out-live the Tooth
Of eating Fame, and gnawing Calumny,
Whilſt Envy and her Snakes drop off and dye,
And raiſe our *Heroe*'s Monumental Shrine
When Earth and Stars give off to ſhine,
Which the laſt Fire may burniſh and refine.
Firſt *Carver*, Let thy ſpeaking Marble tell
How the dire Monſter *Perjury* from Hell,
When firſt he rais'd his Head and ſaw our Light,
Nature gave back, and trembled at the ſight.
Comets his *Eyes*, Curl'd Adders were his *Hair*,
Nothing of Poyſon can with Theirs compare.

Couch'd in his *Lips* a Brood of Aſpicks lay,
To all his *Words* their Venom theſe convey.
His *Tongue*'s a Two-edg'd Sword in *Lawyers* [hand,
Whoſe double ſtroak no *Innocence* can ſtand.
His *Hands* are gor'd in Blood, like *Vulture*'s [Claws,
The Engines of his *Murders* are the *Laws*;
A! *Holy Juſtice* vindicate thy Cauſe:
No longer let this Monſter Triumph thus,
And make thy *Sacred Courts* his *Slaughter-houſe*.
A *Belt* he wore, on which the *Imbroiderer* [wrote
The Hiſtory of the Helliſh *Popiſh Plot*,
A Bunch of Snakes made up the *Shoulder*-[*Knot*.
At his *Belts* end a mighty Budget hung,
Where *Narratives* and *Informations* throng,
Letters, *Commiſſions*, Infinite were there,
Were there, for no where elſe did they appear.
All ſtuft with *Treaſons* of the largeſt Size,
Armies to raiſe, and in *Rebellion* riſe.
City and *Fleet* to burn, deſtroy the KING,
Under a *Forreign Yoak* our Land to bring.
Theſe Poyſoned Arrows, ready for the Day
Of Battel, in our *Monſters* Quiver lay.
Such was his Natural Hue, and Proper Arms;
But when he rang'd abroad by *Magick Charms*,
So chang'd a Shape to Vulgar Eyes he wore,
That whom they ſhould Abhor they do Adore.

Of

Of *Pure Rebellion* over his *Head* they put
A *Solemn Veil* of the *Geneva* Cut.
Thus all his *Ghaſtly Countenance* did ſhade,
And a *Falſe Saint* of a True Divel made.
Next on his *Shoulder* dangl'd to his *Knee*,
A Cloak of *Presbyterian Loyalty.*
Thus ſafely covers Hell it ſelf, and draws
The Peoples Admiration and Applauſe.
Curs'd be that *Loyalty* in Stile Submiſs,
In Action Treaſonable, like *Judas* Kiſs;
That does in humble Phraſe their Soveraign woo,
He'll graciouſly be pleas'd, *Himſelf t' undo*;
Of all *Prerogatives* to ſtrip the *Crown*,
And for His Safety's ſake, *His Power lay down.*
To quit his *Uſeleſs Guards*, that ſo He may
Gently become Theirs and the Peoples Prey.
If this is deny'd, then the *Great Guns* muſt Rore
Of *Popiſh Plots*, and *Arbitrary Power.*
Then muſt his *Friends*, his *Wife* and *Brother* fall,
A *Heccatomb* to Hypocritick Gall.
What follows needs no Prophet to reveal,
A *Late Experience* does too ſadly tell.
Carver it now thy boldeſt Stroak will ask,
To Trace this *Monſter* in his Loyal Mask:
How firſt he Crept, who now ſo high does Sore,
And Stole in at the Cranny of a Door, [Fear,
Like a young Sinner checkt with Doubt and
Baſhful and Tim'rous his Beginnings were;
But ſilent Awe did not reſtrain him long,
For ſoon the Speechleſs Elf found out a *Tongue*,

A *Tongue* who to a mighty *Stateſ-man's* Ear,
With great Succeſs our *Monſter* did prefer;
A *Tongue* which now with *Dives* may recant
In vain, and Cooling Drops for ever want.
At firſt our *Stateſ-man* waver'd to and fro,
Fearful to hold him faſt, or let him go,
Under the *Veil* of *Zeal* and *Loyal Cloak*,
The Fiend beneath he eaſily did Smoak;
But judging that his outward Shape and Dreſs,
The Genius of our Nation would higly pleaſe,
At laſt he choſe to entertain the Elf,
And let poor *Naked Truth* ſhift for it Self.
This he conceiv'd old Grudges would attone,
Make People, *King*, and Parliament his own.
This would Raiſe *Money*, this would *Armies* Pay;
But theſe falſe hopes ſcarce liv'd a Winter's day.
For ſoon the Pamper'd Beaſt unruly grew,
And in the Face of his own Keeper flew:
And Breaking looſe, with his Departing Heels
Gave him a Bruiſe, which ſtill the Patient feels.
Now did that other Monſter, *Lying Fame*,
Her Brother *Saint*, the Nation round proclaim,
And every Weak and every Factious Breaſt,
With this Infernal Spirit is poſſeſt.
Some with large Swallow, take his Words all down,
And the *Romance* as a *Fifth Goſpel* own.
Others for want of *Faith* with noiſe ſupply,
And this *Diana* greet with lowdeſt Cry.
All the *High places* of the Land is ſtor'd
With *Altars*, where this *Moloch* is ador'd.

In

In Church, in Court, in every Juſtice-ſeat,
All *It* with Incenſe and Proſtration greet.
This *Idol*'s Unclean Worſhip proſtitutes
The Houſe of Prayer, and Prayer it ſelf pollutes,
The very Streets their impious Homage pay,
And with *Burnt Offerings* convert Night to Day.
'Tis not the Blood of Beaſts that can aſſwage,
This All devouring *Moloch*'s hungry Rage.
In his Infernal Rights there is allow'd,
No other Sprinkling but of Humane Blood.
Victims and Temples too muſt feel the Knife,
The Living Temples of the God of Life.
Nor Bodies only will his Rage ſuffice,
A *Nation*'s *Souls* are now his Sacrifice. [Heart
Thrice happy they who with clean Hands and
Act in his Tragedy the Victims part.
Who in White Robes follow their Chief the
[*Lamb*,
In all his *Thorny paths* of Death and Shame:
Who Dying feel no other Grief and Pain,
But for the Guilt of thoſe by whom they're ſlain,
Who march the ſafeſt and the ſhorteſt way
To *Bliſsful Canaan* through this *Purple Sea*.

Next *Carver*, thy Recording Steel muſt ſhew
The *Monſter* joyn'd with his Confederate Crew.
Scouring our Coaſts, and Ravaging our Land,
Whilſt no oppoſing Power his Shock can ſtand.
As if the Nation were by angry Heaven,
To his Dire Rage in Execution given.

Thy Piece this general Slaughter may diſpoſe,
By leſſening Diſtance artfully to loſe.
But in the Front of the main Work, thy hand
In ſolid Braſs muſt make our *Hero* ſtand,
Stand glorioufly in his Immortal Shrine,
Which neither Ruſt ſhall Eat, nor Age ſhall Mine,
And ſhall out-live all but their *Guilt* and *Hell*,
By whoſe Conſpiring Perjury firſt *He* fell.
Yet to be juſt, *Great Soul*, we muſt allow,
Thou all thy Glories to their Crimes muſt owe.
Life's to thy Parents for Illuſtrious Birth,
Which is but a Portion of Nobler Earth.
Art thou in Debt then to the *Monſters* Rage,
By which with Heavens Applauſe thou left'ſt the [Stage.
Stafford's great Name in old Records did ſleep,
And lay regardleſs among the Common Heap;
With Duſt and Rubbiſh almoſt cover'd o'er,
Thy *Setting Sun* its Luſtre does reſtore,
When ever fair *Aſtræa* ſhews her Face,
And Slow-pac'd *Truth* ſhall Factious Rage diſ-
It will be ſaid of thy old *Norfolk* Line, [place,
Some with their Blood are ſtain'd, and others [ſhine.

Carver, to Sacred Truth this work we vow,
Thy Chiſſel muſt no flattering Touches know;
Nor Common Actions raiſe, nor Vices skreen,
Shew him but where the *Hero* does begin.
And yet the failing of our Lives paſt Race,
Exalt the Power and Victory of Grace.

There

There trace him first where 'twas his happy Fate,
To be thought worthy of the *Monster's* hate.
The surest Mark of the Almighties Love,
Is when the Powers of Hell against Us move.
Shew him Accus'd, Imprison'd and Oppress'd,
There was he first for Heaven's *Militia* prest;
Then was he Train'd and Disciplin'd for War,
A War in which the Slain, the Conquerors are.
Then did his Thoughts true Liberty possess,
His Body's Seisure was his Souls Release.
Next lead him from the Prison to the Bar,
The Place of Combat, and the Seat of War;
Bring through all the Barb'rous Noise and Shout
Of an *Insulting* and *Blood thirsty Rout:*
Nearly allay'd in Manners, Cause and Cry,
To that old Tribe that bellow'd, *Crucify.*
But these harsh Sounds were Musick to his Ear,
Whose Christian Heart knew neither *Guilt* nor fear;
Now in the Circle of a Theater,
All *England* did Epitomiz'd appear:
Each in their several Ranks themselves diffuse,
The Peers to Try, the Commons to Accuse:
Lawyers to Plead, Witnesses to Swear,
People to gaze, Ladies to see and hear.
But this Assembly shall hereafter know,
GOD and his Angels were Spectators too.
With awful Pomp here *Justice* seem'd enthron'd,
The Sword she bare, the Ballance was post-pon'd.
Ah *Carver*, had thy Steel the force to raise,
From Fates Eternal Book these Leaves of Brass,

This dismal Scene of Horrour we'd expunge,
Which did in Guilt of Blood a Nation plunge;
For who false Oaths so easily believe, [receive,
Their Crime resemble those who stoln Goods
And through such light Belief if Blood be spilt,
No Forms of Justice can wipe off the Guilt.
What Cause in this Corrupted Age is try'd,
That ever wants an Oath on either side.
Judges themselves their way can hardly see,
Through the thick Mists of growing Perjury.
Shall Oaths for Goods and Land be laid aside,
And all receiv'd where Men for Life are Try'd?
Shall neither Profit, Malice, nor ill Fame,
Nor Counter-proofs bate this devouring Flame?
Can nothing but Heavens Judgements make it known?
How Earth with Blood and Perjury does groan?
Now with loud Summons, signal of the War,
The Cryer calls our Prisoner to the Bar.
Some previous Storms and Skirmishes past o'er,
The Charge begins, and the great Ordnance [roar:
The *Monster* from his Battery rais'd on high,
A Thundering Peal of Mortal Oaths let fly,
Whilst from the Lawyers Throats in fatal sound
In loud repeating Echoes does rebound.
Since first the *Monster* touch'd in *Englisb* Land,
He and the Gown-men went still hand in hand.
Who in a formidable League combin'd,
To drive *All* before them, and run down Mankind. 'Tis

'Tis true the Goſpel and the Law reveal
The ways to future Bliſs, and preſent Weal:
But when ill Acts convert them to a Trade,
They Guard not, but our Happineſs Invade.
As Labouring Men their Hands, Cryers their [Lungs,
Porters their Backs, Lawyers hire out their [Tongues.
And vileſt are thoſe Hirelings who abuſe,
Their Calling to the moſt deſtructive Uſe:
A Tongue to Gain and Hire accuſtom'd long,
Grows quite inſenſible of Right or Wrong,
And true and falſe with them is Croſs and Pile,
The Winning ſide is only worth their while.
And of that Tribe ſome Tongues no leſs are gor'd,
With Blood of Innocents, than *Herod*'s Sword.
The Breath of Lawyers and of Peoples Minds
Are like the yielding Waves, and bluſtering [Winds,
Each Mobile its Driver does obey,
Theſe Tempeſts raiſe by Land, as thoſe by Sea:
And ſo the Crowd to whoſe diſcerning Skill,
The greateſt Cry is Demonſtration ſtill.
Second the Charge with Hums and rude Ap- [plauſe,
And on the *Monſter*'s ſide pre-judge the Cauſe.
Alas of Peers themſelves, this high Degree,
From this contagious Frenzy is not free!
That generous Blood which Nobler Veins doth [fill,
No Faction ſhould enflame, no Fear ſhould chill,
They

They in a higher Region plac'd, ſhould know
None of thoſe Popular Storms, which rage below;
But ſhould with ſerene Thoughts and Courage bold,
And with Impartial Hand the Ballance hold:
Yet like thoſe Peers of Heaven we find of late,
Too many faln from their Exalted State;
And from Attendance on the Higheſt Throne,
To ſerve a factious Populace ſunk down.
But ſtill the Fall of the Apoſtate Band,
Makes for their Glory who with firmneſs ſtand.
Truth will to both be juſt, Angels that fell
The firſt Diſtinction made of Heaven and Hell.

Now *Carver*, with ſome likeneſs to expreſs
Our *Hero* greater ſtill in his Diſtreſs,
Proving the Storms, ſtanding the rudeſt ſhock,
Thy work requires ſomething more firm than Rock;
Of bloody Slanders, who undaunted can
The deadly Shock endure, is more than Man.
Nothing of Sublunary Growth, or Make,
Of that Immortal Temper can partake.
We learn this Leſſon only from the Chair,
Where God and Man joyntly Profeſſors are.
No leſs a Maſter could make underſtood
A Doctrine ſo averſe to Fleſh and Blood.
Thus taught, our Champion perfect in his Roll
Did honour to his Maſter and his School;

For

For with ſuch Calm of Mind and Air ſerene,
As in white Innocents is only ſeen;
He ſaw his Life by bloody Oaths atack't,
And the dire Charge by a whole Nation backt.
He ſaw his Honour and himſelf run down,
By horrid Helliſh Crimes, but none on's own.
Their Crimes they only were who ſwore them
And who thoſe Oaths ſo lightly did allow. [ſo,
It was not to find out Truth they thither came,
But like keen Huntſmen to run down the Game.
For with deſign all was ſo aptly ſquar'd,
Their Tackling and their Tools ſo well prepar'd,
The Oaths were all ſo poſitive and home,
That for the Lawyers Skill they left no room.
They ran at eaſe, and hardly did blow for't,
For never yet did a *falſe Oath* ſwear ſhort.
Our Priſoner wanted not in his Defence
Proofs of their *Guilt*, and his own *Innocence*.
But from ſuch lyes what Pleading can relieve,
Which ſome invent, ſome ſwear, and moſt believe.
When byas'd Minds Faction or Fear does fill,
They judge not by their Reaſon, but their Will.
All on the Favour'd ſide they *Goſpel* call,
And on the Other ſide all is *Apocriphal*.
But on theſe Judges heavy Judgements ly,
Who uſe falſe Weights when Life and Death [they try,
And the deciding Ballance hold a wry.
Now from the Fatal Urn the Lots are caſt,
Judgement of Death is on our *Hero* paſt.

Some

Some when they found him Guilty, wept, but [ſtill
They did like *Crocadiles*, both Weep and Kill;
And the Inhumane Verdict to Diſguiſe,
As *Pilate* waſh'd his Hands, they waſh'd their [Eyes.
More at the Barr than Block, at *Weſtminſter*,
Than on *Tower-Hill*, ſuffer'd our guiltleſs Peer.
A juſt Regard muſt of thoſe few be had,
(The Good are ſtill out-number'd by the Bad.)
Who yielded not to Factions ſwelling Tide,
But follow'd Truth, though on the weaker ſide,
Carver, in Living Braſs inſcribe their Name,
As ſome Attonment of our Nation's Shame.
Tell future Time how manfully they ſtood,
And durſt in ſuch an Age as Ours be Good.
Thus of their Glory will thy Work partake,
But of the Adverſe Part no mention make.
Heaven's Retribution will more fully tell
Which did in Honour, which in Guilt, Excell.
The time is come for Divine Power to ſhew,
When Nature is too weak, what Grace can do.
No greater Load on Innocents can ly,
Than for a Crime ſo Infamous to dy.
And yet more Unconcern'd than others Give,
He does the Sentence of his Death Receive.
Of all the Law inflicts, that only Part
Which touch'd his Wife and Children, touch'd [his Heart;

Nothing

Nothing but their Undoing rais'd his Fears,
His Death in them a Maſſacre appears.
But Heaven's *Elixir* can our ſharpeſt Pains
Convert to Joy, to Liberty our Chains.
Can Glory reap where Infamy is ſown,
Turn Death to Life, our Croſs unto a Crown?
Thus in his Carriage none the Marks could ſee
Of a Defeat, but ſigns of Victory.
He march'd with ſuch Aſſurance from the Bar,
As Conquering Generals from a Proſperous War.
His ſeeming Friends thought it not yet too late,
(Since Nature on their ſide was Advocate)
With the ſtrong Baits of Life, and an Acceſs
Of Wealth and State, to draw him to confeſs.
To all the vain Suggeſtions on their ſide,
Our *Chriſtian Hero* thus in ſhort reply'd:

My Age no leſs doth give me than the Doom,
So near a Proſpect of the World to come,
That twere a fooliſh Bargain to Redeem
With an Eternal Stain my Inch of Time:
By that of others I ſhall chuſe to Dye,
Rather than live by my own Perjury.
If I confeſs the Plot *my Life's my own,*
Then welcom Death, *with all its outward Shame,*
It is my Joy that I Truth's Martyr *am.*
One would believe by all this mighty Strife,
You value more the Plot, *than the* KING's *Life.*
For the Firſt's ſake, the Laſt you can forgive;
But no Denyers *of the* Plot *muſt live:*

Nor

Nor Conſcience nor my Honour will Diſpence,
That I ſhould Murder my own Innocence.
And rather than I falſly will expoſe
The Lives of Guiltleſs Men, *my own I'll loſe.*

Their Art or Friendſhip was amaz'd to find,
So great a Calm and Conſtancy of Mind;
And when they found eluded every Bait,
They gave him up to his own Sullen Fate.
But as to *Chriſt*, into the Deſert led
The Tempter vaniſh'd, Angels did ſucceed,
So did our *Hero*'s Soul (this Combat paſt)
An Earneſt of Heavens Joyes begin to taſte.
On *GOD* ſpent all his Thoughts, on *Prayer* his [Breath,
To his new Purchaſe he ſo long'd to go,
And take Poſſeſſion, that Death ſeem'd too ſlow.
That Tragick Scene to every Eye but his,
That Day of Guilt to ſome, to Him of Bliſs,
At laſt appears, and Swarms of People crown'd
The Fatal *Hill*, for Noble Blood renown'd.
Of different Temper each his Pleaſure finds,
Part come with Curious, Part with Cruel Minds:
Some only in the Strangeneſs of the Sight,
Others in the Butchery and his Blood, delight.
Poor Animals! how Savage and how Blind,
They want the Eyes and Bowels of Mankind.
And now to Them and Him the welcom Hour,
Summons our Noble Priſoner from the *Tower*,

As

As ſome *Eaſt-Indian Carack* homeward bound,
Of Earth's vaſt Globe having gone all the round,
Twice cut the Line, and with bold Canvas run
Beyond the Limits of its Rival Sun,
Making to it's Native Port, the Cheering Gale
With Joy each Heart, with Wind fills every Sail:
So does our *Hero*, now from Storms releaſt,
Move to the *Scaffold* as his place of Reſt.
Heaven this laſt Favour does to him afford,
To tread the Footſteps of his *Dying LORD*:
In whom live all his Hopes, dye all his Fears,
By whom *Tower-Hill*, *Mount Calvary* appears.
On his Great Leader in his Dying State,
He hopes in Glory, as in Death to wait;
And that his Blood, for Crimes pretended, ſpilt
Of his True Sins may cancel all the Guilt.
The Scaffold Steps, did *Jacob's* Ladder ſeem,
The Scaffold was a Monarch's Throne to him:
And with ſuch Joy he did reſign his Breath,
As other Mortals ſave themſelves from Death;
For thoſe who caus'd his Death, was his laſt [Prayer,
And his laſt Words his Innocence declare.
Stafford farwell: May thy *Pacifick Blood*,
Of Crimes and Judgments ſtop the *Raging Flood*.
Our Blindneſs cure, and by a holy Charm,
Of it's Dread Thunder, Angry Heav'n Diſarm.
In vain their *Bloody Guilt* ſome ſtrive to skreen
With *Forms of Law*, and *Oaths of Perjur'd Men*.

What

What weak Excuſe, how ſlight thoſe *Fig-leaves*
[are,
Chriſt and his *Martyrs*, and King *Charles* declare.
Judge on which ſide diſputed Truth muſt ly,
All ſwear, theſe ſwear and live, theſe ſwear and
[dye,
In vain your Bable of a *Plot* you boaſt,
'Gainſt Heaven and Truth, your Labour will be
[loſt.

No more your fancy'd Deluge can prevent,
Which muſt with Blood and Perjury cement.
Already 'mongſt the workmen by juſt Doom
Of Jarring Tongues the old Confuſion's come.
Heavens Beacons lighted in a Blazing Star,
Too ſure a ſignal of Impending war!
This Corrupt Maſs away it ſelf will purge,
And all by Turns will be each others Scourge.
Then with his *Gauls* ſhould *Brennus* hither roll,
How will your Geeſe protect your Capitol.
The name of *TITUS* will hereafter ſound,
As once in *Paleſtine*, on *Britiſh* Ground:
A Perjur'd Tongue like Records will afford,
Of Slaughters here as there the Victor's Sword,
I wiſh Repentance may their Eyes Unſeal,
And from their harden'd Hearts remove the
[Steel,
And that the Victims of their Cruelty,
As Martyr's Blood Pacifick Hoaſts may be.
God may for them men's Prayers receive,
When they the Prayers of Dying men believe.
But if their poyſon'd Hearts they will obdure,
For ſuch Maligniry Heaven has no Cure.

Now

Now *Carver*, thy Inſtructed Chiſſel may,
To the rude Stones their proper Forms convey.
His Glorious Image better Light will give,
To make thy Labours and theſe Numbers live.
All other *Hero's* of a leſſer Rate,
Owe to the Poets their Immortal State.
That laſting green they from their Laurels take,
Which does the freſhneſs of their Glory make.
But our high Theam this order does reverſe,
For now the Subject will Embalm the Verſe,
Which as the Shadow on the Sun doth wait,
Will juſtly, though obſcurely Him relate:
And in that Noble Office ſhall out-live
Theſe worſt of Times, and Time it ſelf ſurvive.

Shaftsbury's *Farewell*: *Or the* New Aſſociation.

GReateſt of Men, yet Mans leaſt Friend, farewel;
Wits Mightieſt, but moſt Uſeleſs Miracle;
Where Nature all her Richeſt Treaſures ſtor'd,
To make one vaſt unprofitable Hoard:
So High as thine no Orb of Fire can rowl,
The Brighteſt, yet the Moſt Excentrick Soul;

Whom midſt Wealth, Honours, Fame, yet *want* [*of eaſe*,
No Power could e'er oblige, no State could [pleaſe;
Be in thy grave with peaceful ſlumbers bleſt,
And find Thy whole Life's only Stranger, *Reſt.*
Oh, *Shaftsbury!* had thy Prodigious Mind!
Been to Thy ſelf, and thy Great Maſter kind,
Glory had wanted Lungs thy Trump to blow,
And Pyramids had been a *Tomb* too low.
Oh that the World (Great Stateſ-man) ere ſhould
Nebuchadnezzar's Dream fulfill'd in *Thee!* [ſee
Whilſt ſuch low Paths led Thy Great Soul [aſtray,
Thy *Head of Gold* mov'd but on *Feet of Clay.*
Yes, from *Rebellions* late Inhumane Rage,
The Crimes and *Chaos* of that Monſtrous Age,
As the old Patriarch from *Sodom* flew,
So to Great CHARLES His Sacred Boſom [Thou;
But Oh! with more than *Lot's* Wifes fatal Fault,
For which ſhe ſtood in Monnmental Salt.
Though the Black Scene Thy haſting Foot-ſtep [flies,
Thy ſoul turns back, and looks with longing [Eyes.
Ah, *Noble Peer*, that the Records of Fame
Should give *Froſtratus* and *Thee* One Name;
Great was his bold Atchievement, *Greater Thine*,
Greater, as *Kings* than *Shrines* are more Divine;

Greater,

Greater, as vaſter Toils it did require
T'inflame *Three Kingdoms*, than *One Temple* fire,
But where are all thoſe bluſt'ring Storms re-
That roar'd ſo loud when *Oliver* Expir'd? [tir'd,
Storms that rent Oaks, and Rocks aſſunder
And at his *Exequies* in Thunder ſpoke. [broke,
Was there leſs cauſe, when *Thy* laſt Doom was
To waken all the *Revellers of Heaven*? [giv'n,
Or did there want in *Belgia*'s humble Soil
A Cedar fit to fall *Thy Funeral Pile*?
No; Die, and Heav'n th' Expence of *Thunder*
[ſave,
Huſh'd as *Thy own Deſigns*, down to *Thy Grave*.
So huſh'd may all the Portents of the Skie
With *Thee*, our laſt great Comet's Influence die:
May this *One Stroke* our lowring Tempeſts clear,
And all the *Fiery Trigon* finiſh here.
With *Thee* expire the *Democratick Gall*;
Thy Sepulchre and *Lethe* ſwallow all:
Here end the poyſon of that Vip'rous Brood,
And make Thy Urn like *Moſes*'s wondrous Rod;
So may *Our Breaches* cloſe in *Thy One Grave*,
Till *Shaftsbury*'s laſt Breath *Three Nations* ſave;
And dying thus, t'avert His Countreys Doom,
Go with more Fame than *Curtius* to His Tomb.
But is he dead! How! Cruel *Belgia*, ſay!
Lodg'd in thy Arms, yet make ſo ſhort a ſtay!
Ungrateful Countrey! Barbarous *Holland* Shoar!
Cou'd the *Batavian* Climate do no more!

Her *Shaftsbury*'s dear Life no longer ſave!
What? a *Republick Air*, and yet ſo quick a
Oh! all ye ſcatter'd Sons of *Titan* weep,
This diſmal day with ſolemn Mournings keep;
Like *Iſral*'s *Molten-Calf* your *Medals* burn,
And into Tears your Great *Letemur* turn;
Oh! wail in Duſt, to think how Fates dire frown
Has thrown your dear *Herculean* Column down.

Oh, *Charon!* waft thy Load of Honour o'er,
And land Him ſafely on the *Stygian* Shoar:
At His Approach, Fames loudeſt Trumpet call
Cromwel, *Cook*, *Ireton*, *Bradſhaw*, *Hewſon*, all,
From all the Courts below, each well pleas'd
All the *Republick Legions* numerous *Hoſt*,
Swarm thick, to ſee your Mighty *Heroe* land,
Crowd up the Shoar, and blacken all the *Strand*;
And, what'ere Chance on Earth, or Pow'rs [accurſt,
Broke all your Bonds, your Holy Leagues all [burſt:
This Union of the *Saints* no Storm ſhall ſever,
This *Laſt ASSOCIATION* holds for ever.

Dagon's

Dagon's *Fall*: *Or Sir* William Waller *turn'd out of* Commiſſion.

GOod GOD! what means this ſudden Alteration!
The Fop that has ſo long diſturb'd the Nation,
By's Pride, and Pomp, and Pow'r, is now *Turn'd* [*out*,
And hardly pity'd by the ſilly Rout.
He was as ſtout, and lofty as old *Hector*,
Uſurp'd the Power of our damn'd *Protector*;
As Fierce and Cruel as a Tyger's whelp,
He wanted neither ſtrength, nor art, nor help
To do and undo; he was grown ſo great,
That the Creation was amaz'd to ſee't.
He had his Coach and Horſes, Footmen too,
And into th' City rode, to make a ſhew;
But little thought when drawn by *Whitaker*
His fatal downfal it had been ſo near.
To put a Sword into a Madmans hand,
It may make Bloody Work within the Land.
Papiſts and *Proteſtants* were all alike,
Both ſent to lodge with *Church* and thin-jaw'd [*Dyke*.
No Day ſcarce paſs'd without ſome miſchief done,
Into all Companies the Fool did run.
The Goaler ſure gave him a ſnack of Fees,
For Priſoners flock'd even like a Swarm of Bees.

Here Ten were ſent him for a Popiſh Plot,
There Two more to pleaſe a Buggering Sot.
Then a New Plot is feign'd, and more ſecur'd,
'Uds fleſh, my Friends, this cannot be endur'd!
Printers, Apprentices, and many more,
In all I do believe near twice two ſcore.
They all are Plotters, yet by *Jove* not one,
Can tell you what was ſaid, or what was done.
The *Gate-houſe* is become a *Babel* now,
Confuſions came upon us none knew how,
But he that wrought the Miſchief now is found,
'Twill puzzle any man to prove him ſound.
He's rotten at the Heart I'll lay my Life,
No wonder he begot us all this Strife.
Well, now the Cauſe is gone, the effect will ceaſe,
I hope we ſhall enjoy our former Peace.
This Leaven leaven'd the whole Lump,
And made us fear another ſawcy *Rump*.
He ſtudy'd out new Plots, and for what ends?
Only to pleaſe his *Preſbyterian* Friends.
Ah but my Friend, thou thy laſt Dice haſt [thrown,
For which the *Preſbyters* begin to groan,
Thy buiſie active Soul (I do not jeſt)
Had lately ſent it a *Quietus eſt*.
And that which doth thy Grief and Sorrow [double,
Thou art not Rich for all thy needleſs trouble
Soul take thine eaſe, thou very well mai'ſt ſing.
For thou haſt got a *Writ of eaſe* from th' King:

Thou

Thou haſt much Goods laid up for many years,
Say that, and I will give thee both my Ears.
Leave but the Factious out, go through the City,
Thou wilt not find a Man enclin'd to pity.
Hang him cries one, he was a buſie *Knave*,
He ſhew'd no Mercy, nor he none ſhall have.
Miſchief was all his aim, and his deſign,
When he brought *Bickey* to a glaſs of Wine.
The miſchief which ſo eagerly he ſought
For others, he himſelf too dearly bought:
But I am almoſt weary of my Rhimes,
For I conſider theſe are Trayterous Times.
Had but this buſie Fool his late Commiſſion,
This wou'd have coſt me a devout Submiſſion;
I had been ſurely ſent to Goal for Treaſon
As *Thompſon* was, and had a greater Reaſon:
But God be thanked curſt-Cows have ſhort (Horns,
He muſt and ſhall endure our Flouts and Scorns.
We may go boldly on, and fear no fall;
No painted Staff will anſwer at his Call.
Now he is down, down with him, now's the [Seaſon;
For if he riſe he'l Goal us all for TREASON.

A Dialogue betwixt the Devil *and the* Ignoramus *Salamanca* Doctor.

Devil.

BEhold from the Infernal Lake I'm come,
To fright thy Soul to it's Eternal Doom:
To tell thee, Villain, that thy Reign's expir'd,
And now be ſure thou ſhalt no longer hir'd
To by Me, no, nor any of the Damn'd,
To drench in Innocent Blood this mournful Land.
Hence then begone, and do no more purſue
Villanies Hell could ne'er act, but by you:
Now Heaven ſtops my Power, and I thy Hand,
And now I tell thee, Doctor, *Thou art damn'd.*

Doctor.

O Spectre! ſpare a while my dreadful Doom!
Go back and tell the Damn'd, I come, I come;
Only let me compleat the Ills I've begun,
Then Heaven farewel, and unto You I come.

Devil.

The Blood o'th' Innocent aloud does cry,
Revenge, Revenge, on curſed Doctor Ti—
No more o'th' Innocent ſhall bleed, nor die.

Doctor.

Well, the time's come, the fatal day's at hand,
That I for ever, ever muſt be damn'd:

O curs'd Revenge! what Miſchiefs have I done?
Abjur'd the Father, and blaſphem'd the Son.
The Sacred Spirit of Truth at once have I
Baniſh'd; and that my vengeance I might buy,
I've caus'd the beſt of Innocents to dye.
See where their Ghoſts appear in Purple ray'd,
Victims, by Perjury alone betray'd:
See how they ſhake their Heads, and bleed afreſh;
Their wounds gape wide in their new murder'd fleſh;
And theſe moſt frightful Viſions come, 'cauſe I
Th' bloody Villanous Murderer ſtand by.
'Tis true, that I the cruel Murderer am,
And thouſands more by Perjury to trepan
I ſolemnly did vow, and often ſwear,
And none t'eſcape, from the Peaſant to the Peer;
Nay Sacred Prelates, Princes, Queens and Kings,
Should have made up my Bloody Offerings.
Ten Thouſand more of Innocents had dy'd,
'Cauſe I King, Queen, and Duke had Sacrific'd:
Cities and Towns I'd Fir'd, if not withſtood,
And quench'd the flames with Innocent Blood.
Let me but live in this world three years more,
This Iſland then ſhall ſwim in Chriſtian gore;
I'le ſubvert Governments, and murder Kings,
Sow diſcord among Friends; I'le do ſuch things
Shall make the World believe there is not that
Villanous thing I have not power to act:
I'le make the World believe (let me but ſtay)
That Light is Darkneſs, and that Night is Day;
That

That I the Saviour of the Nation am,
And that CHRIST was of no avail to Man;
Then I the Sacred Goſpels will deſtroy,
Swear they'r but fictious Stories, and a Lye;
Perſwade them that the Bible's but a Farce,
No more to be eſteem'd than is my A—
So I'le improve the Art of Perjury,
That none who are not skill'd in Villany
Shall live; thus will I fit this Iſle for Hell,
And then adieu the World, and Heaven farewel.
Thus I a Learned *Doctor* will commence,
And by the People be ador'd for Nonſence,
And with Sedition I their Souls will influence.

Devil.

Peace thou prophane wretch, hold Villain, hold,
For now with Heaven and Earth thou art too bold,
And I muſt tell thee, another Winter old
Thou ſhalt not be, thy life and Soul are ſold:
When flat on th' Altar Thou thy ſelf didſt lay,
Remember that thou gav'ſt thy Soul away
To me; and ſwor'ſt for ever thou'dſt be mine,
Mightſt thou but compaſs thy Helliſh Deſign;
To imbrue thy Hands in Innocent Blood,
And murder all who had the face of good:
Devils and Hell thou haſt in this outdone,
By thy damn'd Perjury ith' face oth' Sun.
Hence then be gone to Hell, away, away,
For in this place thou ſhalt no longer ſtay.

[Spoken

[*Spoken by an old Acquaintance*]

Why how now *Doctor*, vaniſh'd fled and gone,
What none but Monſieur *Devil* and You alone?
Are all your Papiſts come to this damn'd end.
Thus to be hamper'd and ridden by a Fiend?
Unpitied ly; blaſpheme and groan thy laſt,
Belch forth thy unhallow'd Soul, and blaſt
Hell it ſelf, with thy unſanctified Breath,
And groveling ith' ſhades of Eternal Death,
I leave thee. Ha, ha, ha, ha, poor Doctor,
Good Night little good Mr. Devil's Doctor.

Tyburn's *Courteous Invitation to* TITUS OATES, *the* Salamanca *Doctor.*

OH! name it once again; will *Titus* come?
My deareſt, hopeful, that long-wiſh'd for One,
For whom my *Triple Arms* extended were,
(To hug with cloſe Embraces) many a year.
Haſte! haſte! my choiceſt Darling, whom I love,
And thy long-promis'd kindneſs let me prove.
That *Right* Thou plead'ſt for, which indeed's thy due,
Though Others I've deny'd, I'll grant it You:
The

The World ſhall find I willingly will bear,
And dance thy Carcaſe 'twixt the Earth and Air.
In *Hemp'n-ſtring* I'll lull thee faſt aſleep,
And prevent all the Dangers of the Deep.
Oh, how I love thee! 'cauſe I've heard thou'ſt been
So well acquainted with all kinds of Sin,
And, with a falſe and ſtrange Religious Guiſe,
Deſtroy'd the *Innocent*, abus'd the *Wiſe*.
What crafty Leſſons didſt thou teach to men!
How to Rebell, and told the time beſt *when*;
Urg'd to Exclude a Right and Lawful Heir,
Unthrone a King, and ſwore away a Peer.
Thy Zeal through two-inch-Boards was plainly ſeen,
When *Satan* prompt thee to ſwear 'gainſt the *Queen*:
Beſides thoſe many guiltleſs Souls that dy'd
A Sacrifice to thy *Luciferian* Pride.
Yet, yet, beloved *Titus*, my dear Son,
(Reputed *Saviour*, for thy Mercies ſhewn,)
And well maiſt claim my Palace as thine own:
Thou'lt find me kinder far than Courtiers; I
Will never turn thee out unril thou die:
And, ſince *White-hall* has left thee, I'll provide
That Lodging for Thee, where old *Noll* was ty'd.

The REFORMATION.

A SATYR.

Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

HOW *Roman*-like did our Old Rebel Dye,
With His laſt breath profaning Majeſty?
And braving Heav'n it ſelf, He w'd not ſtay
(Leſt 'twere a piece of cowardiſe) to Pray.
And cannot all this Gallantry Engage
Some Zealot, ſpurr'd up to Poetick Rage?
But not a word—there's not one Ballad made,
Curtis I ſee, will have but ſlender Trade,
For Rhymers now begin to Renegade:
I wonder'd not at Converts of the Cits,
Yet ſtill I thought ſome Epidemick Wits
Wou'd ne're have Grace enough for Proſelytes.
But edifying *Ketch* does ſeldom fail,
And when All miſs, He's certain to prevail.
Jack's a great Bug-bear—for his very ſight
Did our bold Whiggiſh Oracles ſo fright,
That there's not one of all the Canting Fry,
Can write a failing Brothers Elegy.
Nay, leſſer yet—Their Club will not afford
A Farewel Speech; unleſs 't be for a Lord.

The

The meaner *Tyburn* Saints have nought to ſay,
Beſides their *Pater Noſter*, and Away——
Away they march to their true Friends below
Curſing the blabbing *H——rd* as they go.
But *Shafts* ſmiles to ſee 'em come ſo thick,
For He's reſolv'd to play another trick,
And have one Bout at Politick *Old Nick:*
For *Stephen* Vows they cannot live in *Hell*,
Except they make the little Dev'ls Rebel,
And after, Vote it to a *Common-weal.*
'Tis pleaſant, Faith, to ſee a Babe of Grace
Maſking *Geneva* Looks with Loyal Face;
Then gravely tell you that He never ſtood
Too fierce a Stickler for the *Brother-Hood*
And ne'er meant Miſchief, but for *Publick good.*
Thus Pious *Wh——* deeply Read in Lives,
French Leagues, *Scotch Covenants*, and Narratives,
Though (the next *Oxford* ſitting) He deſign'd
T' Impeach Minc'd Pyes as Popiſhly inclin'd,
Has now made tender Conſcience ſo comply,
He'll allow Surplice, Croſs, and Litany.
Nay any thing, for th' Godly Reformade
Seems ſo to hate the *Salamanka* Trade,
That now a Paſſive Lecture He'll diſgeſt,
As well as *Meroz* at Forbidden Feaſt,
Tho' *Jeakel* ſpoke with ſacred Nonſence bleſt.
Next *Bethel* wiſely turning with the Tide,
Thinks to ſhake off the once-Beloved-Side,
And doth the whole Deſign ſo much reſent,
You'd almoſt Swear, He lov'd the Government:

Yet

Yet ſtill He cloſely favours the Intrigue,
And quits the *Sh*— from his Holy League.
Arn— that early Martyr for the Cauſe,
So maul'd in *Jack'napes Lane* by Popiſh Claws,
Was pity'd, till ſome Tell-tales underſtood
That He, like Prieſt of *Baal*, in zealous mood,
Firſt Scratch'd Himſelf, and then did Murder cry,
And hang'd a Brace of Tories by the by,
No Engine kills like a Religious Lye.
But He, and Stout Sir *Tr*— (that cou'd Vote
For Freedom with as Popular a Note
As any of the Houſe) begin to ſhrink,
Humbling themſelves with Penitential Chink.
So *W*—*ms*, who the ſame brave Motto wore
As *Cataline*, and *Caſſius*, did before,
Doth now His Latine Poeſie Paraphraſe,
Will's For the King, (If not againſt His Grace
And *Tr*— laying down that Great Command,
Will All His *Taunton* Forces now Disband.
And thus, Forſooth, whilſt Loyalty's in Faſhion,
W'are like to have a Hopeful Reformation,
But Subtile *Roger* bids Us have a Care,
'Tis dang'rous yet to Truſt theſe Saints too far,
'Tis Ten to One, if *Jove's* Great Mercy can
Of *Whig*, or *Trimmer*, make an Honeſt Man.

Advice

Advice to His GRACE.

AWake, vain men; 'tis time th' Abuſe to ſee;
Awake, and guard thy heedleſs Loyalty
From all the Snares are laid for It and Thee.
No longer let that buſie juggling Crew
(Who to their own mis deeds entitle You,)
Abuſe Your Ear: Conſider, Sir, the State
Of our unhappy Iſle, diſturb'd of late
With cauſeleſs *Jealouſies,* ungrounded *Fear,*
Obſtinate Faction, *and* Seditious Care;
Gone quite diſtracted for Religion's *ſake;*
And nothing their hot brains can cooler make,
(So great's the deprivation of their ſence,)
But the excluding of their lawful Prince:
A Prince, in whoſe each Act is clearly ſhown,
That Heaven deſign'd him to adorn a Throne;
Which (tho' He ſcorns by Treaſon to purſue,)
He ne'er will quit, if it become His due.
Then lay betimes your mad Ambition *down;*
Nor let the dazling Luſtre of a Crown [care
Bewitch your Thoughts; but think what mighty
Attends the Crowns that Lawful *Princes wear;*
But when ill Title's added to the Weight,
How inſupportable's the Load of State!
Believe thoſe working Brains Your Name abuſe;
You only for their Property *do uſe:*

And

And when they'r ſtrong enough to ſtand alone;
You, as an uſeleſs Thing, *away'l be thrown.*
Think too, how dear you have already paid,
For the fine Projects *Your falſe Friends had laid.*
When by the Rabbles fruitleſs Zeal *You loſt*
Your Royal Fathers Love, *Your growing Fortune*
[croſs'd;
Say, was Your Bargain, think ye, worth the Coſt?
Remember what Relation, Sir, you bear
To Royal Charles; *Subject and Son You are;*
Two Names that ſtrict Obedience *does require;*
What Frenzy *then does your raſh Thoughts inſpire,*
Thus by Diſloyal Deeds *to add more Cares,*
To them of the bright Burden that he wears?
Why with ſuch eager ſpeed hunt You a Crown
You're ſo unfit to wear, were it Your own?
With Bows, and Legs, and little Arts, You try,
A rude, unthinking Tumults *Love to buy:*
And he who ſtoops to do ſo mean a Thing,
Shows, He, by Heaven, *was ne're deſign'd for* King.
Would you be Great? do Things are Great *and*
And ſcorn to be the Mobile's *dull Slave:* [brave
Tell the baſe Great Ones, *and the* ſhouting
[Throng,
You ſcorn a Crown *worn in* another's wrong.
Prove Your high Birth by Deeds Noble *and*
[Good;
But ſtrive not to Legitimate your Blood.

Ephelia.

The Solicitous Citizen: *Or* Much-ado about NOTHING.

COntinual Hubbub, and the noiſe of *Plot*,
Idle Suſpicions of he knows not what,
The *Pope*, the *Devil*, and the *French*, five years
Have *Cit* enſlav'd to *Jealouſies* and *Fears*;
Nor any Proſpect yet of *Peace* appears:
Bandy'd about 'twixt *Credit* and *Deſpair*,
Who's ſafe (he cries) *while ſuch Deſigns there are?*
And (what is more perplexing) can't tell where.
No, though of late he to his ſide have got
TITUS, that *Devil* at cold ſcent of *Plot*;
But he (poor Cur) at *Oxford* loſt his Fame,
Where he *Ran counter*, to's eternal ſhame;
There the baſe man, *Diſloyal* and *Unjuſt*,
A *ſecond time* prov'd *Traytor* to his Truſt:
In vain from him *Diſcoveries* you hope;
The Cur (*Pox on him*) 's foil'd; *A Rope, a Rope.*

But this to *Cit* no ſatisfaction gives;
He's ſtill uneaſie, and in *Fear* he lives:
Cries, there are others who can find out *Plots*,
(And *Make* perhaps) as well as Dr. *Oats*;
Says, *Wiſer Heads* than his the City Rule;
(Or elſe I'd ſaid, *Each Cit had been a Fool.*

Say

Say what ye will, we will ſecure our Home,
Be all in readineſs at *Beat of Drum*; [come?
Who knows how ſoon the K. of *France* may
[*Farce*,

The *Guards* each night, you'd ſplit to ſee the
(Like *Rattle-Snakes*, with Bandaleers at A—
Ty'd to long Swords, and dreſt in Greaſie Buff,
Majeſtic *Porters*) through the City huff; [makes
Whilſt Leader, Fore-horſe-like, the Pageant
With formal ſtrut, and's gawdy *Taſſel* ſhakes.
In this brave Pomp they march to Rendeſvouze,
And there from *Nine* till *Six* ſecurely bouze.
In damn'd *Mundungus*, and as naſty *Nantz*,
They curſe the *Pope*, and huff the K. of *France*.
Does but poor whore about their Quarters
(budge
Whom undkind Stars do force till *Ten* to trudge;
Stait bruſtling *Myrmidon* cries, *Who comes there?*
Stand, or I'll fire; or ſtir a foot that dare;
Raiſes the Guards, (for ſuch Alarms are common)
Two hundred men to ſeize on one poor Woman.
Why here ſo late? (cries Leader) *On what ſcore?*
What are you? I'm a Woman. *You're a Whore:*
And, Fellow Buff-Coats, a ſuſpicious One:
For ought I know, the Whore of Babylon.
As you ſay Captain, it may be Pope Joan.

Such Feats as theſe our mighty Dons of war
Perform, to ſhow the world how much they
[dare,
And then to judge what plaguy Curs they are.

But here dull *Cit* is out in's Policy,
While he on woman does his Manhood try:
Credulous Aſs, there's no more groſs miſtake,
Citizens Wives Beaſts of their *Husbands* make.
Believe me *Cit*, thou'dſt better far neglect
The *Plots Abroad*, and thoſe at *Home* inſpect:
Need'ſt no *Contriving Jeſuits* fear, but th'Leagues
of *Wife with Courtier*, th' *Iſlington* Intrigues.
Was it well known to each contented Sot
What's done at home, how *Jacky* was Begot,
He'd be more jealous of his *Wife* than th' *Plot*.

But of all Pates, *Cit* has the ſofteſt one;
(*The better* (cries the Wife) *to Graft upon*;)
But he by ſuch damn'd Dulneſs is undone:
While on him ev'ry *Raſcal* puts a Trick,
Care, *Curtis*, *Baldwin* and *Seditious Dick*:
Such Rogues as theſe do ſtill *Suſpicions* give,
And make new *Plots* that no man can believe:
One buzzes *This*, one *That* Report in's Ear;
One makes him *hope*, another makes him *fear*,
Juſt like four Maſtiff-Dogs upon one Bear.
Thus curious *Cit* theſe Plaguy Raſcals mawl,
Who knows not which the *True* or *Falſe* to call,
But honeſtly (dull Soul believes 'em *All*.
This makes 'em in the City chuſe alone
To vent their *Libels*; for there can't be ſhown
One *Treaſon-Writer* at our end o'th' Town:

Theſe

These are the *Knaves* who make the *Cits* suspect
Their *Prince*, that he their *Safety* does neglect,
Whose only Care (*Heav'n knows*) is to protect:
These are the Villains who our Jars increase,
Nor till they're *Hang'd* can we e'se hope for Peace.
Each *Cobler*'s Statesman grown, and the bold Rable
Convert each Ale-house-Board to Council-table;
One censures this, another blames that fashion,
And thus they settle the *Affairs* o'th' Nation:
On Votes and Councils are their Judgments past,
And in what form they please Affairs they cast;
Thus *Colledge* did, but he was hang'd at last.

The CHARTER.

A Comical SATYR.

Fire! Fire! Fire! Help, for we're all in Flames!
Prav come for the good Lords ſake of Three Names!
Sons of Commitees, *and* Sequeſtrators,
Old Rebels, *and new* Aſſociators;
Call the Caſhier'd Officers, *and Juſtice,*
(Whoſe Mettle like to be eat with Ruſt is,)
Step to the Synagogue, and Jenkins *Pew,*
Call all the Gentiles, *and knock up the* Jew;
For ſuch curs'd Wild-fire's *amongſt us thrown,*
(Worſe than the Jeſuits) *'twill burn's quite down;*
A Vengeance Fire-ball call'd Quo Warranto,
Will bring all our hopes to Achoranto.

AS *Sampſon's* Strength up in his Hair was ty'd,
Rebellions Strength was in the *Charter* hid;
Late in a *Trumpet* Treaſon every Punk [*Trunk*;
Could ſpeak; now't muſt be wiſper'd through a
By *Charter*, *Brother Traytor* we could free,
Now there's no Priviledge for *Perjury:*
Next time my Lord, beware the *Medal-houſe.*
Though we'd be damn'd for't, we can't ſave your
[ſouſe;

We've

We've done as much for you as men could do,
Ventur'd our *Souls*, and loſt our *Charter* too.
And is that all? Come, ben't creſt-fall'n, make
And bear up, I'll help you at a dead lift; [ſhift
Something may yet be done, though we daren't
[touch
On *Meal Tub-Plots* leſt caught i'th' *Bolting-*
[*hutch*.
How ſays your Lordſhip, (for your Honour's
Capital Member of our Company; [free)
And you know well that 'tis out of Faſhion,
(For *Tradeſmen* to ſink in Deſperation;)
Methinks, though we broke at State (for ſins,)
We may drive the old Trade of *Cony-skins*,
And *Kid-knapping*? Sell *Brock* and *Dog-skin-*
[*Muff*,
And country Captains cheat with *Horſe-skin-*
[*Buff*?
We muſt imploy our Talents, ſtill, deviſe,
A hundred Prodigies, and Prodigious Lyes;
The Hook of *Popery* won't take ſmall
Fiſh now, (fy on't) the *French* have quite marr'd
The *Whore of Babylon*, and *Antichriſt* [all,
He hath ground to powder and ſpoil'd our Griſt;
Who would have thought that *Unchriſtian King*
Would ſtop our Mouths with ſuch a *Chriſtian*
[*thing*?
But yet we'l ſigh, and groan, and ſhake the
[head,
In time *Rebellion* may be brought to Bed,

With good *Midwifery*, and good Wives aid,
To whom ſuch Tales as theſe muſt ſtill be ſaid;
How a *Child* ſpoke as ſoon as born we'll tell;
(Perhaps before, to ears that could hear well;)
Tell *Northern men* how *Six Suns* did appear
At once i'th *South*; to *Southern*, *Eight Moons*
[there.

Then for a touch of *Prophecies* we'l ſay,
The Iſle O *Brazeel* but the other day
Appear'd to a good Maſter *of a Ship*,
Where an *old woman* that gave Death the ſlip
E're ſince the *Deluge*, told him, that the Time
Of the *Saints Government* was now at Prime;
Down goes *Baalam*, *Aſhteroth* and *Dagon*,
Down goes *Bell*, and then up goes the *Dragon*.

But now let's gybe the Sail, and catch the
And make a tack to fetch you up behind. [Wind
There was a time (they ſay) ſince the World
You had a *Charter* never to be good. [ſtood,

Have you forgot your *Routs* and *Ryots*, when
You forc't the *beſt of Kings*, and *beſt of Men*
To fly from's *Royal Pallace*, and betake
Himſelf to *Foreſt-ſhelter*, and the brake?
When the *Divine Magicians* of your *Town*
Chang'd you to *Wolves and Dogs* to hunt him
[down?

Have you forgot how you the *Queen* did
And *High-born* Iſſue to a ſad Divorce [force,
From their *Royal Father*? Have you forgot
How you made th' *Crown* and *Miter* go to pot?

First

First *Clamour*, then *Petition*, Laſt you bring
Rebellion, a compleat *Sin-Offering:*
Say *Obediah*, tell me if you pleaſe,
Had you a *Charter* for ſuch *Tricks as theſe?*
Once more Beloved; Have you forgot when
Beat up for *Bankrupt* and *Religious Thrums?*
When *Hungry Levites* and *ſtarv'd Prentices*
Sally'd from their dark Cells and Penthouſes,
And like the *Plagues* of *Egypt* ſpreads all o're,
Some for to ſtench us, all for to devour?
Have you forgot how you did Stab the *King*
And *Church*, with *Bodkin*, *Thimble*, *Spoon* and *Ring*,
And like the *Indians* proſtitute your ſelves,
For th' *Deviliſh Idols* of your *Cauſe* and *Elves?*
Say *Annanias*, tell me if you pleaſe,
Had you a *Charter* for ſuch *Tricks* as theſe?
Surely the *Act* of *Amneſty* is ſpilt *Guilt*;
On thoſe claim *pardon*, won't renounce the
A *Realm* divided 'gainſt it ſelf can't ſtand,
Nor *City*, if by ſuch as you 'twere man'd;
In vain are *Oaths* and *Witneſſes*, if th' *Shreive*
Can pack a *Jury*, that will not *believe:*
A *Turk's* a good *Evidence*, ('tis very true)
Againſt a *Chriſtian* not againſt a *Jew.*
The *Pope* and *Conclave* ſure have chang'd their *Neſts*,
And took your *Quarters* up within your Breaſts;
Their high Prerogatives to You reſign'd,
Can *damn the Innocent*, and *ſaint the Fiend*;

Or

Or elſe your *Conſcience* and *Religion*
Are inſpir'd with *Mahomet's Pidgeon*,
A Race of *Chequer-work* that's intertext
With the worſt *Chriſtian* and worſt *Jew* mixt,
A kind of *circum-uncircumciſed* kind,
Can Swear the Body, and not ſwear the Mind;
(As *Senators* (for to get in) *muſt Swear*;
Then keep the *COVENANT* to *Depoſe the*
And all this's done by virtue of the *Full* [*Heir*;)
Charta pro Cauſa, and a *Tub-Pulpit* full,
Sons of *Oedipus*, we know you enough,
The mark of *Cain* is graven on your *Brow*;
Not for the *Churches*, nor for the *Crown-Land*,
But for the *Twelve Apoſtles* 'tis you ſtand.
St. *Paul* for *London*, St. *Peter* for *Rome*,
Judas for the *Suburbs* till the day of *Doom*;
'Tis not the firſt time you have ſhew'd your
[*Leige*,
How you hate *Idols*, but love *Sacriledge*;
'Tis hard to ſay, to whom we're moſt in Debt,
To the *Jeſu*, or to the *Judas-it*;
Lyons and *Unicorns* ſupport our *Arms*,
But theſe are th' *Beaſts* that do ſupport our
[*Harms*.
Now to the *Quo Warranto* we muſt Tack,
Joyn my Lord's Kennel to the City Pack;
Speak, *Joller*, *Jolly*, *Jewel*, *Whig-dog*; Queſt,
Bouncer, *Bawler*, *Blew-lips*, and the reſt.
O *Divine Charter*, It would burſt my heart,
If th' *Ark* from *Iſrael* ſhould thus depart!

But

But don't bring Pleas as vaſt as th' Book of *Mar-*
[*tyr*
T' obſtruct *Juſtice*, and prolong your *Charter*;
Speak to th' point good *Brother*, what can'ſt ſay
To keep this *Charter* ever and for ay?
Pleaſe You my Lord, *our* Charter's *ſacred made*
By Grants *ſo many*, *none can it invade*;
Of Twenty Kings *and* Senats *hath the Seal.*

The *Pope* had more before he did *Rebel*
Againſt the *Law* of *God* and of the *King*,
He was *confiſcate* for the ſelf-ſame thing;
The *Law's* the Rule of *Peace*, it doth not jar
In't ſelf, it hath no Repugnance, nor War.
If *Kings* themſelves can't give their *Crowns* away,
Then *Kings* by *Law* can't *Themſelves betray.*

Look you *Brother*, here You have Miſus'd
Your *Charter*, and the known Laws abus'd;
Ryots and *Routs*, You that ſhould them ſuppreſs,
You have promoted to a great Exceſs; [Cauſe,
You have pick'd *Juries*, pack'd them for your
And this deſtroys the Fundamental Laws;
You that ſhould *Schiſm* and *Faction* quell, ſupport
Unlawful Meetings, and to them reſort; [Swear
What ſhall I ſay of *Oaths*? You *Allegiance*
To day, to morrow would *expel the Heir*;
Whoſe Crimes beyond all Preſidents go,
Forfeit their *Chattels*, and their *Charter* too.

To

To this we anſwer, Let the ſinner die,
A *Tooth* for a *Tooth*, and *Eye* for *Eye*;
Let the Tranſgreſſors of the Law be laſht,
But do not let the *Law* it ſelf be daſht;
Things that have Sanction of long time, and
Authority, ſhould not be lightly ſet. [great
In days of old, when Subjects Innocence,
Virtue and *Goodneſs* did oblige their Prince;
The greatneſs of the *Monarch's* mind was ſuch,
They thought good Subjects could not have too
[much;
But yet they ne're intended publick wrong
By private Act, that's but an ill-tun'd Song;
They us'd their *Charter* meerly to ſupport
The *Government*, You to betray the *Fort*;
And 'twas not *Sodom*'s ſins, But 'twas the *Men*
Caſt *Town* and *Charter* in the *Sulphrous Fen*;
Your *Oracle* hath ſpoke, and 'tmuſt be ſo;
Carthago delenda eſt, down 'tmuſt go.
Where now do all our Learn'd *Chaldeans* keep?
Be our *Soothſayers* and '*Strologers* aſleep?
I'th' Blazing Stars Predictions was a Flaw;
You ſaid *Antichriſt* for *Anti-Law*.
Oft men of Art by Figure take that Scope
To mean the *Charter*, when they nam'd the *Pope*;
Well, there's no help for't now, ſhe muſt be
[ſtript
That's caught a *Whoring*, and *ſeverely Whipt*;
The doubt of *Tyrany* late turn'd your Maw;
How do You like this *Governing by Law?*

When

When *Lunaticks* are in their *Frantick fits*,
'Tis the beſt Expedient to reduce their *Wits*.
Son of a Slave, is't not enough to *cheat*
Fools of their Money, but you muſt *defeat*
Them of their Souls? Duties to their *GOD* and [*Prince*?
Was this the *Trade* you're bound to 10 years [ſince?
Sell your *Pole-davis*, pack up your falſe Ware,
And be content to cheat your (*hap-men* there;
You ne're were Prentice to a States-man ſure!
Say ſome *Great Knave*, (to draw thee to this [Lure,)
Should ſtroke thee on the addle head, and cry;
Come honeſt Tom, (*thou know'ſt better than I*)
We're like to have ſad times you ſee;
Religion *groans*, *and bleeding* Liberty;
The honeſt ſubject he muſt be diſgrac'd,
And every ſober Officer diſplac'd;
We can't keep Feaſt nor Faſt for th' Nations good,
But all's miſconſtru'd and miſunderſtood;
The Plot *is vaniſh'd*, *and the Duke appears*;
Tom, *han't we cauſe for Jealouſies and Fears*?
Perhaps thou ſigh'ſt then till thy Buttons Crack,
And (as thy Soul was tort'ring on the Rack)
From the *Veſuvus* of thy *ſmoaking Zeal*,
Thou bellow'ſt forth this lamentable Peal.
Ah! My dear Lard! Happy the *Womb* that
'An heart ſo Noble, *Iſrael* can deplore, [bore,

'In

'In ſuch ſad Times as theſe when *Woes* us ſhroud,
'That *Moſes* will conduct us in a Cloud!
'We are all grieved with Extremities, [Cries;
'And *Pharaoh's* deaf to all our Plaints and
'Our *Wills* with Bridle, and our Mouths with [Bitt
'Are held by force, our *Sanhedrims* ſhan't ſit;
'We can't ſtoop down to *Baal*; Saints that [have right
'To *Judge the Earth* are Raviſh'd of their might;
'Our Handsare Fetter'd, and our Hearts com- [plain,
'That *free-born* Spirits ſhould be thrall'd in [Chain;
'Theſe, and ten thouſand grievances we have;
'But you muſt ſave poor dying Souls from th' [Grave.
'Sweet Lord, [But *Orpheus*,] who ſhould take
'To bring *Euridice* from *Hell* again? [the pain
[good *Tom*,
How drooping? [quoth my Lord?] hold up
Of my *Spirit* of *Sulphur* take a Dram;
Though at a Slight or two, wer'e almoſt gone,
He's a poor Juggler, that ha'nt more tricks than
I'le call my familiar, — *Preſto* appear; [one,
He comes, — and whiſpers in my Ear.
Courage *Monſieur*, and do not be diſmaid,
From *Pluto's* Councel-Board, I'le ſtill bring aid;

Stand

Stand but your ground, and doubt no over-
[throw,
Whilſt there's a Fury in the deep below;
Fig for the *Globe* and *Scepter* too to boot,
The *Trades-man's Yard* is longer by a Foot;
Be Impudent enough, Affronts repeat,
Nothing ſo brave as th' *Baſe* to brow the *Great*.
A thouſand ways, a thouſand Wiles we'l try,
In *Town* muſt ſet the *Stygian* Company,
Whoſe Country Factors muſt retail their Wares
From *Houſe* to *Houſe* as do the *Scotchmen* theirs.
Complain of *Taxes* in time of *Wars*;
In *Peace* of *Trade*, and *evil Councellors*;
Invet'rate *Letchers* when their Luſt departs,
To keep the Sports up, they muſt uſe new Arts.
We muſt the *Crowns Prerogative* impair,
The *Negative voice* in th' *Commons* declare,
To Counterfeit the COIN 'tis *Treaſon* made,
But not the PRINCES Power to invade;
'Tis Orthodox the longeſt Day you live,
Your Rights t'Encroach, and Rob th' Preroga-
Slight all the *Kings Alliances*, diſgrace [tive.
Foreign *Embaſſadors* in every place;
Say that *Ben Hadu Otor's* ſcarce half man'd
[Though wiſer far] than all our *Knaves* i'th'
[Land;
We are all *Brethren*, and we now muſt *plow*
With all our *Heifers*, *Might* and *Main* muſt bow;
Every *new Moon* a *new Parliament* can't
Re-mind the Folk, that they're the *Government*;

We

We ſhall have one at laſt I'me ſure, and then
We'l make ſuch *Senators* ſhall make us *Men* :
The *Tide* may turn, States have their *Ebb* and [*Flow*,
And we may catch them when the *Water's low* ;
Children muſt be provided for, and *Wars*
May hap, (*Crowns* themſelves are not free from [*cares* ;
Then *Money* muſt be had, our Silver Coin
Shall buy good part of *Pharaoh*'s Golden Mine ;
We are all *Tradeſmen* now, and what we give
'T ſhall be but *Bartring* for *Prerogative* ;
Fetch the *Adreſſors* up, and ſcour the Coaſt
Of all the *Tories* and *abhorring Hoaſt* ;
Hang up the *Judges*, and *Grand-Juries* clap
Cloſe in *Goals* that ſtood i'th' *Royal Gap* ;
Dawn but that day, (quoth *Tom*) and we will
A *Headleſs Council* and a *Headleſs King*. [Sing,
Hold quoth my Lord, too faſt, now you ramble ;
(Quoth *Tom*) to keep pace wi' y' I muſt *amble*.
Bleſs me my Stars ! Can ſuch as theſe men be
The *Bulwarks* of our *Church* and *Liberty* ?
Send them to the *Morocco* in *Exchange*
For's *Eſtriches* and *Lyons*, they're Beaſts more [ſtrange.
The *French* 'tis ſaid, Fees any one that's rare,
Pray Croſs the *Waters*, and to Him repair ;
If there be any Spirits that excell
You in *Sedition*, they muſt come from *Hell*.

We

We know the idol of your *Charter*'s dear
To you, as *Laban's Gods* to *Rachel* were
In her *pollutions* which ſhe ſlily hid,
Becauſe all ſearch their Modeſty forbid;
But your *pollutions* in your *Charter* Reign.
And hope it ſhall your wickedneſs maintain.
No Date of Time, no Power on Earth can give
Such Sanction as to make Corruption live.
But Maſter *Ignoramus*, make right view;
And ſure 'tis not your *Charter* ſquints, but You;
There's no ſuch thing as the *Kings friends* ſhall [bleed,
And's *Mortal Enemies* for *Treaſon* free'd.
You're fine Fellows to *Judge* the *twelve Tribes*; [I fear
By *Magna Charta* you will ſcarce ſit there:
Cabbage twice boild's ſtark naught, and th' [diſcourſe
(You know) in *Pulpit* ſtill the ſame, is worſe.
Conſider *Rabby*, You are wiſe and ſage,
Rebels and *Jubilees* thrive but once an Age:
Alas you know it was but th'other Day [Play
With *Drum* and *Trumpet*, *Fool* and *Knave* this
Was Acted to our *coſt* of Lives and Ore,
Pack up your *Nawls*, we'll be deceiv'd no more:
Grant ſome *great Lord* or two did chance to [jar
(With *Cedars* well as *Shrubs*, ſuch Chances are;)
But yet methinks, the *Twigs* ſhould grateful be
To th' *Root* that gave them all their Bravery.

Malice ne're want's for *Miſchief*, and *Revenge*
Is dearer much to Mortals, than the Fringe
Of Heav'n; The Soul of Body and 'State;
And ev'ry Nerve's imploy'd to ſerve its Hate.
The *cunning* and the *crafty* muſt be bought,
The *young* and *ſportive*, they are eaſy caught;
The *diſcontented* they muſt be left alive,
With hopes of his ambitious *Retrieve*;
Sticks of all ſorts and ſizes it muſt get,
To make the *Flame*, and to increaſe the heat;
And ſtill *Religion* makes the *Oven* red,
Or elſe quite ſpoild's the *Batch* of *Ginger-bread.*
[come,
Then crawl the *Inſects* forth, their Kingdom's
Still where the Carrion is thoſe Creatures rome,
And buzzing up and down the *Town* they cry,
For *Liberty*, and for *Truth* we'll die.
To Hang for *Raſcals* firſt, I wiſh you'd try.
Hark Villains, hark! Your baſe *Rebellious Luſt*,
And your *Loyalties* have the ſelf-ſame guſt;
Your *Goats* Blood cannot itch ſo much, to down
With *Both* as we to prop the *Church* and *Crown.*
[done;
I ſaw your *Spells* (the *Votes*;) 'twas bravely
As with the *Father* you'd *deal* with the *Son*,
I've ſeen your Martyr's, *Peters*, *Scot*, and *Viner*,
Sainted in Gold, with *Colledge* the *Joyner*.
I've ſeen your *Pamphlets*, *Libels* Books of print;
Such ne're before came from the *Devil's Mint.*

I've

I've ſeen the *Doctors Depoſitions* too;
And faith he's done as much as man could do.
Won't all this Old-new-found-Art do the [work,
To pull the *King* down, and ſet up the *Kirk*?
What? No *Cornucopia* to be found?
Be all our *Knights-Templers* laid under ground?
Are our *Braves* good for nothing, but to lap
Th' infected droopings of a ſilver *Tap*?
Alas! we want Ingredients; Give
Us a *Parliament that ſhall ever live*,
And the *Militia*, we're compleatly Bleſt;
CESAR do that, and then, *Sir*, do your beſt.
What Snake-hair'd *Fury* with *Infernal Brand*,
Broke looſe from *Hell* thus to inflame the *Land*?
Shall we be jealous of our bleſt Content,
Till cracking th'ſtrings, we break the Inſtrument?
Shall our *Arch-Angel* of the *Devil's* See
Drown'd Four and twenty of our *Hierarchy*;
And by a whirl-wind from the *Stygian-Lake*,
A Glorious *Monarch* and *Three Kingdoms* wreck?
Down *Aſmodeus*, down to the burning Pits,
Where thy *Councel of State* in Brimſtone ſits:
In that dark Conclave let thy Envy range:
Changing but *That*, never expect more change.
Here Pity checks my Spleen, and who can tell
Good Angels ſorrows, when the Train too fell?
But they were bleſt with great perfection,
And (though ſeduc'd) the Crime was *All their own*;

Beneath the *Firmament* it is not ſo,
Here's imperfection in the *High* and *Low*.
One *Lucifer* on Earth may dangerous prove,
More than a *Legion* to *One Saint* above.
But ſee! the *Murder'd Martyrs Ghoſts* appear!
Your *Native Prince* and *Fathers Shades* ſtand there!
Lend *Them* your Eyes, the *Rabble* not your Ear.
And what would the mad *Rabble* have? Let's try:
And who would ask, but one as mad as *I*?
Can the turbulent wind tell why it blows?
Or tumbling Ocean why it Ebbs and Flows?
The ſenſeleſs *Rabble's* but that Duſt which flies
With every puff of wind into our eyes:
It makes you pur-blind, and defiles your Shooes;
Rather to *piſs on't* than to *court it* chooſe.
I'll dare the *Sun*, which hath ſurvey'd the Earth
Ever ſince *Eve* gave *Cain* and *Abel* Birth;
In all his Travels, if he can declare
A people Franchis'd as the *Engliſh* are?
All others *Birth-right* Bondage is; but *We*
Surfeit with *Cates*, and glut with *Liberty*.
If *Heaven* ſhould bid a *Subject* to implore
What bliſs we want, he could not ask for more;
Oh the *unhappy ſtate of Happineſs!*
They enjoy more that do enjoy much leſs;
Rome in it's Pomp and Pride could never ſhew
Men of that *bulk* of *Wealth* in *England* flow;

And every *Cottager* lives frank and free
As *Jove*, Here's a perpetual *Jubilee*:
Hear one great Truth an *Engliſh* Subject ſings,
We have one *Emperour*, and a *Million Kings*.

To the KING.

Celeſtial Prince, deſcended from above,
With *Goodneſs*, and the wiſdom of great *Jove*;
Hov'ring the *Doves* with thy *Seraphick Wings*,
Still Shielding *Church* and *State* from *Serpents* [Stings,
Accept the *Addreſſes* of our *Humble praiſe*
'Tis all the *Incenſe Men* to *God* can raiſe.

When *civil War Three Kingdoms* did inthrall,
You were the *Saviour* that *Redeem'd* us all,
And rais'd *miraculouſly* from their *Graves*,
Thre Soul-ſunk *Nations* that were Slaves to [Slaves;
Mean Thanks do mighty favours quite diſgrace,
But dull *Ingratitude* becomes the baſe:
How Juſtly may'ſt thou let thy *Thunder* fly?
Both *Giants* and *Pigmies* doom'd to dye.
What, will they war with *Jove?* in vain, in vain;
Whom th' Gods have Crown'd, in ſpight of *Worms* ſhall *Reign*;
Repent proud *Duſt* before it be too late,
Strike Sail; my *Muſe* ſhall be your *Advocate*.

Hear great *Apollo*, *Phœbus* lend thine Ear
To an unpoliſht *Muſe*'s humble Prayer.
She lifts no *Phaetontick palm* on high;
Lo, her requeſt is veil'd with Modeſty;
Thou that art goodneſs *Eſſence*, Thou that keeps
Clemency waking that ſhe never ſleeps;
Look on the *Errours of Mortality*,
With the *kind Aſpect* of your *God-like* Eye.
Though they have ſin'd (and certainly a Sin
To death, had it againſt a bad Prince been,)
And their *Tranſgreſſions* in an high degree,
Are aggravated to ſin thus againſt *Thee*;
My poor *Muſe* begs, (although *their ſins be great*,)
That Thou wouldſt not *Forget*, to *forget*.

To the DUKE.

And Thou great *Hero* of loud Fames firſt rate
(Still partner of your *Royal Brothers* Fate)
Who baffle Miſchief, and her Dart deſpiſe,
And ſtand the firmer for her *Batteries*;
Whilſt *Envy* toyls her ſelf quite out of breath,
You undiſturb'd can ſmile the *Wretch* to death.
Malice is now in a Conſumption grown;
To ſee her ſelf miſtook in *You* alone;
Still the more venom that on You they throw,
Still you the Taller, and more lovely grow;
Can walk the *Fiery Furnace*, and no *Hair*
Sing'd, no *ſmell of Fire*, no *impair*:

Fond

Fond men! To hope they can deſtroy whom
[*Jove*
Preſerves by *Wonders*, and peculiar *Love*:
Never before *preſumptive Heir* did ſure,
Worſe *Wrongs* from moſt *preſumptive Men* en-
[dure,
Well may they *droop their Heads*, and *Necks in-*
[*cline*,
As *Tulips Froſt bit* with a *Northern Wind*;
To *Prudence* ſtill and *Piety* you'r *Juſt*,
And do forgive whom none will wiſh to truſt.

To the LORDS.

You of the *Conſtellation* that maintain
Your *ſtarry Glories*, from *Apoſtate Stain*;
You whoſe *chaſte Loyalty* for ever ſtream'd
To th' *Royal Lamp of Honour* whence You
[beam'd,
You ſhall for ever ſhare the *Muſes* Praiſe,
Whilſt *Helicon* hath *Drops*, *Apollo Bays*.

To the GENTRY.

Come *Brothers* of the *Minor Stars*, that are
No *wandring Planets*, but fixt in Your *Sphere*;
You that have vow'd to be ſo True
To *Charles*, that to your ſelves you be ſo too;
(And ſure I am your *Oath* will not be broke,
You'l bow to *Deſtiny*, before the *Yoke*)

We must not praise nor thank our selves, that's vain,
That were but *Champarty* (You know in grain;
But we'l so *Loyal* and so *Faithful* live,
That *Church* and *Crown*'s Fees Us no thanks shall give.

To the Common-Councel *and Court of* Aldermen.

And You brave *Citizens*, so Rich and Wise,
(The Boons of *Heavens*, due to *Loyalties*)
Heaven marks them who from *Allegiance* stray,
(With *Children*, *Wits*, or *Fortunes* quite awry.)
You that hold th' *Rains*, curb the *head-strong Jaws*
Of *Asses* kickt at *Governours* and *Laws*;
You know that *Trade* doth still most profit bring,
To them are true to *God*, and to their *King*;
Long may You live, and may the *Town* and *Court*
Be happy in the prayers of my poor heart;
May no *King* want such Citizens, I pray,
Nor Towns-men *Prince*, like him they now enjoy.

To the Livery-men.

But You that are now of th' new *Livery*,
And *Old Leven*, look for no thanks from me;
Keep to your *Gods*; on damned *Bradshaw* call,
Implore the shades of *Ireton* and *Noll*

To

To come improv'd from *Hell*, and be ſo good
To ſet crackt men with Plunder up, and Blood;
The *Rabble* ſhall no longer Rule this *Town*,
Rebellions Charter muſt now go down:
But yet we'l beg the *King* that he would pleaſe
To give another on good terms as theſe.
Countreys o'regrown with *Beaſts of Rapine*,
Ty'd to deſtroy the *common Enemy*, [be
And bound by *Charter* yearly to afford
So many *Fox* or *Wolf-skins* to the Lord.

London, once bounded in Walls, is now bound-
Grown from a City to a *Wilderneſs*, [leſs
More and worſe Vermin lurk in 't's Holes and
[Dens,
Than *Wolves* in *Tory-land*, or *Frogs* in *Fens*:
If they renew their *Charter*, may they pay
A *Rebels* head for *Quit-Rent* every day,
And a *Whores Liver*, till the *Town* be found
Honeſt, and (like the *Loyal* Countrey) ſound.

Now we have done, we have not done; what's
See how the *Mutinous Women* appear! [there?
Nip *Inſurrections* in the bud; *Drums* beat
A parl, and let us with the *Females* treat;
What would the *good wives* have? Forbear
[ſlaughter!
Then quoth the *Amazons*, we'l keep our *Charter*;
And thus pleads firſt a *Mouſe trap makers* Wife;
Before we'l looſe our *Honour*, we'l loſe *Life*;

Honour

Honour than *Food* or *Rayment* priz'd more high;
For *It* we'l live, and for *It* we'll die
Farewel Charter, Farewel *Gentility*,

Next comes a bouncing *Butchers Wife* i'th'
With a Cow-killing *Pole ax* in her Hand, [Van,
D'y' think we'l loſe our *Charter*? and be ſtil'd
[*Fro*,
As *Fiſh-women* be in *Bore-land*, and well ſo?
Maſter *Punch* kills an *Ox*, and Twenty *Sheep*
Each week i'th' year, and I the Stall do keep;
Shall all this *Blood* (beſides a *Free-mans Wife*)
Now looſe it's *Honour*? by my *Butchers* Life
For our *Noble Charter* we will ſtand and fall,
For if we looſe our *Arms*, we then looſe *all*.
[*Lungs*
Then ſpoke a *Chandlers wife* with *Ale-ſtufft*-
As big as *Tun*, foaming at all her *Bungs*;
D'ye think I'le ſit at *Bar* all day for th' *Fees*
I get by Porter's penny Bread and Cheeſe,
And ſee the Slaves like Clowns in *Suſſex*, come,
And cry, Dame where is your Husband? at
[home?
Shall *double Drink* place to *feeling* ſo give?
Shall't be Madam *Creſwel*, and not Mis *Keeling*?

Quoth Miſtreſs *Fough*, 'twould be a ſtinking
If I were not Maſter *Gold finders Wife*; [life,
If farewel *Charter*, then farewel to all
The good *Nobility* of *Pin-makers Hall*,

Stand

Stand to your Arms, both Life and Limb ſhall go
To ſave our *Honour* and our *Charter* too.
A *Reverend Matron*, in whoſe *Loyal face*,
Was every touch of *Modeſty* and *Grace*,
Hearing the *Grievances*, ventur'd the Crowd,
And thus ſhe ſpake, and thus their Ears they bow'd;
'Dear Siſters of the *Livery*, appeaſe
'The boiſtrous bellows of your Paſſions ceaſe;
'You know that oftentimes untimely fears
'Unform the *Men*, and them transform to *Hares*,
'And *Jealouſie*'s our Sexes curſed Spell,
'Transforms us *Angels* to the *Hags of Hell*.
The laſt old *Charter* which you ſo deplore,
Was granted to us in the days of *Tore*,
And many an odd thing was in't; 'twas done
When th' Land with Popery was over-run,
And now by Law 'tis ſo repugnant found,
That th' Law it ſelf is in that *Charter* drown'd;
But there's another in the *Mint* for You,
According to your hearts deſire, *New*, *New*;
Not after the old Superſtitious Faſhion;
But New, according to the *Reformation*:
For we that were but *Miſtreſſes* before,
Shall now be *Maſters*, *Lords*, and ſomething more;
Moreover 'tis provided, all the *Geeſe*
In *London* ſhall have two *Ganders* apiece;
Double man'd; And if that be not *ſatis*,
You ſhall have your *Boys* on Sundays *Gratis*,
This ſaid, they ſhout, and made the *Welkin* ring;
Cry'd, *Damn th'old Charter, and God ſave the King.*

A Character of London-Village.

By a Countrey Poet.

A *Village!* Monſtrous! 'Tis a mighty Beaſt,
Behemoth, or *Leviathan* at leaſt;
Or like ſome Wilderneſs, or vaſt Meander,
Where to find Friends one long enough may wander.
The Towring Chimneys like a Forreſt ſhow,
At whoſe low Branches do Balconies grow.
When I came there at firſt, I gazed round,
Aud thought my ſelf upon *Inchanted Ground*;
Or elſe that I (in Rapture being hurl'd)
Was lately Dead, and this was *th'other World.*
But was ſurpriz'd with Doubts, and could not tell
Which of the two 'twas, whether *Heav'n* or *Hell*:
The Noiſe and Shows my Eyes and Ears invade,
By Coaches, Cryes, and Glitt'ring Gallants made.
My Reaſon was convinced in a Trice
That it was neither, but *Fools Paradice*;
Ladies I ſaw, not Handſom one in ten;
Great ſtore of Knights, and ſome few Gentlemen.
Fine Fellows Flanting up and down the Streets,
Where *Fop* and *Flutter* each the other Greets;

Each

Each Mimick Poſture does an Ape preſent,
While *Humble-ſervant* ends the Complement.
For *Garb* and *Colour* there's no certain Rule,
Here is your *Red*, your *Blew*, your *Yellow-*
[*Fool.*
Moſt of theſe Gallants ſeem to view Refin'd;
The *Out-ſide* wondrous *Gay*, but *poorly Lin'd.*
I ſaw ſome of them in the Play-houſe-Pit,
Where they three hours in Converſation ſit,
Laugh and talk Loud, but ſcarce a *grain of Wit.*
The Ladies to enſnare will ſomething ſay,
Tending to ſhow the Brisk Gallants their way,
But ſcorn as much to *prattle ſence as They.*
Here comes a *Hero* cover'd cloſe from Air,
By Porters born in a Silk-Curtain'd-Chair.
Whoſe Sire in honeſt Ruſſet *Trail'd a plow*,
And with *ſtout Flayl* conquer'd the *haughty mow.*
Next after him, is by ſix Horſes drawn,
A piece of Logwood, in a Coach alone,
Looking like *Scanderbeg* on ev'ry one.
Who ſoon a whiſpering Baud ſoftly invites,
To a new Suburb *Miſs* and there he lights.
But at ſome little diſtance from the place,
Handſom he ſeems, all cover'd o'er with Lace,
That nearer ſhews an old and ugly Face.
There goes a Brisk Young Laſs in a gay Dreſs,
Here an Old Drone in Youthful Gawdyneſs.
Strange Miracles of Nature here are plac'd!
Ill-Favour'd Wenches, Cracks; ſome Fair, are
[chaſte.

The

The Temp'rate Sick: Great Drinkers live in [Health.
Here Uſurers have Wit, and Poets Wealth.
The Coffe-Houſe, the Rendezvous of Wits,
Is a Compound of Gentlemen and Cits;
And not all wiſe, or elſe their Wits they
Thev ſit as if *Afraid of one another.* [mother,
So Pick-pocket (when deeper *Liſter*'s by)
Budging aloof, diſowns the Myſtery.
In comes a Cockt-up *Bully*, Looking big,
With Deep-fring'd Elbow-Gloves, and Ruffl'd [Wig,
He turns his Back to th' Chimney with a Grace,
Singing and Staring in each Strangers Face;
Talks Mighty things, his late Intrigues, and then
Sups off his Diſh, and out he ſtruts agen.
And as I Rambled through this *Quondam-City*,
I look'd on Founding *Pauls* with Tears of pity;
But wiping off, with an auſpicious Smile,
Being like to riſe the Glory of this Iſle,
Village, for now to you I tell me Tale,
You have produc'd a *mountain* from a *dale*: [ye,
The Country thought the fire had quite undone
But now I find you have both *Zeal* and *Money*.
[Brook,

I croſs'd the *Thames* much broader than the
Where I have bath'd, and little Friſhes took.
From *Bear-Garden* I *Weſtminſter* mightview,
And tho their *Outſide* lookt of different hue,
Yet therin each is ſo much Noiſe and Pother,

I ſcarce knew how to difference one from th' [other.
But at the Court indeed I ſaw great *Things*,
The *Nobleſt Subjects* and the *Beſt of KINGS*:
Theſe things I did obſerve, and many more,
But Tyr'd with the Relation, I'll give o'er.

True Loyalty in its Colours: *Or a Survey of the Laudable* Addreſs *of the young Men and Apprentices of the City of* London, *to His* MAJESTY.

Fiſt

NO Name, becauſe you can't write well? a
Is a *Good Hand*, that can write *Loyaliſt*.
Go on Brave Youths, and let your Paper ſhow,
What Love what Service to your *King* you ow.
How well, Now, *London*, muſt be Judge of
When in thy Sons we find ſuch *Loyalty*. [Thee,
What? Though the Jeſuits a brooding lye,
To hatch for us a Mortal Enemy;
Loyal *Addreſſes* ſhall like thunder kill,
The Poiſon-gathering Viper in the Shell:
And quickly make the Factious Gang leave off,
To Lace their Coffee with Seditious Stuff.

The

The *Roul* contains moſt Trades, who Swear [they'l be
One Man t'oppoſe their Princes *Enemy*.
Th'Ingenuous *Pothecary* makes up a Pill;
And Swears, it knows both how to Salve and Kill,
The Keen edg'd-*Barber* with his Razor votes,
Inſtead of Cutting Beards, to Cut their Throats.
The *Shooe-Maker* proteſts he'd rather chooſe,
To wind *Cord* for their Necks, than for their [Shooes.
The *Cobler* too wou'd meddle with the Fools;
And wou'd inſtead of Soles, *Tranſlate* their Souls.
The Nimble *Taylor* ſwears each Finger itches,
To cut their Coats more than to ſow their [Breeches.
The brisk *Upholſterer* ſwears by his Feather,
Their Souls and Bodies he will Quilt together.
The Damming *Vintner* Vows next time to bring,
Confounded wine to them that hate his King.
The Greaſy *Butcher* Swears by's Oxe's Head,
That at one Blow he'll ſtrike Sedition Dead;
Then Cut it open, Quarter it, and Treat
The *Devil* with a Dainty Diſh of Meat.
The Cockt-up *Haberdaſher* briskly debates,
For Bruſhing of their Coats inſtead of Hats.
The Artificial *Surgeon* fain would Box 'em,
And ſend them all to *Hell* with a Pox to 'em.
The *Cook* cries cram 'em in my Pot's Belly,
And I will ſtew their *Rump-Beef* to a Jelly:

A *Carpenter* comes in with a few Cringes, [ges.
And fain wou'd have 'em *Hang'd* upon *new Hin-*
Then a *Hot-Bell-Founder* cryes out of Spite,
They dead my Trade let them be *hang'd* out-
[right.
But the ſlye *Broaker* Vows he dos not dare
Venter his Coyn on ſuch *deceitful Ware.*
Next unto him comes the ruff *Brick-layer,*
And he's for Building up the *Common Prayer:*
The Loyal *Coach-man* this Sentence Broaches,
I am for making *Plotters* draw my Coaches.
The *Brazier* is for Burning them, to ſee
What *Mettle* afterwards they'l prove to be.
The *Strong-Water-Man* would be at Stilling,
Of their ill Humours, not at Killing.
Then comes the *Lawyer* hatching of ſome Evil,
And fain would bring him into Bond with th'
Devil;
But ſays the *Attorney,* Let 'em make (uds luds)
An *Execution* t'me of Body and Goods.
The *Rare-loyal Weaver* makes a pother,
To have 'em Kickt from th'one ſide to the other.
The *Gold-ſmith* likes 'em beſt, for well he knows,
Such *Mettle* both for *Gold* and *Silver* goes.
They'l take what ſtamp we pleaſe, they are ſuch
[Witches;
A *Ceſar*'s Head as well as *Oliver*'s Breeches.
Laſt comes a *Printer,* (and ſayes) Let me Dye,
If I don't brand 'em to Eternity:

I will transfer to future Age their *Plot*,
And what *Reward* their cunning *Coleman* got:
I will Transprint King *Charles* his Death, and bid
The Children Weep, for what their Fathers did,
Papists and *Factious*, both ſhall go to Pot,
While the *True Loyally* Draws a better Lot.

Loyalty Triumphant: Or a *Poem* on the Numerous Loyal Addreſſes to His MAJESTY.

ROuſe up my *Muſe*! For, how in ſuch a Cauſe,
Canſt thou be Lazy, or admit a Pauſe?
Why do not Words flow faſter then thy Ink,
Or forward Verſe, ſcarce give the leave to think
Thy Pen in ſuch a Cauſe ſhould Pregnant be,
To Write thy Fellow-Subjects *Loyalty*:
Subjects that dare in ſpight of Faction ſhow,
How much they to the beſt of Princes owe;
That dare in ſpight of all the Politick Crew,
Who would the People and their KING ſubdue,
Be truly *Loyal*, *Honeſt*, *Juſt*, and *Good*,
Four things the Others never underſtood;
Or if they ever did, have long forgot,
Since firſt Sedition in their Hearts took Root.

Their

Their Leaders Soul, as well as Eyes, do ſquint;
And could we ſearch the Heart, the Devil's in't:
He ſeems in ſhew, as *Loyal* as the beſt;
But a full Fury Lodges in his Breaſt. [Tread,
Ambition, that Curſt Fiend that fain would
Once more upon his Royal Maſters Head:
Nor are his Followers behind in Zeal,
T'advance the *Good Old Cauſe*, and *Common-weal.*
Reading the *Votes of Parliament*, I found
The KING with honeſt Men encompaſt round,
Who for the Publick Good, did Wiſely Vote,
That He for *Tangier* ſhould not have a Groat;
At His own Charge He muſt the War maintain,
Or *Tangier* might be Loſt, for He in vain
Aſſiſtance ſought from them, unleſs He'ed give
In Pawn, for it, His own *Prerogative*;
And againſt Nature's Laws ceaſe to Defend,
An only Brother, and a faithful Friend.
He muſt Exclude Him from the *Engliſh* Crown;
That when Great *York* they once had tumbled down,
They might ſet up an *Idol* of their own;
Whom if they cannot manage to their wills,
And make him Authoriſe unheard of Ills:
They'l without ſcruple hurle them head-long down,
And tearing from his Brows the totter'd Crown,
Each will be King, and ſet it on his own.
Amongſt *five Hundred* Men, ſome few there were,
That durſt for *Loyalty* and *Truth* declare;

That durſt the *King*'s Prerogative Maintain,
'Gainſt Mighty *Matchivel*, and all his Train:
But once diſcover'd, they like common Foes
Or Spies, upon the Actions of the Houſe,
Are firſt made Kneel before the Bar, and then
Our Loyaliſts ſuch Principles deſpiſe,
Are ſtill contriving how their *King* may riſe,
How they may make Him Powerful, and Great,
And in full Splendour keep his Royal Seat;
Still acting what their chearful words expreſs,
Whilſt each of them performs a whole *Addreſs*.
Oh! may they ſtill perſiſt in doing well,
Till there be no Tongue left their Deeds to tell;
That they who did in This their King regard,
May in the other world meet their Reward.

The Club of Royaliſts.

COme *Ganemede*, and fill each Glaſs with [Wine,
Let each *Muſe* Drink her ſhare, then fill [up mine:
I with the *Nine* will Revel all this night,
Till *Charles* his Health bring back the Morning [Light.
But hold a little, Whither am I gone?
What need I run ſo far as *Helicon*?
Whilſt Riding on each Beam, the Sun doth bear
As *Loyal* Drinkers as the *Muſes* are:
For they I fear have caught th'infection too,
Since their own Sons bravely themſelves undo:

For

For one who formerly ſtood Candidate,
For Wit and Senſe with Men of higheſt Rate:
Apoſtatizes from his former Acts,
And from his own *Cambyſes* Fame detracts.
No more in Verſe his Mighty Talent ſhows,
But Libels *Princes* with Malitious Proſe.
This Man in *Cornhill* if you chance to meet,
Or near the Middle of *Threadneedle-ſtreet*:
Know 'tis to pay his Homage to the *Sun*,
Or rather to the Hot-brain'd *Phaeton*,
Whom *Ovid* blames; but he does more commend
Adviſing ſtraight the Chariot to Aſcend.
What? Though the world once more were ſet [on Fire,
Shall his Young *Heroe* bawk his great Deſire?
No, let the Head-ſtrong Youth his Steeds drive [on,
Tread on his Fathers Counſels, and his Throne.
I envy not thoſe happy Men that Ride
With him in's Guilded Coach, my humble Pride
Deſires no Courſer, but a Hoggs-heads Back,
Where mounted with a Bowl of Sparkling Sack.
With *Ruſſel*, *Capel*, *Cooper*, and the reſt,
I'le Drink Confuſion to each *Caballiſt*. [Rage
Damn their *Sun-Tavern* Clubbs; but hold, my
Condemns the only Honeſt Men of th' Age:
The trueſt *Patriots England* 'ere did breed,
Who Viper-like, on their own Mother feed;
Tear up their Bowels with a baſe pretence,
Of feigned Piety and Conſcience:

Good Gentlemen, how careful are they grown,
To ſuppreſs *Papiſts*, and ſubvert the Throne?
They for Religion ſtrive, but wiſe men know,
From whence their greateſt Diſcontents do flow.
Zeal for the *Good Old Cauſe* enflames their breaſt,
But the chief Fuell's, *Private Intereſt.*

The Diſſenter *truly Deſcribed.*

WHat ſhall a glorious Nation be o'rthrown
By Troops of Sneaking Raſcals of our own?
Muſt Civil and Eccleſiaſtick Laws,
Once Truckle more under the good *Old Cauſe?*
Shall theſe Ungrateful *Varlets* think to Live,
Only to Clip Royal *Prerogative?*
Shall all our Blood turn *Whey*, whilſt we do ſee
Men both Affront, and Stab the Monarchy?
I'm all inflam'd with a *Poetick* Rage,
And will Chaſtiſe the Follies of the Age.
Thoughts crowd ſo faſt upon me, I muſt write
Till I've diſplay'd the Gaudy Hypocrite.
He's one that ſcarcely can be call'd a Man,
And yet's a Pious, *Holy Chriſtian.*
He's big with Saving Faith (he ſays) yet He
Has not one ſpark of common Charity.

'Gainſt Reaſon he perpetually whines,
Becauſe it Contradicts his Black Deſigns.
He diſ-eſteems dull Morals; for a Saint
My well-beloved Brethren muſt not want.
Soul-warming Thoughts; ſo warm that they did [dwell,
Firſt in the Womb, then at the Breaſts of Hell.
He Flouts the *Common Prayers*, yet the poor Fool
Himſelf, not Them, does turn to Ridicule.
He hates a Form, yet loves his dear Non-ſenſe;
Nauſeats his God with his *Impertinence*.
With Eyes turn'd up, Mouth ſcrew'd, and Monky- [Face,
He lowdly bawls to God for Saving Grace.
With Meen ſo baſe, and ſcurvy, as if even
His Apiſh Poſtures only would pleaſe Heaven.
And then his Sniv'ling Tone, to the moſt High,
He does conclude, is Curious Melody.
If Things ſucceed not as his Humour wou'd,
He ſtrait grows Angry, and he Huffs his God:
And this (as if God knew not what to do.)
And that wou'd have been for thy Glory too.
Then Muffl'd in his Cloak, *Roger* begins
In's Sermon, to dawb forth, *Soul-killing-ſins*;
Murder, and *Theft*, and *Pride*, and *Gluttony*, &c.
Which in their *Lives* none more *Applauds* than He.
Yet if you do ſurvey the Liſt with care,
You'l quickly find *Rebellion* is hid there.
And when he's preſt to Duties for ſome Hours;
He ne'r puts in *The Higher Powers*.

At *Surplice*, and *Lawn-sleeves*, he takes offence,
Because they are the *Types* of *Innocence*;
For that he hates, and with It men of Sense.
The Reverend *Prelates* he still vilifies,
'Cause they detect his cursed *Villanies*. [down,
Hang them, they bark, come let us pull them
For this same *Mitre* does support the *Crown*.
They'r the *King*'s truest Friends, yet thought it [good,
To drown his Kingdoms in a Sea of Blood.
They the King's Person would protect, they said,
Yes, yes, forsooth by *cutting off his Head*;
And this they did, inspir'd by Zeal alone,
To fasten *Christ* in his Triumphant Throne.
As if *Damn'd Lyes*, *False Oaths* and *base Deceit*,
Propt up his *Throne*, and made him *truly Great*.
As if the *Devil* himself that acted them,
Did bring the *Luster* to His *Diadem*.
Nay, they go on yet with the same Intents,
By moulding to their Minds *New Parliaments*.
Some of the Great, they by their whimseys [guide,
To like their *Treason*, and to stem their *Pride*.
In other things, like methods they pursue,
For even the *Shrieves* must be *Fanaticks* too.
The *Judges* too, they'd to their *Party* gain,
Did they want either *Honesty* or *Brain*, [these,
And when their *Wheedling Tricks* do fail on
They poison soon some *Countrey Justices*.

Then

Then had they once the dear *Militia*, [obey:
They'd mount the *Saddle*, and make *Charles*
Thus first they'd make Him but a very *Straw*,
And then at Liſt controll, and give Him *Law*.
In fine, they are the *Foes* of *Royal State*,
Order is the great Object of their Hate.
Nor God, nor Men, theſe Furies ſeek to pleaſe,
They'd bruiſe the *Crown*, and tear our *Surplices*.
They'd Undermine the Churches *Harmony*,
And Ride a full Carier to *Popery*.
They all Mankind, except Themſelves Deſpiſe,
Chiefly the *Great*, for being Good and Wiſe.
Some Subtile have, and ſome have *Giddy Souls*,
Some *Fools*, ſome *Knaves*, and ſome are *Knaves* [and *Fools*.
Theſe *Vermine* would even the beſt things *com-*
And ſuck all the *Sweetneſs* of the Land. [*mand*,

The

The Loyal *LETANY.*

FRom a new model'd *Jeſuit* in a *Scotch Bon-*
[*net*,
With a *Maſs* under's ſleeve and a *Covenant*
[on it,
From *Iriſh* Sedition blown out of *French* Sonnet,
Libera nos Dom.

From Conſpiring at *Joe*'s and Caballing at *Mews*
From Sr. *Gutts* holy Tub of Uncircumcis'd *Jews*,
From *Gibbet* and *Halter* which will be their dues,
Lib. &c.

From a *Parliament-man* rak'd out of the Embers,
From *Knights* that haunt Counters and Lunatick
[Members,
From *Presbyt. Januaries*, and *Papiſts Novembers*,
Lib. &c.

From *hugging a Witch* and *conſulting the Devil*,
From *Welch Reprimands* which are ſomething
[uncivil,
From the *Touch* of a *Scot* to cure the *King's-evil*,
Lib. &c.

From

From the mutinous *Clamours* of ſuch as raiſe [fears,
From thoſe that wou'd ſet us together by the [Ears,
Who ſtill for the Shipwrack of Monarchy ſteers,
Lib. &c.

From *Rebellion* wrapt up in a *Humble Petition*,
From the *Crafty Intrigues* of a *Suttle Politician*,
From a *Geneva Divine* and a *Staffords Phyſician*,
Lib. &c.

From ſerving Great *Charles* as his *Father* before,
And *Dis-inheriting* of *York* without *why* or [*wherefore*,
And from ſuch as *Abſalom* has been, or more.
Lib. &c.

From Libelling the *Government* and Actions of [Kings,
From Vindicating *Sectaries* in Illegal Things,
From Encouraging *Faction* which *Rebell.* brings,
Lib. &c.

From *Murmuring* for ſending the *Parliament* [home,
From *chooſing Fanaticks* to ſit in their Room,
That the *Actions of Forty* may not be our doom,
Lib. &c.

From

From late *Iriſh* Maſſacres by *Papiſts* done,
From *Seditious* Cut-troats which thing is all one,
From *murthering the Father* and *baniſhing the Son*,
Lib. &c.

From putting three Towns to the *Sword* in Cool Blood,
From robbing and ſpoiling the Land for its Good,
From Cloaking their Crimes by a Warrant from God,
Lib. &c.

From ſhrouding all Villanies under the *Cauſe*,
From making us happy by giving Sword Laws,
From Trampling o'th *Mitre* and *Crown* with Applauſe,
Lib. &c.

From Hunting the *King* and abjuring his Race,
From Cleanſers of Bung holes uſurping his place,
From Preachers in Tubbs that are void of all Grace.
Lib. &c.

From *Vulcan*'s Treaſons late forg'd by the *Fan*,
From ſtarving of Mice to be *Parliament-man*,
From his *Copper Face* thet outface all things can,
Lib. &c.

From

From Unbridling the Faction the *King* to dis-
[mount,
From giving for each thing to Subjects account,
From letting P's Domineere as they were wont.
Lib. &c.

From Voting *Lords* uſeleſs and dangerouſly Ill,
From hanging of *Biſhops* up for dropping the
[Bill,
From letting *Fanaticks* have too much of their
Will,
Lib. &c.

From purging the Houſe to obſtruct our free
[choice,
From Reſolving the *King* to Oppoſe with one
[Voice,
From ſuch that at Miſchief do daily rejoyce,
Lib. &c.

From all the *Seditious* that love not the King,
From ſuch as a Civil War once more would
[bring,
Deliver us good Lord, let each true Subject ſing,
Lib. &c.

The

The Fanatick Rampant : *Or an Election at* Cambridge.

ONE day I heard a zealous ſhout,
I then look'd up, and lo the Rout
Of Saints were come to Town.
Who by their Hats right gravely ſet,
And Collar-bands, I gueſs were met
To cry the Biſhops down.

But ſee how groſly I did err,
For they came only to prepare
Againſt that Codly buſtle.
And therefore did moſt fervently,
With Carnal Throats extended cry,
A *Ruſſel*, yea, a *Ruſſel*.

Some cry'd a *Ruſſel*, ſome again
Miſtook the Name, and cry'd *Amen*.
Some with erected Fiſt,
Cry'd, O, we find by Revelation,
That this is He muſt heal the Nation
And hamſtring *Antichriſt*.

At length there comes me a Free-holder,
With Head inclin'd to the Left Sholder,
And Circumciſed Hair.

Who

Who with his Snout all wet with Snivel,
And looks enough to ſcare a Devil,
Did thus begin his Prayer.

Lord, if thou doſt thy Saints regard,
Look on the Keepers of thy Heard,
Even on thy choſen *Ruſſel.*
See but what honour we have done him,
And then, thou needs muſt poure upon him,
Thy bleſſings by the Buſhel.

Thy tender Flock, Lord, he'll not pound
But doth regard the Poor.
Lord he hath done more for my Wife
Than e're I did in all my Life,
O bleſſed Senatour.

Do thou in time his Worſhip bring,
To be, to be, a Lordiſh thing;
As was his Noble Kin—
Thou ſeeſt how He alone doth ſtand,
And hates the great ones of the Land.
O well doth he begin.

Then give him Grace Lord not to ceaſe
Till he hath broke the Cord of Peace,
That *Girdle of the Whore.*
That we again may ſee that day.
In which we all may preach and pray.
And then I'le ask no more.

With

With what I ſpy'd an Image fair,
High mounted in his ſtately Chair.'
I think to mock the Pope.
Down Brethren to the Gallows gang;
Said I, he ſhall not burn, but hang.
Though I pay for the Rope.

Poor Robin's *Dream*: *Or the Viſions of Hell.*

WHen th' charming News had paſſed *Charing Croſs*, [Horſe.
And they depos'd that would diſmount that
The Senatours their hated patience forc't,
As *Thames* once for *Sempronia* ſtopt her courſe.
Like Boys that were juſt from a Vineyard ſcar'd,
All ſtood amaz'd, but ne'er a word was heard.
But when they found they were purſu'd by none,
But th' Maſter ſtood only to keep his own.
They then unto their wonted Paſſion flew,
And ſwore they'd prove thoſe Grapes to be [their due,
Next time they came they'd have their Maſter [too
I'th City. All their ſteady-Heads they toſt,
Like Wives at *Billingſgate*, when a good Bargain's loſt.

Ballads

Ballads of grief about the Town they ſent,
As if they loſt a Loyal Parliament.
Such clam'rous Conſternations, with ſafe Cryes,
Enough to tear great *Jove* down from the Skies.
None daring to confront thoſe Factious Athieſts,
Dreading the ſcand'lous Name they call *Church-*
[*Papiſts.*
Then I e'ne laid me down upon my Bed,
Where ſundry Contemplations ſeiz'd my troub-
[led Head.
In a trembling Trance I on a ſudden fell,
Wherein I ſaw that damned Den call'd *Hell.*
Where ten thouſand Sons, with Legions of black
[Fiends,
Of burning Reb. there they made their Skreens.
Old *Noll* and *Bradſhaw*, *Iretton* and *Pride*,
Burning like Beacons; on the other ſide.
Then perjur'd Rogues, drawn up in arched
Rings, (flaming Stings,
Their Tongues like Serpents, ſhew'd their
Thought I, is this the fruit of killing Kings?
When that Scene chang'd, methought I clearly
[ſaw,
A ſolemn *Conventicle* groan out yells of woe.
Their Hats pinn'd to their heads with fiery nails,
Their Ears drawn out as large as *Spaniſh* Frails.
Their Eyes like oval Lanthorns; glowing Rouls,
Or flaming *Flambois* from their treach'rous Souls.
Their Mouths unto their ugly Ears were drawn,
Spirits froth'd out, like poiſon'd, foul Frog-ſpawn.

Upon their Backs was writ in Blood, I ſee,
Damn'd for Rebellion and Hypocriſie.
'Mongſt this prodigious and confuſed Throng,
The Holder forth was called Dr. *Tonge*;
Who ſo excell'd, *Hugh Peters* being there,
That he was forc'd to fall into the Reer.
Till interpoſed by a Champion ſtout, [liſh Rout.
With flaming Sword made way through th' hel-

Bedlow.

And cry'd to Tongue *thou damn'd Orator,*
Thou art the cauſe of my Soul burning here.

Tonge.

Why what waſt thou when firſt I did thee know?
But one condemn'd for Robbery by the Law.

Bedlow.

Why what waſt thou poor Fool in Forty one?
But a poor Weaver juſt leapt from thy Loom.
Then ſtept into a Tub to preach Sedition,
And took'ſt the Covenant *for thy Commiſſion.*
Which thou purſu'd'ſt till all the Rump *was ruin'd,*
And Charles *return'd, and to his Right reſum'd.*
And then thou mad'ſt a Breech of thy own Mouth,
Sworſt back again, but never preached'ſt Truth,
And in thy Age, more treach'rous, than in youth:

Tonge.

That cannot be imputed Perjury,
To ſwear for thoſe that rule by Tyranny.
Or for any elſe, as Times may turn by fits,
That's but a Knack of living by ones Wits.

But

But I ne'er Rob'd upon the King's *High-way*,
Nor boasted on't unto my Friends next day.
Nor I ne'er feign'd my self to be a Lord,
Nor pilfer'd Coyn without the help of Sword,
Nor ne'er was proved perjur'd by Record.

Bedlow.

Thou damned Hell-hound, hast thou now forgot,
Who was so active in the Popish Plot?
'Twas Thou that patch't up our Depositions,
And then deliver'd them without Commissions.
Which thou madst him pretend he had dispersst,
Then thou thy self turn'd Tail and was releast.
Yet still thou didst persevere in thy Sin.
Taught Tony *and the rest to bring me in.*
To meet you at Cabals, *and* Foxes-Hall,
Where I receiv'd my Lessons from you all.
You taught me what to speak, who to impeach,
All Loyalists you brought within my reach.
Both Queen *and* Duke *I to the Block must bring,*
Nay—had I liv'd, I must have peacht the K—
Now who's the cause of my Soul's suffering?

Tonge.

All this I own was Truth, and ten times more,
But thy black Soul was damned long before.
Thou had'st committed Murther, Theft and Rape,
So 'twas impossible thy Soul shou'd 'scape.
For had'st thou liv'd till each true string had twang'd,
Thou then had'st surely been both damn'd and hang'd.

Bedlow.

Thou ſplay-mouth'd Fiend, I hold thy words in ſcorn,
Thou deſerv'dſt hanging long e're I was born.
Thou and thy Brother Baxter, *Spawns of Evil,*
Who kept your correſpondence with the Devil.
And ſpew'd your poyſon over Three brave Nations,
And brought in Oates *to all their Deſolations.*
The Devil taught you how to tutor Cooper,
And Belzebub *himſelf his Over-looker.*
One Paw upon the Tap holds in the Bung,
The other guides his tottering Head and Tongue.
And cryes, My Tony *thou ſhalt live to ſee*
England's *Deſtruction, and its Monarchy,*
And my chief Engine, Tony, *thou ſhalt be.*
And of all the Plots and Sham-p. thou art Father,
And all the Evidence thou'ſt patcht together;
For which Indulgence I'le inſpire thee ſtill,
And thus the Devil helps old Matchiavel.

Tonge.

Why? *Tony* was the cauſe of my Damnation,
It was his malice that enflam'd the Nation.
'Twas He, under pretence of doing good,
That ſqueez'd poor Innocents, and broach'd their [blood.
'Twas He that made his *Grace* a ſtalkiug Horſe,
And hid himſelf behind his pocky Arſe.
'Twas He that taught Tub-Preachers to ſeduce
The People, to chooſe Membes for their uſe.
Such as in the late Rebellion play'd their parts,
And now are downright *Rumpers* in their hearts.

To

To all the *Olivarians* that are living,
His damned Documents he is daily giving.
'Tis He that all the Rebels now controuls,
For fear they ſhould repent and ſave their Souls.
Or rather that they may come boldly on,
By force of Arms to end what he begun.
Or elſe his head muſt fly for what is paſt,
And's Tap muſt burſt, to ſhew his Soul is curſt.

Bedlow.

For Godfrey's *death, 'twas thou perſwadedſt me*
To come in Guilty; that black Perjury
Doth gnaw my Soul in theſe Infernal Flames,
That guiltleſs Blood cryes Vengeance through my veins,
And ſhowrs upon me in perpetual ſtreams.
I ſwore that of that murther I did know
A Man that in my life I never ſaw,
Yet three mens Lives I took by perjur'd Law.

Tonge.

Tony and *Godfrey*'s Brother that contriv'd,
To make the forged *Plot* the more believ'd.
The truth of which they never yet would tell,
Neither *Oates*, nor us that're now in Hell.
If e'er that ſtifled Murther be unvail'd,
Old *Tony*'s mouthing Gang will ſoon be quail'd.
And thoſe Cabals which daily now deviſe,
As th' old one dyes, to make new *Plots* to riſe.
They'l then diſperſe, leſt they all be trepann'd,
And their wiſe heads forſake their ſouls that's damn'd.

Bedlow.

Thou now ſpeak'ſt like a Subject when 'tis too late,
Or one that knew not what they would be at.
'Tis their ambition to be thrown in Goals,
'Twould raiſe the Rout if Habeas Corpus *fails.*
Then Tony *'l grieve, and prog about for Coin,*
T'encourage his poſſeſſed Herd of Swine.
Lurk in his hole to ſee' em ſtand Tail to Tail,
But ne'er come out, till he finds who'l prevail.

Tonge.

When he was young he never durſt to fight,
But in malicious miſchief took delight.
For when the Nation flow'd with Blood before,
Tony was always thirſting after more. [him,
How many thouſand Pound this *Plot* has coſt
To buy the bloods of thoſe that never croſt him?
When he has got poor Innocents condemn'd,
By his patch't Evidence, how eagerly he'l ſend
To thoſe that have moſt int'reſt in the Rout?
He'l hire them t'come to force the Priſoners
To ſee them ſacrifis'd before his Snout. [out,
Which they'l ſoon do, or elſe break down their
[hold;
For why are *Toney's* Cattle bought and ſold?
While they are butchering, old *Tony* ſtears,
For more ſuch Bargains ſmells with both his ears.
Toney hir'd *Arn*—for to cut's own Throat,
Arn—was cunning did but half the Joke.
Yet kept his Money and remain'd his Debter,
And promis'd him the Lives of ſome were better.

Tho'

Tho *Tony*'s ſides have ſeveral Teer of holes,
He luſts after Bodies as the Devil after Souls.
For if e'er this Trade of *Papiſt*-hanging's ended,
He'll bring in *Presbyter* and *Independent*.
Both *Care* and *Curtis*, *Smith* and pillor'd *Ben*,
After the beſt, he'l hang the worſt of men.
All that his Pate hath drawn in to ſupport him,
He'll hang them all, if Fate do ever thwart him.
Both Lords and Evidence that's now for him,
Nay perhaps his *Grace* who now he's making K.
Or thoſe who all this proſecution commence,
He can hang them with the ſame Evidence.
Should he have liv'd till ſuch a Change broke
To ſave himſelf he would have hang'd us both.
He's ſuch a Knave, and They ſuch ſilly Elves,
When he has a mind, he'l make 'em hang them-
Bedlow. [ſelves.

Heart, Blood and Wounds, would he have hang'd up
Oh that my Lady Mother did but know [Bedlow?
That curſed Cannibal? had I liv'd two years longer,
I'de have hang'd him that rotten damn'd Whore-
Let's out of Hell, the Porter we can bribe, [*monger.*
We'll bring him Tony's *Soul, or ſome of that*
[*damn'd Tribe.*

We'll tell the King *that* Tony *is the cauſe,*
Of all this Plotting, and ſubverting Laws.
That Tony *is ſo treacherous, and ſo apiſh,*
That he's the Head of all the plotting Papiſts.
For 'twas his Plot, and none but he contriv'd it,
And he's the Rogue that ever ſince reviv'd it.

Each Priſon round the Town he ſearches duly
For Evidence to recommend to Rowly.
But takes ſuch pains to teach each t'others Chapter,
As a man to make a Spaniel Dog a Setter.
Which muſt impeach Biſhop and Judges too,
And all that for the King *withſtand his Crew.*
The Courtiers he corrupts till they're diſcarded,
Then by his Tribe for him they muſt be guarded.
While he ſits at the Helm to guide Sedition,
All legal Laws he counts meer Superſtition.
He ſits environ'd round with Brother-Vipers,
Who imitates his Nods like Scotch *Bag-pipers.*
Pendent *and Biter, and Mare-frigging* Quaker,
Keep time, Tony, *that brave Law Bear-baiter.*
For he united them to ſtand together,
'Gainſt all that's Lawful, Loyal, or whatever
That's direct oppoſition to the Crown,
To pull the Biſhop and Monarchy down.
But he illuſtrates his grave Diſpute,
By quaint Objections, coyn'd againſt the Duke.
'Gainſt him his Briſtles hath long time ſtood
[*ſnarling,*
Yet cannot ſpit his Poyſon beyond Sterling,
Could he wrench out that Pillar of the State,
He thinks the reſt would fall in's hands by fate,
What a graceful Noll *old* Tony *then would*
[*make?*
Juſt like a Monkey he'd become the Throne.
His Court Buffoons and Pugs *of the ſame Spawn.*
Then Tony *would be ſure that all's his own.*

Could

Could he perſwade the King to ſell his Brother,
He'd never break his Brains to find another.
To keep Sedition and ſupport the State,
Tony *himſelf would be Legitimate.*
Let's give the King this Caution, for 'tis true.
That he in time may do what's beſt to do.

With that a thundring noiſe their Contract [broke,
The Den was darkn'd with infernal Smoke,
Horror of yells and groans the Spirits ſtrains,
Till on a ſudden all flaſht out in flames.
In which she Conventicklers ſprawling cry'd,
For all Eternity muſt this abide ? ['em,
With that a ſhower of Blood fell down upon
In which they ſpew'd & ſtunk like Reb. dam'em
For 'twas the blood of Innocents they'd drawn,
When they liv'd here, to make the K. their own.
Some of the Heads were hang'd up by the Tong.
The reſt the Devils pitch about with Prongues.
To make way for approaching great Proceſſion,
Which howl'd & roard without an Intermiſſion.
Their Tongues hung out with Froth like lathe- [ring Soap,
Theſe were the Rabble burning of the *Pope.*
'Mongſt whom were *Curtis*, *Harris*. *Smith* & *Care*,
The Scene was juſt like that at *Temple-bar.*
Both *Pope* and Pageants, *Jeffreys* and the Friers,
Of theſe that did ſupport them and the Rout,
But there they roar'd, & here they us'd to ſhout.

Both

Both Squibs and Crackers from their mouths did fly
'Gainſt Church and State, they belcht out Blaſphemy.
Their Skins were vail'd with City-Mercuries,
Seditious Libels *and their forged Lyes.*
Which taking fire at once made ſuch a ſmother,
Down fell the Pageants, Rout, and all together
Did ſprawl, and howl in that infernal Flame,
Then I awak'd, and all was but a Dream.

A *DIALOGUE* betwixt the *Devil* and the *Whigs*.

Now, Reader, tell me, if you can,
Which is the Devil, *who the* Man;
For if a Tekelite *be a* Turk,
They both *do* (All) *the Devils Work.*

Whigs.

WE have purſu'd thoſe *Plots* thou didſt [invent,
And made our *Parties* in a Parliament,
And to no purpoſe, what can we do more?
Thou let'ſt the *Tories* in, yet keep'ſt the Door.

Devil.

When ought doth not ſucceed, you firſt blame Me,
Amongſt your ſelves Ye never did agree:
Your Wiſe-falſe-Brethren *have undone your* Cauſe,
And from no Subjects, ſtav'd you to the Laws.

Whigs.

Whigs.

We know no Laws but thoſe our Selves do make
And Hanging ne're confeſs (All) for Thy ſake:
Thou know'ſt what we have done, and more [would do,
But deal'ſt with us, as Witches, and leav'ſt us ſo.

Devil.

My Power is to Incline, not to Compell,
You are the Miniſters to Act for Hell;
But do not ſend me thoſe I did expect,
Through your baſe Cowardiſe, or Fools neglect.

Whigs.

Can We do more than Thou; *We kill'd a KING.*
And his Beſt Subjects did to Judgement bring:
We ſent them hence, when they were under [Ground,
We thought all Fleſh, was in the Devil's Pound.

Devil.

You ſpeak as you believe, were it not ſo,
Thouſands of you might unto Heaven go;
But Your Aſſociation *with Me*
Will keep us Friends to all Eternity,
And never be reproach'd for Perjury.

Whig.

Thou the firſt Rebel, taught'ſt us to *Rebel,*
Surely Thou need'ſt no Company in Hell.
Thou ſhamd'ſt Us in Contriving of this *Plot,*
That GOD himſelf would overſee the Blot,
Becauſe that in his Name it was Begot.

Devil.

Devil.

There is a Bard as ſtrange as is his Name,
A Power you know not, who hath rais'd his Fame,
'Tis He, whoſe Wiſdom Countermin'd your Arts,
And on your ſelves return'd your poyſon'd Darts.

Whig.

That Devil *Obſervator*, Oh! 'tis He
We would not ſee (GOD) in His Company:
Our very Thoughts, He ſeem'd to know ſo well,
They were in Print, before they were known in Hell

Devil.

His Demon *circles Him, I cannot Kill,*
Nor Hurt him, ſo much as to ſhake his Quill,
He Writes ſuch Truths, *and Speaks ſuch* Sacred Things.

The Churches Champion, *and the* Guard of Kings.

Whig.

Though Thou *Confeſs*, Thou canſt not yet *Repent*
No more than We; Then down when we are ſent,
There curſe the *Fates*, who ſpin ſo long *his Thread*
That he will live, to ſee our Children Dead.

Devil.

Take Comfort yet, the Blood that You have ſpilt,
No more Age can paralel your Guilt.
I did corrupt the Mobile *of Heaven.*
You did the like on Earth; now We are even.

This Kindneſs I will do; Over my Furies,
I'll make You Preſidents, Judges, *or* Juries.

A Congratulatory Poem *to Sir* John More *Knight, Lord Mayor Elect of* London.

NO ſooner doth the Aged *Phenix* dye,
But kind indulging *Nature* gives *Supply*;
Sick of her *ſolitude* ſhe firſt retires,
And on her *Spicy Death-bed* then expires:
Thus unconcern'd, Sir *Patience* now declines
The *Sword*, and all his Dignities reſigns;
Next under *God* and *Royal Charles*, 'twas He
Defended perſecuted *Liberty*.
When the fierce fury of the *Romiſh Flood*
Broke out beyond its limits, He withſtood
The threatning *Deluge* of the angry *Main*,
And *forc'd* its beating Billows *back* again;
His circumſpection ſeaſonably reads
The dark Intrigues of vain projecting heads:
He cou'd all *Foreign Maladies* reſent,
And equally *Inteſtine Broils* prevent.
But now, as dying *Parents* firſt commend
Their *Iſſue* to th' *tuition* of a Friend,
And then, as if their chiefeſt care was paſt,
Pleas'd with the Settlement, they breath their laſt:
So he perceiving buſie *Date* appear,
That with a *Period* will cloſe his year,
Contentedly reſigns his dying Claim,
To the *Succeſſor* of his *Charge* and *Fame*;

One

One whoſe wiſe *Conduct* knows how to diſpence
Rigour to Guilt, and help to Innocence.
Here we the City's wiſe Reſults may ſcan,
Their very choice is *Metropolitan*;
So Univerſal their Elections are,
That *England* in the Happineſs doth ſhare.
On then great *Magiſtrate*, and, like the *Sun*,
Set with the ſplendid Glory you *begun*,
Diſperſe ſuch hovering *Clouds* as wou'd benight,
And *Interpoſe* themſelves 'twixt Us and *light*;
You boldly dare your noble Truſt atteſt,
Without a baſe perſwading Intereſt.
When pleaſing *Flattery* puts on her Charms,
To take with gentle *Arts* and ſoft *Alarms*,
Fixt with a gallant Reſolution, You
Uncaſe the *Hypocrite*, and bids adieu.
In this confus'd and ill digeſted State,
Where *Plots* new Plots, to *counter-plot*, create,
Truſting to Reaſons Conduct as your Guide,
You'l leave the threatning *Gulphs* on either *ſide*;
And then erect ſuch *Marks*, as may appear,
To caution others from a *Shipwrack* there.
'Tis now reſolv'd, the *Romaniſts* ſhall ſee
The mean Effects of all their Policy;
The Puritans will but expect in vain,
Their *Pious Frauds* will gull the Land again:
You, like a great *Columbus*, will find out
The hidden *Worlds* of deep *Intrigues* and *Doubt*,
Whilſt to your new *Diſcoveries* we give
Our thanks, ſuch worthleſs Preſents as we have.

England

England no more of Jealouſies ſhall know,
But *Halcyon* Peace ſhall *build*, and Plenty flow,
And the proud *Thames*, ſwell'd high, no more complains,
But ſmilingly looks on the peaceful Plains;
No angry *Tempeſt* then ſhall curl her Brow,
Glad to behold revived *Commerce* grow,
Whilſt emulous of your Example, We
Strive who ſhall moſt expreſs their Loyalty:
No Factions ſhall us from our *ſelves* divide,
More than the Sea, from all the *World* beſide,
But link'd together in one *Chain* of Love,
And with one *Spring* unanimous we'll move;
That, to our Foes regret, it may be ſaid,
We are again *One Body*, and *One Head*.

The Car-man's Poem; *Or*, Advice *to a Neſt of* Scriblers.

CAR-*men* turn *Poets* now, why may not I?
Then *Horſe*, and *Cart*, and *Whip*, ſtand you three by:
Nay, but I lack my *Whip* to laſh thoſe Cattel,
That by their *Scribling* bid the Kingdom Battel.
Wou'd I cou'd laſh you with ſuch mighty force,
As I have us'd to laſh my drudging Horſe.

It's

It's the dull Satyrs of this envious Age,
That puts my Fancy in ſo great a rage;
They ſwarm in ev'ry Street, in ev'ry Shop,
They are the Froth of ev'ry idle Fop.
He that has nought to do, takes Pen and Ink,
Calls for ſome Paper, and a Pot of Drink,
And then the Maggot works, and Noddle rings,
And they'l not ſpare the beſt of *Britiſh* Kings;
Malice, and Pride, and Drink are all agreed,
Then drive on, *Car-man*; but none cries, God ſpeed.
Their wicked Wit's on wheels, but why ſo faſt?
I am afraid you'l pay for this at laſt:
Your head-ſtrong Fancy muſt be curb'd e're long
The Judge will make you ſing another Song.
A King's a puny thing in your conceit;
And all by reaſon of a ſhallow Pate:
A Duke's a Trifle, and Queen's a Toy;
It's death to you to ſing out *Viv' le Roy*.
And a grave Biſhop, or a learned Dean,
You do abhor as much as King and Queen:
Judges are next to nothing in your eye,
So boldly from all Government you fly,
That with your dirty, frothy, hair-brain'd Pen,
You laſh your Kings, even like our Common men,
Touch not the Lords Anointed, it is ſaid;
But when with *Ale* and *Beer* you're muddy made
When with a little *Drink* your heads are warm,
You *touch the King*, and *do his Prophets harm*:

You

You rail, abuſe, contemn, deſpiſe and jeer,
You laſh them like your Horſes, without fear:
It matters not for Senſe, be they but Rhimes,
Then there is hopes they'l ſuit with theſe dull
[Times.
Away they run to *Smith*, and he corrects them;
That's a miſtake, he Prints, and he protects them:
From Friend to Friend they march about the
[Street,
And ev'ry un-Baptiz'd Brother's glad to ſee't:
Oh how they ſhrug their Elbows with delight,
To ſee ſuch dang'rous things appear in ſight:
He's wiſe that's bold, the fitteſt man for th'Times,
That dare preſume to write the worſt of Rhimes.
Hang Sence, that's out of faſhion, ſo is Reaſon;
Come let us ſee you write *Sedition*, *Treaſon*,
Move for a *Commonwealth*, cry down the King,
Another Royal Head to th' Block let's bring;
Rail at the Biſhops, and the Common-Prayer,
Abuſe the *Papiſts*, this is paſt compare:
Let us beat down all thoſe too Loyal Elves,
Then we may hope we ſhall ſet up our ſelves.
This is the Language of the Baptiſt Beaſt,
The heart of ev'ry *Presbyterian* Prieſt.
Did they but fear a God, they'd love a King,
They ſeldom Harp on ſuch a pleaſant String:
They make long Pray'rs your Houſes to devour,
They'l pray for half a day, and preach an hour;
They'l Faſt in earneſt; turn up th' white o'th' eys,
Even like a Paraketto to the Skies:

They'l walk demurely, chatter like a Saint,
Their Language is ſo zealous, ſmooth and quaint,
You wou'd not think that they cou'd act ought [ill.
Much leſs that they their Sover'ign Lord wou'd [kill.
Give them but pow'r, you'l find them greater [Cheaters,
Than old *Noll Cromwel*, or his Chaplain *Peters*.
What has our Law no limits for our words?
And ſhall our Pens cut like two-edg'd Swords,
And none regard them? ſhall our Libels ſwarm,
And will no Judge take notice of the harm?
Seditious Libels ſurely have a Charm, [Arm.
There's not one Judge that dare put forth his
Then let our Pamphlets ſwarm about the City,
Be deaf, and do not ſhew Conformiſts pity;
Satyr them unto death, the day's our own,
Our Judges now we find are weary grown:
Spare neither King nor Subject, let all ſhare
Alike that love the *Maſs* and *Common Prayer*:
Come, drive on, Car-man, ſet thy brains to work,
And write as if it were againſt the *Turk*. [Pen,
Puddle-dock Coach-man, hold thy Dung-Cart
Spurn not againſt ſuch great and pow'rful men;
They do but let you run to your wits end,
Now you muſt pay for what you wrote my [Friend.
Thou that didſt ſin againſt both Judge and King,
And ſtole the Honey, now muſt feel the Sting:

Thy

Thy Libels now are all upon the File,
That ſwarm like Hornets in a pleaſing Iſle.
Imprimis, anſwer thy *Tom Ticklefoot*,
I fear that that will put thee hardly to't:
Item, remember thy late *New-years-Gift*,
Thy Neck thou from this Nooſe canſt no way ſhift
Unleſs it from a twiſted Halter be,
Unto a wooden Nooſe call'd Pillory:
And thy late *Satyr* will not be forgotten,
When *Smith* and's *Anvil* are decay'd and rotten.
Judgement has Leaden heels, but without doubt
At the long run 'twill find the Rabble out:
Then woe be to ye, better you were choak'd,
Than deal with Judges that you have provok'd;
My life for yours they'l ſtick upon your Skirts,
And pay you home for all your Jeers and Flirts:
You and your hireling Scriblers will repent,
That their Time, and you your Money ſpent.
One witty *Jeffreys*, and a ſharp *Recorder*,
Will timely bring you all to better order:
A Pillory will tell us you were Rogues,
To write againſt a Judge ſo juſt as *Scroggs*,
Whoſe Worth and Judgment, Wit and Juſtice flies
With far more Fame, thanks to your Scribling Lies

The Laſt Will *and* Teſtament *of* Anthony King of *Poland.*

MY *Tap is run*; then *Raxter* tell me why
Should not the good, the great *Potapsky* [dye?
Grim *Death*, who lays us all upon our backs,
Inſtead of *Scythe* doth now advance his *Ax*:
And I, who all my life in broils have ſpent,
Intend at laſt to make a *Settlement.*
Imprimis, for my *Soul* (though I had thought
To 've left that *thing*, I never minded, out)
Some do adviſe, for fear of doing wrong,
To give it *him*, to whom it doth belong;
But I, who all *Mankind* have cheated, now
Intend likewiſe to cheat the *Devil* too:
Therefore I leave my *Soul* unto my *Son*,
For *he*, (as Wiſe men think,) as yet has *none.*
Then for my *Poliſh Crown*, that pretty thing,
Let *Mon*—— take't, who longs to be a *King*;
His *empty Head* ſoft Nature did deſign
For ſuch a *light* and *airy Crown* as mine.
With my *Eſtate*, I'll tell you how it ſtands,
Jack Ketch ought t'have my *Cloaths*, the *King* my *Lands.*
Item I leave the *damn'd Aſſociation*
To all the wiſe diſturbers of the Nation,

Not

Not that I think they'l gain their ends thereby,
But that they may be hang'd as well as I.

Armstrong (in *Murders*, and in *Whoring* skill'd,
Who twenty *Baſtards* gets for one *man kill'd*)
To thee I do bequeath my Brace of *Whores*,
Long kept to draw the humours from my *Sores*;
For you they'll ſerve as well as *Silver-Tap*,
For Women give, and ſometimes cure a Clap.

H—d my partner in Captivity,
Falſe to thy *God* and *King*, but true to Me,
To thee ſome *heinous Legacy* I'd give,
But that, I think, thou haſt not long to live;
Beſides thou'ſt wickedneſs enough in ſtore
To ſerve thy ſelf and twenty thouſand more.

To thee (young *G—y*) I'll ſome ſmall Toy preſent,
For you with any thing may be *content*,
Then take the *Knife* with which I cut my Corns,
'Twill ſerve to pare and *ſharp* your Lordſh. *Horns*,
That you may rampant *M—puſh* and *gore*
Till he ſhall leave your Houſe, and change his Whore.

On top of *Monument* let my *Head* ſtand
It ſelf a Monument, where firſt began
The *Flame* that has endanger'd all the Land.

But firſt to *Titus* let my *Ears* be thrown,
For he, 'tis thought, will ſhortly have his *own*.

I leave old *Baxter* my invenom'd *Teeth*
To *bite* and *poiſon* all the Biſhops with.

Item I leave my *Tongue* to wiſe Lord *N*—
To help him bring his *what-de-call-ums* forth,

'Twill make his Lordſhip utter *Treaſon* clear,
And he in time may ſpeak like *Noble Peer.*
My *Squinting Eyes* let *Ignoramus* wear,
That they may this way *look*, and that way *ſwear.*
Let the *Cits* take my *Noſe*, becauſe 'tis ſed,
That by the *Noſe* I them have always led;
But for their *Wives* I nothing now can ſpare,
For all my Live's time they have had their ſhare.
Let not my Quarters ſtand on City Gate,
Leſt they new *Sects* and *Factions* do create;
For certainly the *Presbyterian* Wenches
In Dirt will fall to *Idolize* my *Haunches*;
But, that I may to my old Friend be Civil,
Let ſome Witch make them Mummy for the *Dev.*
To good King *Charles* I leave (though faith, 'tis pity)
A pois'ned Nation, and deluded City,
Seditions, Clamours, Murmures, Jealouſies,
Falſe Oaths, Sham-Stories, and Religious Lies.
There's one thing ſtill, which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the Carcaſs of my *Plot*,
In a *Conſumption* the poor thing doth lie,
And when I'm gone, twill pine away and die.
Let *Jenkins* in a Tub my *worth* declare
And let my *Life* be writ by *Harry Care*;
And if my *Bowels* in the Earth find room,
Then let theſe *Lines be writ upon their Tomb.*

An Epitaph upon his Bowels.

YE *Mortal Whigs* for Death prepare,
For mighty Tapski's *Guts* lie here,
Will his great *Name* keep *ſweet*, d'y' think!
For certainly his *Intrals* ſtink.
Alas 'tis but a fooliſh pride
To *out-ſin* all mankind beſide,
When ſuch *Illuſtrious Garbage* muſt
Be mingled with the Common duſt.
Falſe Nature! That could thus *delude*
The Cheater of the Multitude;
That put his Toughts upon the Wing,
And egg'd him on to be a King,
See now to what an uſe She puts
His Noble great and little Guts.
Tapski, who was a man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uſes fit,
Though *Fiddle ſtrings* they might not be
(Becauſe he hated *Harmony*)
Yet for *Black puddings* they were good,
Their Maſter did delight in *Blood*:
Of this they ſhould have drank their fill
(King *Cyrus* did not fare ſo ill)
Poor Guts could this have been your hap
Sheriff *Bethel* might have got a ſnap,
But now at *York* his Guts muſt rumble,
Since you into a hole did tumble.

The Case is Alter'd now: *Or the Conversion of* Anthony *King of* Poland, *published for satisfaction of the Sanctified Brethren.*

EV'n as a *Lyon*, with his Paws up-rear'd,
As he would tear in pieces all the Herd:
So of late days, you *Whigs*, as Rampant were:
An honest *Tory* scarce to speak did dare.
Nay, it was almost an offensive thing;
The *Bell-man* scarce dar'd cry, *God save the King!*
Thou, my dear *Titus*, and the *Popish Plot*,
Did'st fire my Zeal, and make my Head so hot,
That then I whisper'd loud unto the Nation,
Now, now's the Nick of Time for *Reformation.*
You hufft and hector'd at a mighty rate,
When *Parliaments* of your own Mettle sate;
As if you had o're-grown the King and Laws,
And were beginning a New *Good Old Cause*;
But Remedy in Season did appear,
And stop't the Fury of your hot Carrear.
Thus for a while I danc'd to my own Pipe,
Till I was grown *Association* ripe.
But then *Addresses* from each County came,
And *Loyalty* did soon put out the Flame.
Then was the time, that *Tyburn* claim'd his due;
But had it not for want of such as You:

Yet

Yet it had ſome ſmall ſatisfaction giv'n,
By the deſerved Death of *Traitor Stephen.*
Cabals, and Factious Clubs ſo rife were grown,
And old Rebellious Seed ſo thick were ſown,
I hop'd e'er this the day would be my own.
In *Coffe Houſes* you did domineer,
Aud pratled *Treaſon* without Wit or Fear.
Reaſon and *Loyalty* you over-rul'd;
And ſettled Nations, whilſt your *Coffee* cool'd.
The point you argued with a ſurly Face;
And he that did not yield, and give you Place,
Was term'd by you a *Tory*, void of Grace.
One Houſe, one Town, one Kingdom ſcarce [could hold
Tory and *Whig*, Sir *Whig* was grown ſo bold.
For this Recital, Sirs, pray do not blame us,
We ne'er baulk't Juſtice by our *Ignoramus*.
No, no, you meant no Harm, I oft was told;
No more did your Rebelling Sires of old.
Thus, for a while, with Factious Rage you burn'd;
But, Heav'n be thank'd, the Scales at laſt are [turn'd:
The Wheel, at length, is mov'd a little round,
And its worſt Pieces loweſt to the Ground.
The State has found a way to cool our Feavors,
Quench our new Lights, and curb our ſtrong [Endeavours;
And we are taught Complyance with more eaſe,
To *What*, and *When*, and how the *King* ſhall pleaſe.

We

We to your Private Meetings now can come;
And ſeize your *Holder forth*, and ſend you home;
Meet You at *Guild-hall*, or elſewhere; and then,
Help You make Choice of Loyal Honeſt Men.
The Memory and Name of *Moor* be bleſt;
That Loyal Preſident for all the reſt.
Let *Faction* ceaſe, and *Loyalty* get Ground.
Till not one *Whig* be in the Nation found:
Then we'el rejoice, as in the Days of Yore,
And *Salamancka*'s ſhall be known no more.

The King of Poland's *Laſt Speech to his Countrey-men.*

I Know, you hope all once to be
Great Men of Note and Majeſty;
For this our now *Supremacy*
Is Nonſence.
Why ſhould one Man for ever ſway
A Scepter, (who's but made of Clay?)
Why may not we our ſelves obey
In Conſcience?
But now 'tis come, Alas, we ſee,
That all our Fame turns Infamy:
Ah! ſuch a thing is Policy
With *Tories*.

The

The buzzing Jealouſies and Fears,
Into the Peoples liſt'ning Ears,
For all thoſe many buſie years,
Are Stories.
Since in late *Plots* w'have gone aſtray,
'Tis time to look another way,
And not in ſuch a Caſe delay;
'Twill harm us.
No doubt, y'have heard of *Forty One*,
Of all the Prancks that then were done,
And of the happy Conqueſt won:
Let's arm us;
And play thoſe very Cards agen,
For all thoſe Antients were but Men;
Five *Iſraelites* may well beat ten
Philiſtines.
Let's cry Oppreſſion through the Town,
Oppreſſion of the *Court* and *Gown*,
And raiſe in Tumult, every Clown
To Liſtings.
We'll firſt expoſe the Laws to Shame,
And next the Loyal Part defame;
If Good or Bad, they'r all the ſame,
No odds make.
Yet let *Religion* be the Word,
To ſhade *Rebellion* and the *Sword*;
Then play the Divel under board,
For *God's ſake*.

Then

Then be not wanting in your Lies;
In Plots and Shams and Forgeries;
To blind the weak and gazing eyes,
With Fables.

But if you wou'd enjoy the Land,
Let the dark *Roman* joyn his Hand,
He Force and Councel can command
In Caballs.

Which though it ſeem as ſtrange as *Nile*,
'Tis Lawful to unite in Guile;
Our Intreſt's ne're the worſe that while,
But further.

For all their Principles are mine;
Their Tricks to guild a black Deſign;
Their Warrant's to unite and joyn
In Murther.

What if you were not born to Land,
Or to be Perſons in Command;
'Tis ne'er the worſe at ſecond Hand,
But faſhion.

Is it not baſe (a Curſe) to ſee,
When we ſhould live equally,
Such odds and ſuch Majority's
I'th' Nation.

And though we find no fault in State,
Or any other Potentate;
Yet thoſe great Names will raiſe debate,
And wrath, Sirs.

Since

Since then 'twill be ſo good a Feat,
Let's once (for all) the Work compleat:
For nothing elſe can make us Great,
In troth, Sirs,
My *Opticks* (Friends) almoſt can ſee
A new form'd Lump of Anarchy;
Whilſt under foot lies Monarchy,
And hated.

Methinks I ſee thoſe very Men,
I hate and envy once agen,
From many thouſands unto Ten,
Abated.

Ah! ſweet Revenge, and bold Ambition,
Infects both Us, and half the Nation;
The Cauſe of Wiſe *Aſſociation*
So lately:

And well't may plague us all, to ſee
Some, though no better Men than We,
To live in Pomp for Loyalty,
So ſtately.

I knew when once the *Good Old Cauſe*
Was nam'd aloud with great Applauſe:
Bleſt times for Liberty! no Laws,
To fright all:

Therefore if once it come to Teſt,
And we again with Lawrel bleſt,
The ſtronger ſide muſt be the beſt,
At *Whitehall.*

And

And if all Lords you chance to be,
Who knows what Hell deſigns for me?
We'l make our Lives one Jubilee,
And wonder.
So being out of Breath, and ſpent;
Alas, (ſaid he) *much more is meant.*
At laſt (with Pox) he hurrying went,
Like Thunder.

Fitz-Harris *his Farewel to the World: or a Traytors Juſt Revvard.*

FArewel great Villain, and unpitied Lye,
Inſtead of Tears drawn from a tender Eye;
Ten thouſand Traytors like *Fitz-Harris* dye.

Unhumane Monſter, to the World ingrate,
An Enemy to the King, the Church and State;
Had'ſt thou been ſtarv'd, 't had been too kind a
[Fate.

His Crimes were horrid, Infamous and baſe,
Deſerves a total extinct of his Race;
Baniſh his Name unto ſome diſmal place.

What's worſe than injuring Sacred Majeſty,
For which he ſuffered on the Fatal Tree;
May all Men ſuffer when Rob'd of Loyalry.

England

England may then be glad, with Triumph ſing,
When all her Foes are vaniſht with a ſtring;
The Golden Age from *Halcion*-days will ſpring.
[Gull,
Thoſe Wolves that Plot Proteſtant Lambs to
May Heaven obſtruct the Engines of their Scull;
Give them of *Tyburn*, good Lord, their Belly full.
[late,
Giddy-headed Youths, have been ſeduc'd of
Beyond their Wits, talk of the Affairs of State;
Obedience learn to avoid *Fitz-Harris* Fate.

Thoſe publick Libellers with Zeal and Heat,
With ſome unheard of Novelty daily treat;
If they write falſly, tie them from their Meat.
[vain,
Tell th'Ambitious, they 're Fools and ſtrive in
To undermine a Crown, King *Charles* will Raign:
To be true and honeſt is the ſafeſt Gain.

I hope to ſee Juſtice at *Tyburn* done,
If ſo, ſome hundreds may have cauſe to run;
Give them what they deſerve, their Thread is
[ſpun.
Bid proud Petitioners good Advice approve,
Make an Addreſs and in one Body move;
With all Humility t'gain their Prince's Love.

I'de ſooner loſe a Limb, from th' Monument
Endure the worſt of Torments till I dye; [fly,
Than willingly deſerve my King's diſpleaſing eye.

London

London, on thee all flouriſhing joys deſcend,
Heav'ns bleſs the Government and Governours
[to the end;
Unanimous to agree, your Soveraign to defend.

The Man that burnt *Diana*'s Temple down,
Did it on purpoſe a Villain to be Crown'd;
'Mongſt Rogues (Damn'd Rogues) he got Re-
[nown.
How many thouſands are there in the Nation,
Meer Knaves, but Saints in private Congregation;
Love *Monarchy*, with mental Reſervation.

The Gods rebuke the Error of the Age,
Let Moderation Tumultuous men aſſwage;
But hang all thoſe againſt their King engage.

Let all Diſſenting Brothers love the King,
To the Church Unite, 'tis a goodly thing;
With Brethren to agree, and with *Te Deum* ſing.
[and Peace.
Heav'ns bleſs his Majeſty, with Plenty, Joy
To all that love the King Heavens give increaſe;
Confound his Foes to pray I ne'er will ceaſe.

—Non eſt Lex juſtior ulla
Quam Necis Artificis, Arte perire ſua.

The laſt and trueſt Diſcovery of the Popiſh-Plot, *by* Rumſey, Weſt, *and other great Patriots of their Countrey.*

BUt Oh! This late Conſpiracy, ſo Dire
(*By Providence prevented by a FIRE,*)
No Age can parallel; ſo Black Deſign
The fierceſt Furies, (could not place a Mine,)
From their dark *Caves*, to give ſo great a blow,
And at one Burſt, *Three Kingdoms* overthrow!
Mercileſs Flames we'll now Innocent call,
Since *Fire's allarm* hath preſerv'd Us all;
Thrice happy *Fire of Providence*, whoſe Good
Was Bon-fire for the ſaving *Royal Blood*;
Heav'n forc'd their Safety, drove them from [that place,
That they might live to ſee a *longer Race*.
What deſperate deſpairing damned Crew
Would Fell the *Royal Oaks*, plant curſed *Yew*?
Did *Shaftsbury* deſcend into the Pit,
And *Pluto's Preſident of War* doth ſit?
Are *Sheriffs*, *Juries*, and his *perjur'd Slaves*,
All ſilent *Now*, as they were in their Graves?
No; Thou retain'ſt thy Counſel at the Bar,
And [*Good-enough*] to make a *Civil War*:
Tho thou canſt not return, haſt none to ſend?
Murder and *Treaſon* thou haſt left thy Friend:

Thy Breath, O *Britiſh Scylla*, ſtill remains,
Whoſe Poyſon ſtagnates your ill Livers Veins;
Thou damn'd *Achitophel*, counſeledſt a *Vote*,
If the KING dy'd, to cut the *Papiſts* Throat;
Nay, if a Houſe by accident was fir'd,
From *Them* muſt Reparation be requir'd.
Impoſture-Hypocrites invent a *Plot*,
Deceive the *Mobile*, and League the *Scot*,
Then Loyal Innocents they guilty bring;
Reſerve the Honour yet to *Kill the KING*.
The *Comets* blaze, and the Portents, you know,
Did ſignifie the Nations Overthrow;
And You the Miniſters of Fate muſt be,
The Hang-men-Murderers of ROYALTY.
No, Paracides, though you pervert the ſence,
Heaven is not pleas'd till you are hang'd from [hence:
The Stars diſcover your dark *Plots* below,
Your Malice would make Heav'n Guilty too:
Juſt like old *Satan*, when he did Rebel;
He once was good, You never; mend in Hell,
Since none but You could ever claim a Right
By horrid Murder to Eternal Night:
Had you ſucceeded, Oh what Seas of Blood
Had drown'd the World, and made a ſecond [Flood!
The Horrible Events no Man can think,
Blood-thirſty men, with drinking, thirſt for drink.
Nothing but Death can quench their Furious [Zeal;
No *Plot* nor *Parliament* his *Acts* repeal: Thoſe

Thoſe *Lies*, confirm'd by *Oaths* and *Impudence*,
Were once believ'd by Men of ſoundeſt ſence:
This the deciding *Plot* 'twixt Heav'n and Hell,
(Though you repent not) ſhall confeſs you fell;
Lucifer-like, you curs'd *Aſſociates* [*Fates.*
Thought your ſelves ſtrong enough againſt the
But Providence appears, the *Fiends* throw down,
And once again the *Royal Oak* does Crown:
How Guilt doth tremble now! How, hide and flie!
The Innocents ſtood ſtill, un-call'd, to die:
Down with your *Pillar*, there in Rubbiſh lie,
The Pyramid of Truth's above the Skie:
The Sacred Monuments of Wiſe and Good
Are waſh'd away from hence, like *Noah*'s Flood;
But true Tradition ſhall never die,
But Blooming ſtill to all Eternity,
Let all our Prayers, incens'd by true Zeal,
Defend us from Fanatick Commonweal.
Devils believe, and (when compell'd) confeſs,
Yet Devils ſtill; Our Criminals no leſs:
Not like true Penitents, confeſs all ſin,
They hide the worſt, the Devil's ſtill within;
What the *Scotch-Whig* dares not, theſe Rebels do,
Both Will and Act into Damnation go,
Whilſt we with Prayers, Offerings of Praiſe,
Send our Thankſgivings up for theſe paſt days:
Our days were almoſt ſpent; one minute more
Had made *Three Kingd.* like a *Common-Shore*,
Run down with *Royal Blood* of Purple Gore.

Infinite mercy, (wonderfully ſhown)
Preſerve the *Royal Blood* upon the Throne;
And that we may have Bleſſings, when we ſing,
Glory to GOD, *Peace, Health unto the* King.

Poems written by the Right Honourable Henry *Lord* Arundel *of* Warder, *and Count of the ſacred* Roman Empire, *whilſt Priſoner in the* Tower.

I.

A Valedition to the WORLD

HEnce all ye Viſions of the Worlds delight,
You treach'rous Dreams of our deluded ſence,
Paſſion too long hath ſeiz'd on Reaſons Right,
And play'd the Tyrant in her own defence:
Her flatt'ring Fancies hurri'd me about.
To ſeek content which I could ne'er find out.
If any pleaſure did ſlide o'er my ſence,
It left a mark of ſhame when it went thence.
And when poſſeſt, it reliſhed no more;
And I remain'd as Thirſty as before:
Thoſe pleaſant Charms that did my heart ſeduce
Seem'd great purſu'd, but leſs'ned in the Uſe;

And

And that falſe Flame that kindled my Deſire,
E'er I could Taſte, the Pleaſure did expire.
But *Reaſon* now ſhall re-poſſeſs her Throne,
And *Grace* reſtore what Nature had o'erthrown,
My Better *Genius* prompts me to declare
Againſt thoſe Follies, and to ſide with Her:
She tells me 'tis high time to ſtemm that Tide,
Whoſe Torrent doth us from our ſelves divide.
Thoſe Brutal Paſſions do un-man our Mind,
And rule, where Virtue had them Slaves deſign'd.
Such Uſurpation ſhall prevail no more,
I will to *Reaſon* her juſt Rights reſtore:
And make my Rebel Heart that Duty pay
To Her, which to my Sence was caſt away.
But this (*dear Lord*) muſt be Thy work, not mine,
Thy *Grace* muſt finiſh what I but deſign:
It is Thy Pow'r alone that firſt doth Move,
Then give Us Strength to Execute and Love.
For Nature hath by Cuſtom ſo prevail'd,
And ſuch Dominion o'er our Sence entail'd,
That we can never hope but by Thy Hand
To free our Captive Souls from her Command.
That fatal Liberty which for our Good
Thou gav'ſt us, was ill us'd, worſe underſtood.
Men made by Reaſon, not like Beaſts, t' obey,
Loſing that Reaſon, prove more Beaſts than they;
And ſure they loſe it, when they do diſpence
With their known Duty, to delight the Sence.
Since then thy Bounty doth my Heart inſpire,
Make me to Do, as well as to Deſire:

Set ſo my warring Heart from Paſſions free,
That it may ne'er love any thing but Thee.
By thy ſweet force my Stubborn heart incline
To quit my Conduct, and to follow Thine:
So ſhall my Soul by double Conqueſt prove,
Bought by thy Blood, and conquer'd by thy
[Love.

II.

Perſecution no Loſs.

WHat can we loſe for him, when all we have
Are but the Favours which his Bounty
[gave;
And which, when Loſſes force us to reſtore,
God only takes 'em for to give us more:
And by an happy Change doth kindly prove,
He takes our Fortunes but to give us Love.
How vainly ſhould that Beggar chide his Fate,
Who quits his Dung-hill for a Chair of State:
So fares it with us, when God doth diſplace
The Gifts of Fortune, for the Gifts of *Grace*.
God on Sufferings ſet ſo high Eſteem,
He that way choſe the loſt World to Redeem:
And when his Love and Nature were at ſtrife,
He valu'd more his Sufferings than his Life.
And ſhall Opinion have more pow'r to move
Than his Example, Doctrine, or his Love!
Love makes Afflictions pleaſing; to complain,
Leſſens our Merit, and augments the Pain.

Let's

Let's humbly then ſubmit to his Deſign,
And give that freely which we muſt reſign:
So ſhall our Loſſes prove the beſt Increaſe
Of future Glory, and our preſent Peace.
——*Which grant for thy Paſſion.*

III.

On thoſe Words of the Pſalm,
——*God chaſtiſeth whom he loveth.*

IF then the Earneſt of thy Favours be
Afflictions, good God, let 'em light on me.
I'll glory more in ſuch a kind Diſtreſs,
Than in all Comforts where thy Love is leſs.
And by my Miſery I'll make it known
In ſpite o'th World, how much I am Thy own;
No fruitful Show'r's ſhall by the thirſting Plant
Be kindlier entertain'd than Scorn and Want.
Or Loſs of Honour, Fortune or Delight
Shall be by me; That which did once affright,
And fill'd my troubled Mind with Care and Grief,
Shall be my future Comfort and Relief.
I never more will court a ſmiling Fate
Since he's ſo happy, that is deſolate.
Afflictions ſhall be pleaſing, ſince they come
Like friendly ſhow'rs to ſend us ſooner home.
And by thy love, ſuch Charms are in 'em found
As cure the Heart; which they intend to wound;
Such ſtrange Effects doth *Grace* in us produce
To change as well their Nature, as their Uſe.

IV.

Considerations before the Crucifix.

WHen I behold Thee on that Fatal Tree
(*Sweet Jesu*) Suffering, and that 'tis for me;
When I consider in that Purple Flood
My Sins ebb out, but with thy Life and Blood:
When I reflect how dear my Soul hath cost,
I'm mov'd to wish it rather had been lost;
For how can that Life please that doth destroy
The Life of him, by whom we Life enjoy.
And yet to wish thou hadst not suffer'd so,
Were to condemn thy Love and Wisdom too;
For if we joy in what thy Death hath brought,
We must allow the pains with which 'twas bought:
So both our Life and Death unitedly,
Nature's Life is to have her Maker die.
It is thy will (*dear Lord*) must be obey'd,
And in that Duty both these Debts are payd.
O let my Soul, in a due measure, find
A Joy becoming, and a mourning Mind;
A Joy in thy kind Will, ev'n whilst it made
Sun-shine in Nature by thy God-head's shade.
A grief to see the Torments Sin did merit,
And Man deserv'd, God should himself inherit,
That thus divided 'twixt thy Pain and Will,
We may resign with Joy, and yet grieve still.

Uniting

Uniting ſo theſe Trophies of thy Love,
That weeping here, we may rejoyce above.

V.

Upon the Pains of Hell.

O Reſtleſs Groans! O ſloathful Tears!
O vain Deſires of fruitleſs Tears!
One timely Sigh had eas'd that Flame,
Which Millions now do ſeek in vain;
Eternal Penance now's thy Fate,
For having wept and ſigh'd too late:
That ſhort remorſe that thou didſt flie,
Is chang'd into Eternity;
Neglected Mercy hath no room,
When Juſtice once has fixt his Doom.
Prevent them timely by thy Care,
That endleſs Penance of Deſpair;
Then weep betimes, your Tears here may
Turn Night into Eternal Day;
It's only they have power to move,
And turn God's Bleſſing into Love;
If by the Virtue of his *Grace*,
Thou ſheweſt them a proper place;
Which grant we may for Chriſt's ſake.

Majeſty

Majesty in Misery: *Or an Imploration to the* KING *of Kings; Written by His late Majesty King* CHARLES *the First in his durance at* Carisbroke *Castle*, 1648.

GReat Monarch *of the World, from whose Arm springs*
The Potency and Power of Kings,
Record the Royal Woe, *My Sufferings,*

And teach my Tongue that ever did confine
Its Faculties in Truth's *Seraphick Line,*
To track the Treasons *of Thy Foes and Mine.*

Nature and Law by Thy Divine Decree,
(The only Work of Righteous Loyalty,)
With this dim Diadem *invested Me.*

With it the sacred Scepter, *purple* Robe,
Thy holy Unction, *and the Royal* Globe,
Yet I am levell'd with the Life of Job.

The fiercest Furies that do daily tread,
Upon My Grief, My Gray Discrowned Head,
Are those that owe My Bounty *for their* Bread.

They

They raiſe a War, *and Chriſten It the* CAUSE,
Whilſt Sacrilegious Perſons *have Applauſe*,
Plunder *and* Murther *are the Kingdom's* Laws.

Tyranny *bears the Title of* Taxation,
Revenge *and* Robery *are* Reformation.
Oppreſſion *gains the name of* Sequeſtration.

My Loyal Subject, *who in this bad Seaſon*
Attended me, (*by the Law of God and Reaſon*)
They dare Impeach, and puniſh for High-Treaſon.

Next at the Clergy *do their Furies frown*,
Pious Epiſcopacy *muſt go down*,
They will deſtroy the Crozier *and the* Crown.
Church-men *are chain'd*, *and* Shiſmaticks *are* [*freed*,
Mechanicks *preach*, *and* Holy Fathers *bleed*,
The Crown *is crucified with the* Creed.

The Church of England *does all* Faction *foſter*,
The Pulpit *is uſurpt by each* Impoſter,
Ex tempore *excludes the* Pater Noſter.

The Presbyter *and* Independent's *Seed*,
Springs from broad blades to make Religion *bleed*,
Herod *and* Pontius Pilate *are agreed*.

The Corner Stone's *miſplac'd by every Pavier*,
With ſuch a bloody Method and Behaviour,
Their Anceſtors did crucifie our Saviour. My

My Royal Conſort *from whoſe Fruitful Womb,*
So many Princes *legally have come,*
Is forc'd in Pilgrimage *to ſeek a Tomb.*

Great Britain's *Heir is forced into* France,
Whilſt on his Father's *Head his Foes advance,*
Poor Child! *He weeps out his Inheritance.*

With My own Power My Majeſty *they wound,*
In the King's Name the King *Himſelf's uncrownd,*
So doth the Duſt deſtroy the Diamond.

With Propoſitions *daily they inchant,*
My Peoples Ears, ſuch as due Reaſon daunt,
And the Almighty will not let Me grant.

They promiſe to erect My Royal Stem,
To make Me Great, t'advance my Diadem,
If I will firſt fall down and Worſhip Them.

But for Refuſal *they devour My* Thrones,
Diſtreſs My Children, *and deſtroy My* Bones,
I fear they'll force Me to make Bread *of* Stones.

My Life *they prize at ſuch a ſlender Rate,*
That in My Abſence they draw Bills of Hate,
To prove the KING *a Traitor to the* State.

Felons attain more Priviledge *than I,*
They are allow'd to Anſwer *e'er they dye;*
'Tis Death to Me *to ask the Reaſon why.* *But*

But Sacred Saviour, *with Thy Words I woo*
Thee to forgive, *and not be bitter to*
Such as Thou know'ſt do not know what they do.

For ſince they from the LORD are ſo disjoynted,
As to contemn the Edict He appointed,
How can they prize the Power of his Anointed?

Augment My Patience, *nullifie My* Hate,
Preſerve My Iſſue, *and inſpire My* Mate,
Tet though We periſh, bleſs this Church *and* State.

Vota dabunt quæ Bella negarunt.

Interrogatories: *Or a Dialogue between WHIG and TORY.*

Whig. WHat is term'd Popery?
Tory. To Depoſe a King.
W. What's true Presbytery?
T. To Act the Thing.
W. What's our beſt way to thorough Reforma-[tion?
T. By Lies and Fables to embroil the Nation.
W. Of Sin, what's greateſt? *T.* Perjury.
W. What then of *Perjuries* the worſt?
T. By Hired Men.
W. What

W. What *Hired Perjury* doth God moſt abhorr?
T. That which *Religion* feigns *pretences* for,
W. When doth this Crime portend a Kingdom's
T. When countenanc'd 'tis Epidemical. [*Fall*?

W. What follows from degrading a *Succeſſor*?
T. A Right of next *Dethroning* a *Poſſeſſor*.
W. When ſhall free Subjects be no more oppreſt?
T. When once they know what 'tis they'd have [redreſt.
W. When ſhall ſweet *Concord* our loſt *Peace* re- [pair?
T. When *Covenant* agrees with *Common Prayer*.
W. When ſhall the *Brethren* ceaſe to groan?
T. When *Eighty Two* returns to *Forty One*. [thing?
W. Of all Mankind, what's the moſt Injur'd
T. 'Tis a *French* Subject, or—— (*God ſave King*.

On the Relief of Vienna, *a Hymn for the True-Proteſtants.*

RE Enown'd be *Chriſtian* Arm,
The *Turkiſh Whigs* be damn'd,
And louſie *Holwel* in their Head,
Who our *blue Saints* has ſhamm'd.

II.

II.

These are your *precious Rogues!*
Rather than not Rebel
Against their Lawful Prince, and God,
They'l joyn the *Devil of Hell.*

III.

These are your *True-blue-men,*
Who *Persecution* cry,
When *They,* with *Julian* their old Friend,
The *Christian God* defie!

IV.

But he has found an Arm
To do the Royal Work,
And vindicate Himself, against
True-Protestant and *Turk.*

V.

'Twas a true *Christian Prince*
That made him know His pleasure,
And taught the Villains what is due
Both to their *GOD* and *CESAR.*

VI.

God bless our good King *CHARLES.*
And *JAMES,* His own dear Brother;
And may they both live long, live long,
To Sucour one another.

VII.

God bless the King of *Poland* too,
And every *Christian KING;*
The *Name* is sacred; Hang the Dogs
Who do not love the Thing.

A Narrative of the Popiſh Plot, *ſhewing the cunning Contrivance thereof.*

The Contents of the Firſt Part.

How Sir Godfrey *is kill'd, his Body they hide,*
Which brought out in Chair, *a* Horſeback *does ride,*
How Jeſuits *diſguis'd our Houſes do fire;*
How ſubtly they Plot, & the King's death conſpire;
Of divers great Lords drawn in to their Bane,
An Iriſh *Army, and Pilgrims from* Spain.

I.

GOod People I pray, give ear unto me,
A Story ſo ſtrange you have never been told
How the *Jeſuit*, *Devil*, and *Pope* did agree
Our *State* to deſtroy, and *Religion* ſo old:
To *murder* our *King*,
A moſt horrible thing!
But firſt of Sir *Godfrey* of his Death I muſt ſing;
For how e'er they diſguis'd, we plainly can ſee,
Who murder'd that *Knight*, no good *Chriſtian* could be.
The truth of my ſtory if any man doubt,
W'have witneſſes ready to ſwear it all out.

II.

At *Somerſet-houſe*, there is plain to be ſeen
A *Gate* which will lead you into the *back-Court*;
This

This *place* for the *Murder* moſt fitting did ſeem,
For thither much People be freely reſort:
His *Body* they toſs'd
From Pillar to Poſt,
And ſhifted ſo often, t'had like t'have been loſt;
To watch with *dark lanthorns* the *Jeſuits* did go,
But no ways diſtruſted our honeſt *Bedlow*.
The truth of my Story, &c,

III.

Leſt ſuch cloſe Contrivements at length ſhould [take air,
When as his dead *Body* corrupted did grow,
They quickly did find an inviſible *Chair*,
And ſet him on *Horſe-back* to ride at *So-hoe*:
His *own Sword* to th'Hilt,
To add to their Guilt, [*ſpilt*;
They thruſt through his *Body*, but no *Blood was*
T'have it thought he was kill'd by a *Thief* they [d d mean,
So they left all's *Money*, *and made his Shoes clean*
The truth of my ſtory, &c.

IV.

To ſhew now th'exceſs of *Jeſuitical Rage*,
They this *Loyal City* to ruin would bring,
'Cauſe you *Citizens* are ſo *religious* and *ſage*,
And ever much noted as true to your *King*:
T'your *Houſes* they go
With *Fire* and with *Tow*,
Then *pilfer* your *Goods*, and 'tis well you 'ſcape ſo;

Y'have seen how they once set the *Town* all in
[*flame*;
Yet 'tis their best *Refuge*, if we believe *Fame*.
The truth of my Story. &c.

V.

By *Bedlow's Narration* is thown you most clear,
How *Jesuits* disguis'd into Houses will creep;
In a *Porter's* or *Carman's* Frock they appear,
Nay, will not disdain to cry *Chimney sweep*;
Or sell you *Small-Cole*,
Then drop in some hole
A *Fir-ball*, or thrust it up by a long *Pole*.
But I now must relate a more tragical thing;
How these *Villains* conspir'd to *murder* our *King*.

VI.

[*sult*,
At the' *White-horse* in *April* was their main *Con-*
Where a *Writing* these Plotters wickedly frame;
The *Death* of our *Sov'reign* was the result,
To which at least Forty all signed their Name:
They would not do that
In the place where they sat,
Trusty *Oats* must convey't from this man to that;
To make sure work, by *Poison* the deed must
[be done,
By a *long Dagger*, and *shot from a Gun*.
The truth, &c.

VII.

For fear at St. *Omers* their *Oats* might be miss'd,
They agreed with a *Devil* t'appear in his place,

In

In a Body of Air, (believe if you liſt)
Which lookt juſt like *Oats*, and mov'd with the ſame grace;
'Tcou'd Plot, it cou'd Cant,
Turn eyes like a Saint,
And of our great *Doctor* no feature did want:
Thus hundred did ſwear they ſaw *Oates* ev'ry day.
But true *Oates* was here, and the *Devil* ſaw they.
The truth, &c.

VIII.

From Father *Oliva* Commiſſions did come,
To raiſe a great Army much Treaſure is ſpent;
The *Old Man* did once think to take Poſt from *Rome*,
For to ride at the Head of them was his intent;
But *Bellas'* was fit
(Who can deny it?) permit;
To command in his place, when his *Gout* wou'd
Lord *Stafford* was proper'ſt to truſt with their pay,
Old *Ratcliff* to range them in Battel-Array.
The truth, &c.

IX.

Th' *High-Treaſurers* place the Lord *Powis* did please,
(Men of *deſp'rate Fortunes* oft venture too far;)
Lord *Peters* would hazard *Eſtate*, and his *Eaſe*,
And *Life* for the *Pope* too, in this holy War;
Lord *Ar'ndel*, of old
So war-like and bold,
Made choice of a *Chancellors Gown* we are told;

All these did conspire with the Lord *Castlemain*,
Who now his good Dutchess will ne'r catch [again.
The truth of my Story, &c.

X.

Great store of wild *Irish*, both civil and wise,
Designed to joyn with the Pilgrims of *Spain*,
Many thousands being ready all in good guise,
Had vow'd a long Pilgrimage over the Main:
To arm well this Host
When it came on our Coast,
Black Bills forty thousand are sent by the Post,
This *Army* lay privately on the Sea-shore,
And no man e'er heard of 'em since or before.
The truth, &c.

The Second Part.

I. [hear,

THe *Plot* being thus subtly contriv'd, as you
To God knows how many this *Secret* th' impart; [fear;
Some famous for *Cheats*, yet their faith they don't
To tie a *Knave* fast they had found a new Art:
They swore on a Book,
And *Sacrament* took; [look,
But you'l find if into their grave *Authors* you
To forswear's no sin (as the *Recorder* well notes)
Nor *Treason*, *Rebellion*, nor *cutting of throats*.
The truth, &c.

II.

II.

Still blinded by Zeal, and inveigl'd by Hope,
Store of Arms they provide for Fight and De-
[fence;
The *Lords* muſt command as *Vice-roys* of the *Pope*
And all over *England* they raiſe *Peter-pence*:
Their *Letters* they ſend
By *Bedlow* their Friend,
Or elſe by the *Poſt*, to ſhew what they intend;
Some hundreds *Oats* ſaw, which the *Jeſuits* did
[write,
'Tis a wonder not one of them e'er came to light.
The truth, &c.

III.

Pounds two hundred thouſand they to *Ireland*
[ſent,
Fifteen thouſand to *Wakem.* for Potions & Pills.
Forty thouſand in *Fire-works* we gueſs that they
[ſpent,
And at leaſt ten thouſand for the foreſaid *Black*
Fifteen hundred more [*Bill's*;
Grove ſhou'd have, they ſwore,
Four *Gentleman Ruffians* deſerv'd Fourſcore;
Pious *Pickering* they knew was of *Maſſes* more
[fond,
And for thirty thouſand they gave him a Bond.
The truth, &c.

IV.

Theſe two, to kill the *King* by promiſes won,
Had now watch'd for ſome years in St. *James's*
Park.

And *Pickering* (who nver yet *ſhot off a Gun*)
Was about to take aim, for he had a fair mark:
Juſt going to begin't,
He *miſſed his Flint*,
And look in *Pan*, there is no Powder in't;
For which he their Pardon did humbly beſeech,
Yet had *thirty good laſhes* upon his bare Breech.
The truth, &c.

V.

But a ſadder miſchance to the *Plot* did befall,
For *Oates* their main *Engine* fail'd, when it came
No marvel indeed if he cozen'd them all, to't;
Who turn'd him a *begging*, and *beat* him to boot.
He wheeling about,
The whole Party did rout.
And from lurking holes did ferret them out,
Till running himſelf blind, he *none of them knew*,
And fainting at *Councel*, he could not ſwear true.
The truth, &c.

VI.

To ſtrengthen our *Dr.* brave *Bedlow's* brought in,
A more *credible Witneſs* was not above ground;
He vows and proteſts, whate'er he had been,
He wou'd not ſwear falſe now for *five hundred pound*:
And why ſhould we fear
They *falſly* would ſwear,
To damn their own *Souls* and loſe by it here;
For *Oates*, who before had no peny in Purſe,
Diſcov'ring the Plot, was 7 *hundred pound wotſe*.
The truth, &c.

VII.

VII.

Two *Witneſſes* more were let looſe from the [*Jayl*,
Though *One*, 'tis confeſt, did *run back from his* [*word*;
(In danger of life a good man may be frail)
And th' *Other* they ſlander for *cheating his Lord*:
T'each one of theſe men
The *Jeſuits* brought ten, [then
To diſprove 'em in time and in place, but what
One Circumſtance lately was ſworn moſt clear,
By a Man who in hopes has *four hundred a year*.
The truth, &c.

VIII.

Beſides 'twas oft urg'd, We muſt always ſuppoſe,
To murder the *King* a great *Plot* there has been;
And who to contrive it ſo likely as thoſe
Who *Murders* and *Treaſons* do hold for no ſin?
Things being thus plain,
To plead was in vain,
The Jury inſtructed again and again, [done,
Did find them all *Guilty*, and to ſhew 'twas well
The People gave a *Shout* for Victory won.
The truth, &c.

IX.

'Tis ſtrange how theſe *Jeſuits*, ſo ſubtle and wiſe,
Should all by the *Pope* be ſo baſely trepann'd,
To hang with much comfort when he ſhall ad-
And go to the *Devil* too at his command. [viſe,
He may give them leave
To *lye* and *deceive*;

But what when the *Rope* does of Life them be-
[reave?
Can his *Holineſs*, think you, diſpenſe with that
Or by his *Indulgence* raiſe them again? [pain,
The truth, &c.

X.

Yet, like Mad-men of Life a Contempt they ex-
[preſs,
And of their own happineſs careleſs appear;
For Life or for Money not one wou'd confeſs,
They'd rather be *Damn'd*, than be *Rich* and live
[here.
But ſurely they rav'd,
When *God* they out-brav'd,
[ſav'd,
And thought to renounce him the way to be
And with *Lies* in their mouths go to *Heav'n* in a
[ſtring:
So proſper all Traytors, and *God ſave the King*.
The truth of my Story if any one doubt,
We have Witneſſes ready to ſwear it all out.

Concordat cum Recordo Cl. Par.

The third Part.

Written by a Lady of Quality.

The Plot *is vaniſh'd like to a baſhful Sprite,*
Which with falſe flaſhes, Fools could only fright.
The wiſe, (whoſe clearer Souls can penetrate,)
Find's ſhadows drawn before Intrigues of State.
God bleſs our King, *the* Church, *and* Nation *too,*
Whilſt perjur'd Villains have what is their due.

I.

THe *Presbyter* has been ſo active of late,
To twiſt himſelf into the Myſter. of State,
Giving Birth to a *Plot* to amuſe the dark World,
'Till into Confuſion three Kingdoms are hurl'd;
It is ſo long ſince,
He *Murther'd his Prince*,
That the unwary Rabble he hopes to convince,
With Jingling words that bears little ſence,
Deluding them with *Religious* pretence.

II.

Their Scribling Poet is ſuch a dull Sot,
To blame the poor Devil for hatching the Plot;
The Murther o'th' King, with many things more,
He falſly would put on the *Jeſuits* ſcore:
When all that have Eyes,
Be they fooliſh, or wiſe,

May

May ſee the ſly *Presbyter* through his diſguiſe;
Their brethren in *Scotland* has made it well [known,
By Murthering their *Biſhop* what ſins are their own.

III.

The Poet, whoſe ſences are ſomewhat decay'd,
Takes *Joan* for a Jeſuit in Maſquerade:
His Muſe ran ſo faſt, ſhe ne'er look'd behind her,
Or elſe to a Woman ſhe would have prov'd kin-der.
His fury's ſo hot, [der.
To Hunt out the Plot,
That fain he would find it where it is not,
Although I've expos'd it to all that are wiſe,
He has ſtifled his Reaſon, and blinded his Eyes.

IIII.

An old *Ignis fatuus*, who leads men aſtray,
And leaves them i'th the Ditch yet ſtill keeps his way,
In politique head firſt framed this Plot,
From whence it deſcended to Presbyter Scot,
Who quickly took Fire,
And aſſoon did expire,
Having grave factious fools their zeal to admire;
Who for the ſame cauſe would freely fly out,
But Plotting's more ſafer to bring it about.

V.

Here's one for Religion is ready to fight, [right;
That believes not in Chriſt, yet ſwear's he's i'th
If our Engliſh Church (as he ſays,) be a Whore,
We're ſure 'twas *Jack Presbyter* did her deflowr;

He'd

He'd fain pull her down,
As well as the Crown,
And proſtitute her to every dull Clown;
To bring in Religion that's fit for the Rabble,
Whilſt Atheiſm ſerves himſelf that's more able.

VI.

A Peſtilent Peer of a levelling Spirit,
Who only the Sins of his Sire doth inherit;
With an unſteady mind, and Chymerical brain,
Which his broken Fortune doth weakly ſuſtain,
He lodg'd i' th' City
Like Alderman brave,
Being fed up with *Faction* to which he's a ſlave;
He never durſt fight, but once for his Whore,
Which his feeble Courage attempted no more.

VII.

Another with Preaching and Praying wore out,
Inſpir'd by th' Covenant is grown very ſtout;
Th'old *Cauſe* to revive it is his deſign,
Though the fabrick of Monarchy he undermine:
He tortur'd his Pate,
Both early and late,
I'th'Tower, where this Miſchief he hop'd to cre-[ate;
But to Countrey dwelling he now doth retire,
To Preach to Domeſticks whilſt they do admire.

VIII.

Another with Head both empty and light,
For the good *Old Cauſe* is willing to fight;

I'th'

I'th' Choice of fit Members for th' next Parlia-
[ment,
He ſpit out his zeal to the Rabbles content,
Whilſt his wife in great State
Choſe a Duke for her Mate, [create
For whoſe ſake a Combuſtion he needs would
For ſince his Indulgence allows her a Friend,
He'd make him as great as his Wiſh can extend.

IX.

There's one whoſe fierce Courage is fal'n to de-
[cay
(At *Geneva* inſpir'd,) he's much led away;
He would ſet up a Cypher inſtead of a *King*:
From *Presbyter* zeal ſuch folly doth ſpring.
He once did betray,
A whole Town in a day;
And ſince did at Sea fly fairly away:
He had better ſpin out the reſt of his Thread,
In making Pot-Guns, which diſturb not his Head.

X.

Some others, of Fortunes both diſperſt and Low,
With big ſwelling Titles do's make a great ſhow;
A flexible Prince they would willingly have,
That to *Presbyter* Subjects ſhould be a meer
[ſlav;
They'd ſet him on's Throne,
To tumble him down,
They ſcorn to ſubmit to Scepter and Crown;
And into Confuſion, or *Commonwealth* turn,
A People that haſtens to be undone.

If

If ſuch buſy heads that would us confound,
Were all advanc'd high, or plac'd under ground;
W'd honour our King, and live at our eaſe,
And make the dull *Presbyter* do what we pleaſe,
Who has cheated our Eyes,
With borrow'd diſguiſe,
Till of all our Reaſon they'd taken Exciſe;
But let's from their ſlavery ſtrive to be free,
And no People can e'er be ſo happy as we.

Upon the Popiſh PLOT.

Written by a Lady of Quality.

Whether you will like my Song, or like it not,
It is the down fall of the Popiſh Plot:
With Characters of Plotters *here I ſing,*
Who would deſtroy our good and gracious King:
Whom God preſerve and give us cauſe to hope
His Foes will be rewarded with a Rope.

I.

SInce Counterfeit Plots has affected this Age.
Being acted by Fools, and contriv'd by the [Sage:
In City, nor Suburbs, no man can be found,
But frighted with Fire-balls, their heads turned round.

From

From Pulpit to Pot
They talk'd of a Plot, [turn'd Sot:
Till their Brains were enſlav'd, and each man
But let's to Reaſon and Juſtice repair,
And this Popiſh Bugbear will fly into Air.

II.

A Politick States-man, of Body unſound,
Who once in a Tree with the Rabble ſet round
Run Monarchy down with Fanatick Rage,
And preach'd up Rebellion i'that credulous age;
He now is at work,
With the Devil and *Turk*,
Pretending a Plot, under which he doth lurk,
To humble the Mitre, while he ſquints at the [Crown;
Till fairly and ſquarely he pulls them both down,

III. [Devil,

He had found out an Inſtrument fit for the
Whoſe mind had been train'd up to all that was [Evil:
His Fortune ſunk low, and deteſted by many;
Kick't out at St. *Omers*, not pity'd by any.
Some Whiſperers fix'd him
Upon this Deſign, [mine:
And with promis'd Reward did him counter-
Though his Tale was ill told, it ſerv'd to give fire;
Deſpis'd by the wiſe, whilſt fools did admire.

IV.

The next that appear'd, was a Fool-hardy Knave,
Who had ply'd the High-ways, and to Vice was a Slave.

Being

Being fed out of Bask in Priſon forlorn,
No wonder that Money ſhould make him for-
He boldly dares ſwear, [ſworn.
What men tremble to hear;
And learns a falſe Leſſon without any fear:
For when he is out, there's one that's in's place,
Relieves his invention and quickens his Pace.

V.

In a Country Priſon another was found,
Who had cheated his Lord of One 1000 pound;
He was free'd from's Fetters to ſwear and inform,
Which very courageouſly he did perform.
To avoid future ſtrife,
He takes away Life,
To ſave poor Proteſtants from Popiſh Knife;
Which only has Edge to cut a Rogues Ears,
For abuſing the People with needleſs fears.

VI.

Another ſtarts up and tells a falſe Tale, [frail:
Which ſtraight he rovoked his Courage being
But to fortifie one that needeth his aid,
Being tempted with Money, which much doth
He ſwore he knew all [perſwade;
That contrived the fall,
Of one, who that day was ſeen near to *Whitehall:*
Where he by the Treaſurers powerful Breath,
More likely by far received his Death.

VII.

A Gown-man moſt grave with Fanatical form,
With his ſcribbling wit doth blow up this ſtorm:
For

For Moth-eaten Records he worſhips the Devil,
Being now lodg'd at Court he muſt become civil.
He hunts all about,
And makes a great Rout,
To find ſome old Prophecy to help him out:
But his friend that was hous'd with him at *Fox-*
[*hall*,
Being joyn'd with his Maſter ſtill ſtrengthens
[em all

VIII.

Then comes a crack'd Merchant with his ſhallow
[Brain,
Who firſt did lead up his ſtigmatiz'd Train:
He ſince is grown uſeleſs, his Skill being ſmall,
Yet at a dead lift, he's ſtill at their call.
He has peſter'd the Preſs,
In ridiculous dreſs,
In this ſcribling Age he could not do leſs:
But to ſo little purpoſe as plainly appears.
With pen he had as good ſate picking his Ears.

IX.

To end with a Prayer, as now 'tis my Lot,
Confounded be Plotters, with their Popiſh Plot:
God bleſs and preſerve our gracious good King,
That he may ne'er feel the *Presbyters* ſting:
As they brought his Father
With rage to the Block,
So would they extirpate all the whole Stock:
But with their falſe Plots I hope they will end
At *Tyburn*, where the Rabble will ſurely attend.

The

The great Despair of the London-Whigs *for the Loss of the* Charter.

THen is our *Charter* (*Polexfin*) quite lost?
Is there no Aid from the new fainted *Post*?
Are our *Sham-plots* and *Perjuries* all in vain?
If not, we'll summon *Patience* back again.
Saints Prayers to Heaven w'have found will not [prevail,
But more propitious Hell will never fail.
Then let Almighty *TITUS* (for you know)
He needs must be a *Magick Doctor* too,
For how do you think at *Salamancha* he
Could take such an *Invisible Degree*,
Unknown to all the University.
Let him raise up the once great *Tapski*'s Ghost,
With his Retinue, all that num'rous Host
Of brave *Heroick Spirits*, who could dye
For *Treason*, and *Rebellion* justifie; [Laws,
Amongst those, *Steven* condemn'd by wicked
The *Proto-Martyr* for the last *Good CAUSE*.
Advance you brave Arch-Trait. from the Grave,
Who made Slaves Princes, and your Prince a [Slave.
Bradshaw and *Cromwel*, those two Glorious [Names
That raise dull Treason up to Active Flames,

Let these *Infernal Worthies* then be backt
By *Zimri* and the *Jury* that he pack't;
With all the fiery Zealots of the Town,
But chiefly our great Patriot of Renown,
To whom we'll give some pretty *Polish* Crown.
Not that we promi'd him, for all our Zeal
Is only how to raise a *Common weal*.
With this *Cabal* we'll fool all Equity,
And gain what Law has lost by Polity.
Here God-like *Tapskie* once shall speak again,
And what he speaks Fates shall oppose in vain;
For if Alive he *Treason* taught so well,
What a vast *Traytor* now he's school'd in Hell.
Could *Cromwel* once by force assume the *Crown*,
And sha'n't this angry Ghost relieve one *Town*.
Sha'n't *Ignoramus*, who with no ado
Could save great *Tapski*, save our *Charter* too?
But what are only Councels now? The Course
That we would take in this Distress, is Force;
But the *Militia* now alas, is gone,
'Tis odds to what we had in *Forty One*,
The Saints are all sequester'd of their Right,
The City govern'd by a *Jebusite*:
What then should we distressed Rebels do?
Is it too late, can't we for *Pardon* sue?
Why Good King *Charles*'s Clemency may spare
Tho' we in two *Reb.* had our share, } Despair.
Nor need we hang our selves like *Judas* for
But let's, like *Origen* since other hopes are past,
Hope the poor Devil may be sav'd at last.

A Panegyrick to His Royal Highneſs, *upon His* Majeſties *late* Declaration; *eſpecially drawn from* Unio Diſſidentium *Pag.* 2. *Part* 14. *Pag.* 3. *Part* 3. *Pag.* 4. *Part.* 3. *and* 4.

OF a Juſt King, the Pow'rful Words declare
Great *James* preſumptive and apparent Heir:
(The words betoken one and ſelf-ſame Thing:
Though ſome, Them would under diſtinction bring.)
Such Declaration, *Henry* Third of *France*
Wiſely made uſe of, when ſome 'gan advance
Pretenſive Heirs, Fourth *Henry* to diſplace,
(A lawful Heir, though much remote in Race.)
Such Declaration by both Kings muſt be,
An Act impulſed by Divine Decree,
What good effects from firſt of theſe did flow,
The *Gallick* Chronicles at large do ſhow:
Check'd *Henry* after Care and War became
Eternally Great in his Fame and Name.
Great Duke in this Declarement acquieſce,
In ſweet Repoſe and Reſt thy ſelf poſſeſs.
This heavenly opening of thy Brothers Breaſt,
(With all due Reverence be it expreſt,)
Hath likeneſs unto that in Sacred Text.

Save that a Brother's own'd in ſtead of Son,
What more than this can in the Caſe be done?
Who dare henceforth this Kingly Act gainſay,
Who dare againſt Thy Royal Highneſs bray,
Surely the Mouths of the tumultuous Crew,
Are ſtopt, or elſe to means we bid adiew,
Where a King's Word is, There is Power, (ſo ſaith
The Sacred Writ on which we ground our [Faith.)
Henceforth of juſt neceſſity muſt ceaſe
Thoſe clamors which ſo much diſturb thy peace.
Henceforth no Voyage over *Britiſh* Seas,
Or cold Retirement under *Scotch* Degrees
Need'ſt thou to take, but ſtill abide where Birth
Thou firſt receiv'dſt, (paſſing time in Mirth)
By Sovereign belov'd, by Friends careſt,
Rever'd by all, and by the Heavens bleſt,
Exactly making good that Expectation,
Of being mighty Pillar to this Nation:
A Stay of State, a ſtrong ſupporting Prop,
Ordain'd to Scale the Point of Honours top:
Long ſince foretold of thee as we may ſee
At large expreſt in day Fatality.
Nor can'ſt be ſpar'd from Serene *Charles* his ſide.
Being active vigilant, helpful to Guide
Affairs of State by Land as well as Sea;
For laſt of which none more renown'd can be,
Let *Arragon* her Teſtimonial give,
And Thy *Dutch* Victory in ſixty five.
Which *Higgons* Muſe hath ſo inſpir'dly ſung,
Making the *Neptune*'s Heroes chief among.

None

None may ſo well that glorious *Motto* claim,
Of being Terror of the Ocean Main.
Which *Louis* did for *Michael*'s Knights ordain.
As once a Servant of King *Edward*'s went
With Royal Cup his Maſter to preſent,
One foot did trip; being quick he did prevent
(With t'other Legg) the Fall, *Godwin* of *Kent*,
Laughing, ſaid to the King, Ev'n thus one Bro-
We ſee is ready ſtill to help another. [ther
The King reply'd, Juſt ſo might *Alfred* me,
But, That remov'd by baſe Treachery.
The *Belgick* Sheaf and *Æſops* Moral Teach,
Betwixt own Brothers there ſhould be no breach.
The Scripture ſay's, *They muſt together dwell,*
Union's their Heaven, Diſunion's their Hell.
Unworthy are they, whoſoe'er they are
Fraternal Union to break that dare.
Then in deſpight of ſuch as would disjoyn
Your Perſons, Live together ſays *Floigne*. [ſay
When men are abſent, their back friends dare
And do thoſe things which elſe they'd ne'er eſſay,
Divide & impera we may *Engliſh* make,
Firſt ſeparate, and then Advantage take.
Long live Great Prince, who not deſir'ſt to ſee
Thy Lieges Funeral Solemnity.
But guided by an equal and juſt Soul,
Humbly ſubmit'ſt unto Divine controul,
Nor doſt expect, but ſtay to ſee the Fate,
Ordain'd above, Sign'd from Eternal Date.
We read of *Louis* a *Montpenſier* Peer.
Who though his Father had been dead 5 year,

Yet took ſuch Grief at ſeeing of his Grave,
As did ſtreight after him of Life bereave;
Even juſt ſo, *James* we may expect to Dye,
When *Charles* ſubmits to mortal Deſtiny:
God's wondrous hand, after a long Exile,
Them hand in hand brought back to Native Iſle,
When wiſeſt men eſteem'd their ſtate forlorn,
They ſaw them ſtated in the Land where born;
A ſtrange agreement they have underwent,
Sometimes of Bliſs, ſometimes of Diſcontent:
Why may not then Fraternal Sympathy
Co-operate to dying Harmony? [paſt,
When thinking what they've ſuffer'd in times
One can't endure the other to out-laſt;
But as they've liv'd together ſo to die,
May be their Fate ordain'd by God on high;
The poſſibility of this is no doubt,
By various Authors we may make it out.
Let 'em both live until they have out-done,
That Age which *David* calls a wondrous one:
That Royal Prophet whoſe Afflictions were
So great, and with which *James* his may com-
[pare.
Thoſe Clouds are clear'd, the Sun is now braſt
His Brother's Rays incompaſs him about; [out,
Apollo's Rays, that can alone diſpell [Hell;
All Fumes and Vapours though exhal'd from
Thoſe Rays late iſſued from the Declaration,
For ever making Calm and Still the Nation.

Aber

Abs-hinc Æthereas ceſſant volitare per auras
(Optatus) placidæ Tutus adeſto Domi,
Audent abſentis nonnulli rodere famam,
Cum fuerit præſens ora reclusa tenent:
Eſt inimica cohors. Dux inclite Cominus eſto
Si forſan fueris Eminus iſta ferit.

To His Royal Highneſs the Duke.

THey who oppoſe your Right unto the Crown,
Would, had they pow'r, pull Monarchy quite down:
Tis not, ſo qualifi'd they would have one
Of this, or that Religion, on the Throne;
No, no, we know their minds, they would have none.
The men that lately kept from *Charles* his due,
Now promiſe fair to diſinherit you;
They who explode your Right, to make us ſlaves,
Are not Preſumptive, but Apparent Knaves:
By our Diſſentions they would ſmooth their way,
And from Contenders hope to ſnatch the prey.
But ſuch men ſeldom in the end can boaſt,
They threaten loud, but ſtill their Cauſe is loſt
In ſuch affairs, they'l find it to their coſt.

Still the old Cheat, Religion is the Cry,
And made the Ram to batter Monarchy;
'Cauſe they deſerve, they fear the ſmarting Rod,
And moſt Religiouſly diſtruſt their God.
Envy at Regal Sway, (Ah it is ſad)
And Zeal miſguided made thoſe *Bill-men* mad:
Theſe took raſh meaſures, and did ill adviſe;
But without jealouſie or wrong ſurmiſe,
The future will prove Loyal, Calm, and Wiſe.
To us it cannot but aſſurance bring,
That a good man can make as good a King.
Factious deſign, and damn'd Plebeian rage,
Does to no mean degree diſtract the Age,
And watch the tott'ring of our ſettled State.
But can we ſuch Sheep, ſuch careleſs Elves,
Not to beware the Wolves among our ſelves?
Thoſe Beaſts of Prey, that lurk in a diſguiſe,
That wear our skins, 'tis there our danger lies:
Againſt their brother-Wolves they raiſe the cry,
'Cauſe their Addreſſes are not half ſo ſlie.
A Papiſt ſeems a Papiſt to our ſight,
But our Fanatick, 'cauſe he would not fright,
Daubs o'er the Devil like a Child of Light.
But Ah! great Sir, where you ſhould ſtill Com-
[mand,
You, like a Stranger, viſit your own Land;
You for a moment tantalize our Sight,
Then, like the abſent *Sun* you give us night:
But 'tis the ready way, we muſt confeſs,
To make us know and prize our Happineſs;

Whilſt

Whilſt all do ſuffer for the faulty few,
England muſt loſe it Self in loſing You.
But to *Great Britain* come———
May You in higheſt Splendor live, and be
Happy and ſafe, Great Sir, in One of Three.
Sir, may your Right no otherwiſe prove vain,
Than by the length of our Great *Charles* his [Reign.
We cannot, Sir, but prove a happy Nation;
One bliſs enjoy'd, another in expectation.
There but remains this great Truth in the cloſe,
Your Virtue 'nd Courage, Sir, the whole world [knows,
And y' are born for Conqueſt o'er your Foes.

A Congratulatory Poem upon the happy Arrival of his Royal Highneſs JAMES *Duke of* York, *at* London, *April* 8. 1682.

Written by a Perſon of Quality.

Si Natura negat, facit Exultatio Verſum.

NOw to be ſilent, or to write in *Proſe*,
Were a like Sin, ſuch as I leave to thoſe
Who either have but dull, unthinking brains,
Or whoſe bad Arguments enhance their Pains.

But

But when a *Theſis* is prepar'd and fit,
And nothing wanting but an equal Wit;
I need no Muſes help to aid me on,
When that my Subject is my *Helicon:* [tend,
Great *YORK* is ſuch, who Him their Theme in-
Will nothing find ſo hard, as how to End.
And ſee He comes, my Joyes exceſſive grow,
Like ſwelling waves each other they o'erflow.
At *York*'s Return, ſee Heaven and Nature ſmile,
And gen'ral Gladneſs ſpreads o'er all our Iſle:
The *Valleys*, *Hills*, and *Woods*, now deckt, and gay,
Welcome his Coming in their beſt Array:
On every Bough the chirping Minſtrels meet,
In tuneful Notes, the God-like *James* to greet.
At his Approach, the Sun new thaws the Earth,
Who to her laviſh Bounties gives quick Birth;
Sure all things, but diſſenting *Citts*, accord,
To own Great *JAMES* for their next Lawful [*Lord*.
But above All, ſee Sacred *Charles* deſcends
To greet the beſt of *Brothers*, beſt of *Friends*;
His eager Love, impatient of Delay,
Reſolves to meet Him on his tedious way:
And now They're met, who can Their Joys re- [veal?
They ſure do only know them, who them feel.
York's return'd: T' *England* what can fate pre-
That after this, ſhe can call Diſcontent? [vent
That Noble Conqu'ror is Return'd; *Yorks* He
Who's the true Favourite of Victory.

Who

Who whatſoever He attempted, wrought
Event ſtill gladly lackying his wiſe Thought.
I challenge thee proud *Greece*, and prouder *Rome*,
From their firſt Birth, and to their lateſt Tomb;
Peruſe your Heroes, read their Actions o're,
Make what was ſomewhat, by Romancing, more:
Add what you can invent, then if you dare
Bring them, yet if with *York* you them compare,
They ſhall as much that Competition ſhun
As a weak Taper, yields to the bright Sun.
Which of Yours Triumpht for anothers Gains,
That theirs might be the Profit, his the Pains.
Brave *JAMES* has oft for haughty *England* fought,
And for Unthankful Souls the Conqueſt brought,
For whilſt at Sea, their fierceſt Foes He Quells,
For His Reward, the Ungrateful Land Rebels.
Behold, the Nations Curſe, a *Plot* is rais'd,
The Banter'd *People* ſtood a while amaz'd,
Tho now'ts decry'd, more than at firſt 'twas Prais'd.
They find, tho late, that Plots are to th' *Preciſe*
The needful'ſt things, whether they're *Truth* or *Lyes*,
To bring in *Commonwealths*, and *Kings* to ſacrifice:
But *Charles* and *James* are Heav'ns chiefeſt Care,
Tho their Bleſt *Father* periſht in their Snare,
The Gods with his *Sons Lives* that *Martyrs* loſs Repair.

Bluſh,

Bluſh, Bluſh thou *Speaker* to the *Damn'd Cabal*,
No longer againſt *York* and Goodneſs yawl,
No more to *Factious Clubs* thou trait'rous In-
[ſect crawl.
Let thy *Rebellious Lectures* now be at a ſtand,
Thou Manuſcript of *Treaſon* in Short-hand;
The Devil's *Enchiridion*, being no leſs
Than the Perfection of all wickedneſs,
In vain are all the *Plots* you can deviſe, [cries
Too loud the Father's *Blood* for Vengeance
Then add not to Damnation if thou'rt wiſe.
Crouch, Crouch, *Diſloyal Whigs*, y'unthinking
Not others Ruine, you your own purſue. [Crew,
No more by *Crop-Ear'd Villains* cheated be
Both of your Senſe, and deareſt Loyalty,
By Religious Glow-worms, maskt Impiety.
And *Abſalom*, thou piece of *Ill-plac'd Beauty*,
As Happy be as Fair, and *know thy Duty*.
For ſomewhat in that Noble Frame I ſaw,
Which, or a Father, or a *King* can awe.
And baſhful *Corah* do thou leave to ſwear;
If not for Law, or Puniſhments you care,
At leaſt becauſe thou know'ſt no more, Forbear.
And you ye *Vulgar Fiends*, ye *Scum of Hell*,
Whoſe Grace lies in your *Swearing well*;
Than you *Nile*'s greedy Beaſt more mild appears,
That whom it kills bemoans them with its tears:
At laſt in *pity to your Souls* give o'er
Let out your Founder'd *Hackney-Oaths* no more:

Oh!

Oh! for the Natious Good, and Publick Peace,
May this ſtupendious way of *Plotting* ceaſe
Burn all *Aſſociations* you have writ,
Conſpire no more two *Princes* Fall, they ſit
Too near to thunder, and you'll ſure be hit.
Brave *York* unmov'd, your various Ills can bear
Firm as the Center, Fixt as th' *Northern Star.*
Since Sacred *Charles* does know him loyal, true,
With a diſdainful Scorn he laughs to view
The worſt, the loweſt dregs of Men dare do.
Go on Diſloyal *London*, ſtand and ſee
Your Lawful *Prince* murder'd *in Effigie*,
For ſure the ſtroke was aim'd *above his Knee.*
Raiſe ſtill your *Tumults*, but you'll ſee at length
Antæus-like, by Falling he'll get ſtrength.
Hence with all *ſhallow Plots*, ſuch Juglers blind
The Fond *Chimeras* of *Phanatick* Minds.
Now *York* appears, ſee how they ſink away,
As frightful Shades vaniſh at ſight of Day.
Forth, Forth, all *Loyal Souls*, his Coming greet,
Lay your *Hearts* low beneath his *Royal Feet.*
He comes, he comes, ſure none but *Traitors* ſtay,
When *York*'s the word, and a *King* leads the way.
Welcom brave *Prince*, welcom in balmy Reſt
To them by Pain, and want of Sleep oppreſt;
Welcom as Health to th' Sick, to Bridegrooms,
Welcom as to diſorder'd *Chaos*, Light. [Night;
Let loudeſt Shouts ſtrait cleave the yielding Air,
And *Bells* and *Bonfires* our vaſt Joys declare;

Let

Let *Rocks*, and *Hills*, and *Dales*, and *dancing*
[*Floods*,
Hear our glad *Sounds*, who with repeating Noise,
Will help to *double* our repeated Joys.
Oh! Glorious Sight! Oh! Miracle of Fate!
To see at once *Two Princes* in their State;
As if *Two Suns* did harmlesly agree,
Not the kind *Heavens* to Fright, but Beautifie.
Fill up the Bowls, let *Charles* and *James* go
[round,
And to the Vaulted Sky your *Clangors* sound.
May *Charles*'s Reign flourish in wealth and peace,
Whil'st *York*'s chief care is both of 'em t' increase.
May no *Sham-Plots* our Happiness e'er thwart,
Or cause these *Royal Brothers* e'er to part.
Oh! May They Live and Love, while Streams to
[th' Main
Their Tribute pay, while Skies do Stars sustain.
Having these *Two* what can our Bliss destroy?
My Verses may have End, but not our Joy.

To His Royal Highneſs *the* DUKE, *upon his Arrival.*

WHen You, Great Sir, began to diſappear,
All Loyal Hearts invaded were with [Fear,
Hope, only in *Scotch* Rebels liv'd, who knew,
Our Courage and our Conduct fled in you.
Pirates and Rebels joyntly did Command,
Turks prey'd on all by Sea, and *Scots* by Land.
The *Turks!* who ne'er ſo inſolent were grown
T' approach our *Britiſh* Coaſts, till You were [gone.
Though what the *Algerines* firſt tempted forth,
Was that which mov'd their Brethren in the [*North.*
Both ſaw we were forſaken by that Hand,
Which had with equal Glory once maintain'd
Our Flag at Sea, our Scepter on the Land.
Brave Cauſes both, worthy the Sword alone
Of *Charles*'s Brother, and the *Martyrs* Son.
What Force is able with that Arm to fight
Which pleads a Martyrs vows, a Sov'raigns right?
Now had you left your Brother's Rule, the Land
And paſt thoſe Seas which once You did Com- [mand;

Beyond

Beyond our *Engliſh* Bounds, thoſe Bounds that [were
To our poor Iſle, none to your Arms appear;
Where once your Sword was drawn, your [Courſe you bend,
Your Sword muſt ſtill beyond Our Rule extend,
Flanders at once does Peace and You receive,
While Foes our Peace diſturb, and Traffick grieve,
Yet theſe alas! like ſome ill Omens were,
But Harbingers of our approaching Fear.
For He, in whom we all an Intreſt crave,
A Brothers You, we thoſe of Subjects have;
Whoſe mighty Soul could not be well contain'd
Within his own Dominion on the Land
Deſcends, the Ocean and his Ships to view,
Which oft engage him in deep Thoughts of you.
On your Employment muſing, and your Charge,
Wiſhes in vain, a Subjects Soul ſo Large.
Fit for the Steerage of ſo vaſt a Fleet,
Or near him at the Helme on Land to ſit;
Who next the Throne might ſhine in ſilent Peace
Or in loud wars, might Thunder on the Seas.
But finding none, He feels the loſs though late
Of ſuch a Limb new ſever'd from the State.
The firſt Prince of the Blood now from him gone
Unguarded on the Right hand left the Throne.
For none in Deeds ſo Great, or Birth ſo High
His Place in Arms or Councils may ſupply:
None may of Right aſcend, they may invade,
For Princes of the Blood are Born, not Made.

T'enjoy

T'enjoy their Titles, and poſſeſs their Lot,
None ever are Elected, but Begot.
Wanting his ſole Support in all his Care,
His Stay in Peace, and his chief Strength in War.
On whom, the King ſtill in the firſt place lean'd,
And next the King, on whom we all depend.
Unſafe in Rule, uneaſie in his Mind,
Toſt like the Sea, which labours with the wind,
His Hopes at length, He to Deſpair reſigns,
Decays in Vigour, and in Health declines.

Soon as the fatal News once reach'd your ear,
Urg'd with a Brother's Zeal, and Subject's care,
You fly with ſuch like haſte as Angels move,
On all the wings of Duty, and of Love.
Angels and You alike Imployment have
To ſuccour Kings, and diſtreſs'd Nations ſave.
The Forreign Shore, which when you did ar-
Met You in ſhew, your Veſſel to Receive. [rive
Removing now, leſt by its guilty Stay,
It might be thought your Voyage to delay:
Does in Appearance awfully Recede
And ſeems in Duty from your Veſſel fled;
Which proud to bear him for her ſingle Load,
Who ſtill whole Fleets and Armies led abroad.
All Oppoſition does, like You, deſpiſe;
And labour'd by the waves, ſtill higher riſe.
No danger can be great enough for Fear
Where *Ceſar*'s Brother, and his Fortune are.
His high Extraction, and his happy Fate
The proud Sails fill, and Veſſel elevate.

While to the winds her Canvas wings are ſpread,
The lazy winds you chide, for want of ſpeed;
And with impatience their Delays controul,
For winds compar'd to wing'd Deſires, are dull.
Your Thoughts alas! preventing them, before
Your Voyage had diſpatcht and reacht the ſhore.
Nor Landed on the Shore, do you proceed
With more Solemnity, or with leſs Speed;
With ſuch diſpatch arriving at the Court
You Fame prevent, and ev'n outfly Report
As ſwift, yet not leſs ſilent, than the Light,
Of which we hear no news, till 'tis in ſight.
Me thinks I ſee the Royal Brothers meet,
Their Souls and Bodies in Embraces knit.
While in the Union of their Arms is ſeen,
The cloſer Union of their Hearts within.
How they embrace, and in th' Embraces melt,
Cannot reported be, It muſt be felt.
While Joys too mighty for their Tongues ariſe,
And flow out in th' expreſſions of their Eyes.
Such pow'rful Tranſports, for which, words we [want
Which when we imitate, we beſt ſhall paint.
Can we who ſee this, ſtand unmov'd? Can we
Who ſee th' embraces of the Brothers, be,
(If their Example, or our Duty bind,)
To them unfaithful, or our ſelves unkind?
Ah no! let us in Love our ſtrife employ,
And never weep henceforth, but Tears of Joy.

To

To His Royal Highneſs *the Duke of* York, *Upon his Return to the Care and Management of the* Navy *of* England.

GReat Sir, till now I with Impatience ſtaid,
To ſee what Muſe her early Homage paid;
Which doubtleſs, all, but the Seditious few,
Allow to our great injur'd *York* is due:
And am with wonder ſeiz'd You are ſo long
Un-importun'd by the *Poetick* throng.
For Faction oft, and vainly they engage,
They ſcatter Songs, and trifle on the Stage:
For Malice, or for Bread, they always write,
The Great with well plac'd flattery delight,
In Libel, or Lampoon exhauſted quite.
Ungrateful Muſes! not one Line afford?
When our lov'd *Charles* has to his Right re-
[ſtor'd
The Nations Darling, and the Oceans Lord.
With juſt contentment all good men beheld
The *Hydra* of the Rebel-Faction quell'd.
Like Heav'nly Vengeance it was ſure, though
Which we to *Ceſar*'s ſteady Virtue owe; [ſlow,
That Virtue, which unſhaken as a Rock,
So long has ſtood the bandying Parties Shock:
Till Mercy, much abus'd, did late conſent,
To puniſh thoſe who never would repent.

One onely thing was left unfiniſh'd yet,
At once our Joys, and Safety to compleat:
Which our great *Pilot* ſaw, and ſtrait commands,
The Fleet be reſcued from unskilful Hands.
Whom ſhould he chuſe for his important Truſt,
But one Experienc'd, Valiant, Prudent, Juſt?
In whom he finds a Brother, and a Friend:
To him deſerv'dly does he recommend
Whoſe Ships, his Courage could ſo well defend.
When neighb'ring *Carthage* dar'd our Seas invade
Diſpute their Homage, and diſturb our Trade:
Our *Engliſh Scipio* to whom *Rome* muſt yield,
With ſhame repuls'd them from the watry Field.
His gen'rous Soul with eaſie Vict'ry cloy'd,
Humbled that State he could have quite de-
[ſtroy'd.
Spar'd only to be Monuments of his Fame,
They tremble ſtill at mention of his Name.
Both Leaders thus their Countreys Foes ſub-
Both paid alike with baſe ingratitude: [du'd,
Rome hers, and we our *Hero* would exclude.
Miſtaken Pandors, ignorant and Proud,
With furious Zeal may bawl in Senates loud:
Religion there, and *Property* may uſe,
As words of Art the Vulgar to abuſe;
But if in higher Stations they appear,
They loſe their way, and act beyond their Sphear.
Men born t'improve ſome little Countrey Seat.
Have Soul's too narrow to direct a Fleet.

This

This *Cæſar* found, and ere it was too late,
Took from their Shoulders the unequal weight.
A Burthen he himſelf alone can bear,
Or *York* who now ſupports the mighty Care.
York our Protecting *Genius*, by kind Heaven,
To calm our Fears, and growing Tumults given:
From many dangers ſav'd, himſelf to be
His Countreys laſting, beſt Security.

A Welcom to His Royal Highneſs *into the City,* April *the* 20th 1682.

Motto. *Invenias paucos hic ut in orbe bonos.*

GLad with the Infant Glories of the Spring,
Haſte pious Muſe, Great *James* Divinely
Riding ſecure in peaceful *Albions* Bay, [ſing;
Grateful to Her above the New-born Day.
Welcom Great Sir, ſalutes you ev'ry where,
Belov'd by *Jove*, by Birth His chiefeſt Care:
With buiſy joy our Seven-fold Lute we String,
To tell in Notes your Safety to the King;
Mov'd with ſoft Numbers Envy here is ſhown,
Each ſtrives to bid you welcom to the Town.
With melting Harmony our Harps are Strung,
Soft as the Love with which the Throne is Hung:

Such Mirth Your Preſence adds to Monarchy,
In ſpite of Rage, and Factious Anarchy
Thoſe Cloſet-Products of Damn'd Whiggery:
Such new rais'd Plagues of every Corporation,
We will allay by Anti-Aſſociation;
Laden with Loyalty our Arms ſhall be
That Golden Bracelet of bleſt Unity,
The ſole unbias'd Baſis of true *Property*:
Next after *Charles* a Monarch you may claim,
At whoſe Protection all our Fortunes aim.
England triumphant now may brighter ſhine,
Bleſt with the Rays of thy good Fathers Line;
Crown'd with Religions peaceful Olive, She
With *Tory* Zeal a Monument to Thee
Shall raiſe of ever verdant Piety.
Long did our Royal Monarch in his Mind
Hugg your Return, and hop'd that ſome kind
[wind
Would lodge you ſafe within his Sacred Arms,
Where ſcarce his Scepter feels more pleaſing
[Charms,
Oh! could we raiſe our groveling Souls to Thee,
Fill'd with a ſmooth Majeſtick Harmony!
For to a Crown that Monarch of Delight,
Virtue like Thine Victorious takes her Flight.
But ceaſe my Muſe, in wiſhes ſpeak the reſt,
Whilſt with two God-like Souls our *Albion*'s bleſt.

Vivat Rex Carolus, & Caroli *Frater*.

A Farevvel to His Royal Highneſs James *Duke of* York, *on his Voyage to* Scotland, *October* 20. 1680.

GO, Beſt in all that's good. We cannot bear
The Radiant Luſtre of thy Virtues here:
Owls hate the Sun, Dark Deeds abhor the Light,
Ills appear worſe ſtill by their Oppoſite.
Obey thy Heavenly in thy Earthly *King*,
Confound thine Enemies by Suffering;
O'recome by Good, Let *Furious Factions* ſee,
Thine's *Peace*, when their *Religion's Cruelty*.
Go *Prince*, *Couragious Prince*, Our Champion may
Great Britains Guardian Angel lead thy way;
May the cold *Hemiſphere* Thou go'ſt to Grace,
Receive new warmth and vigour from thy Face:
May all that's Happy thy Companion be,
Till Heaven bring Thee to Us, or Us to Thee.
Go *Prince*, *Great Britain's Genius* with his Train,
Guard thee to *Scotland*, Bring Thee ſafe again;
That (like Great *Conſtantine*) Thy glorious days,
May Crown thy *Sufferings* with *Immortal Bays*.
And as His *Zeal*, the mis-led World did bring,
To Love and Honour their *Celeſtial King*;
So may thy Zeal move this miſguided Nation,
To follow Thee in *Loyal Reputation*,

In being Juſt, and Faithful to their *King*;
And all with one accord aloud ſhall Sing,
I ong live Great Charles *our Nations Joy*,
And all Men ſing, Vive Le Roy.

The DUKE's *Welcom from* Scotland *to* London.

ART come, *Sweet Prince?* Wilt' once more daign to chear [*ſphere*?
With Thy Bright Beams our drooping *Hemi*-
Can nothing check thy Love, ſuppreſs thy Flame?
Still *England's Guardian Angel?* Still the ſame?
Redoubled wrongs on Thee, the Crown, and [State,
Can only move Thy Pity, not Thy Hate;
Who Good for Evil doſt Retaliate.
Thy tender Heart, and ſoft-loves conquer'd Will
Plead this, (though bad) *This is thy Country ſtill.*
Relaps'd into Her former Agony,
Gaſping *Britannia* ſeeks relief from Thee.
Scotland that once contagious Vip'rous Land,
Doth now our Envy and Example ſtand;
Charm'd by thy prudent Head, and gentle hand.
Under his Vine each chearful Swain doth ſit,
The *Serpent's* cruſh'd that once demoliſh'd it.

Where

Where *Hemlock*, *Wormwood*, *Tares* and *Weeds*, did
Now in full plenty *Milk* & *Honey* flow. [grow,
Thrice *Happy Land!* May our invenom'd Sense
With *Treasons*, *Poyson*, feel the Influence
Of this all-healing Planet; May we see
All Hearts and Hands conjoyn'd in *Loyalty:*
May all *Associating Traitors* know,
Divinity dwells on a *Soveraign Brow.*
May those ungrateful Wretches who Contemn
Mercy, find *Justice* in the *Diadem.* [*nown*;
Great York, in all things *Great*; *Great in Re-*
Great in Succession's Right to Englands Crown;
Great in thy *Conduct*; *Great in Peace and War*;
Great in thy *Birth*; In *Virtue Greater far.*
But above all, *Great in this Mighty thing,*
In thy firm Love and Duty to the KING.
[round,
Welcom *Sweet Prince*; Let sober Healths go
And all (but *Regicides*) thy Praise resound.

An Heroick Poem on Her Highneſs the Lady ANN's *Voyage into* Scotland: *With a little Digreſſion upon the Times.*

INgrateful *England*, curſt to that Degree,
Fam'd for Rebellion and Inconſtancy;
All thy Poſſeſſions and Enjoyments ſpring
From Monarch's Cares, yet thou'lt obey no *King*;
To whoſe vain Humour Nothing is Delight,
Nor Rain nor Sun-ſhine e'er can happen right;
Falſe and unworthy to obtain alone
The greateſt Bleſſing of the mildeſt Throne;
Yet, being richer than I can expreſs,
Art juſtly puniſht with Unhappineſs;
What thou art envy'd for, and all adore,
Thou throw'ſt away, and to thy ſelf art poor,
And like the Miſer that abounds in Bags,
Wallow'ſt in Wealth, yet lov'ſt to go in Rags.
The ſtubborn Jews their Monarchs ſtill ador'd,
They begg'd a King, and then obey'd their Lord;
But ſtiff-Neck'd *England*, juſt from Slavery ſav'd,
Forgets, and longs again to be enſlav'd.
Can Rebels ever be with Scepters aw'd,
Rebels that once did ſacrifice their God.
True Heirs in Malice to the Fiends of Hell,
which firſt they practic'd when from heav'n they fell,
And ever ſince taught Traytors to rebel.

And

And now leſt they ſhould fail to reach him there,
They ſtab him in his own Vice-gerent here;
For tho' they do it through a Monarchs Name,
The Majeſty of Heaven is ſtill their Aim:
Is it thy Nature or thy Planet's ſpite,
Still to what's preſent to be oppoſite?
Wretched be then with vain Miſtruſt and Fear,
Baniſht the ſight of the moſt God-like Pair,
And the bright Daughter of his Highneſs here;
The Winds and Seas will far more faithful be,
And Rocks and Quick-ſands teach Men Loyalty.
Old *Albany* they now alone ſhall grace, [Race;
Scotland, whence ſprung th' Imperial *Stewarts*
Scotland that boaſts a mighty Duke, and Name
Further than *Parthia* great *Arſaces* Fame.

PRepare you Heavens, diſcloſe your brighteſt Ray,
All Day your Marble, Night your Milkie Way;
Urania comes, the Goddeſs of our Iſle,
Urania, that makes every Creature Smile:
All they were born for, and can wiſh for here,
Is but to bleſs her, and be bleſt by Her.
Ten thouſand *Cupids* guard her as ſhe rides,
And of her golden Bark ſurround the ſides;
Whilſt Others fly aloft with Songs, and ſtrow
Such Flow'rs as on the Beds of *Eden* grow;
For want of winds, with wings ſupply ſoft gales,
And with gay Plumes deck all her Virgin Sails:

Ye

Ye frightful Storms retreat into your Cave,
Nor leave the Ocean wrinkl'd with a wave;
There, whilst she Sails, intomb'd in hollow Earth,
Lie fetter'd close, and grom for want of Birth;
And Heav'n and Seas strive to be most serene,
The Azure Blew, with the smooth glassy Green.
You Sea-Gods and you Nymphs prepare to try
Your skills, and with a *Mask* delight her Eye.
First, let the Sun send forth such kindly Heats,
As Winter's shine, or Summer when it sets;
No Icy, Cloudy, nor no Soultry Day,
But all like Morning, and those Mornings *May*:
Then gentle *Zephyr* unlock all thy store,
And send soft Breezes from the Western Shore;
Such as *Arabia Felix* has refin'd
With Trees of Spice fanning the precious wind;
But just so much as she in State may glide;
And safe in her *Neptunian* Chariot ride:
Then thou Green God shalt wait on her above,
As son *Jove*'s Daughter, and the Queen of Love.
Let thy shrill Trumpeters, the *Tritons*, blow;
And summon all the watry Pow'rs below;
The *Nayades*, and *Nereids* to appear,
Let all the Subjects of the Flood draw near:
Fair *Cytherea* and her Waiters Call,
And Sea Nymphs, to adorn this Ocean's Ball;
Then let the lovely Mermaids come in Place,
Each Mermaid that so doats upon her Face?
Till they shall see how far above their own
Urania's is, and throw their Glasses down.

The

The leſſer Fry in Shoals before ſhall run,
Like Clouds of Inſects gather'd by the Sun;
And nimble *Dolphins* wantonly ſhall play,
And hunt the Plain, like *Spanniels* in her way.
Next, let the great *Leviathans* reſort,
And not forget to make the *Princeſs* Sport;
But at a harmleſs diſtance head the Train,
And from their mighty Engines ſpout forth Rain.
Thus in ſuch awful Manner let it be,
That wondring Angels may look down to ſee,
And make the Show more full of Majeſty.
Thou *Nereus*, do this mighty Task with Care;
As much as was in *Noah*'s Ark, is here:
For ſince that Patriarch, when the world was [drown'd,
The like was never in one Veſſel found.
Her little Yatch and Squadron, as they ride,
Swell to a Fleet and Admiral, with Pride,
Lift up their Flags, like Piramids, on high,
And with their Rain-bow Colours brave the ſky:
Th' *Egyptian* Gallies were not half ſo proud,
When *Cleopatra* was o'er *Nilus* row'd.
Thus gentle *Neptune* guard her o'er your Sea,
From faithleſs *Albion* to glad *Albany*;
Commit her ſafely to the longing Shore,
To her firſt Father's, ancient *Fergus* Tower,
There, as in Heav'n, her wiſhes to obtain,
Till ſhe return, and thou art bleſt again.

Iſling-

Iſlington WATERS.

EArly (by Four) on *Friday* Morn,
Ere *Phebus* did the Skies adorn;
I ſtarted up from where I lay,
And look'd what Weather 'twas that day:
It prov'd Serene, it prov'd all Clear,
No ſullen Foggs obſcured the Air,
In haſte my Cloaths I hurry'd on,
Intending ſtreight for *Iſlington*;
My Stomach firſt with Mugg of *Stout*
I brib'd, to skreen the Vapours out:
With Fringe and Sword, then jogging went,
T' obſerve, not drink, was my Intent,
For faith I've us'd this Paunch of mine,
So long to Noble *Claret Wine*,
In troth I dreaded the Events,
'Twixt two ſuch differing Elements,
For ſhould they fight, by *Jove*, I fear
Each other to outrival there,
In the Hot and rumbling Fray,
My feeble Soul wou'd ſneak away,
Now to the ready Road I draw,
And Troops of flocking fools I ſaw,
One Gang in Chief obſerving there,
To them apace I haſted near,

In

In Plush a Doctor then espy'd,
A long Goun *Priest* did hand his Bride,
Th' *Apothecary* big and fat,
With Neighbour Cit held serious Chat,
Streight I draw up that trodden way,
And walk and hearken all they say.
Good Sir, says *Cit*, what do you think
Of this new *Metaphysick Drink*?
(Then stopt could hold no longer out,
With that prodigious Phrase ev'n choakt;)
The *Doctor* pausing nothing said,
But looking Grave hung down his Head,
And walking thus demur a while,
At length Began with leering Smile.
What brooks it me an answer make?
I know you'l censure what I speak,
Impute it Interest *or* Design,
I thus direct this Speech of mine,
For Vulgar Errours who can mend?
He seems their Foe who is their Friend.
Themselves the Giddy Rabble cheat,
They make all Fish that comes to Net,
What's now receiving with Applause,
Not minding the Effect or Cause,
The brackish Water swallowing up,
As if 't were Nectar *in the Cup.*
No consequential ills they fear,
It must be good cause Popular:
Perhaps they'l find altho' too late
The Hugg and Wanton with their fate.

As to my own Reſpect and Gain,
I find no reaſon to complain,
For truly I obſerve this thing,
Since Fame in vogue the Wells did bring,
My Practice doubl'd with my Fee,
And if they hold, they'l treble be,
They cauſe ſuch dire Mortality.
This ſaid, he ſtopt, and ſaid no more,
But ſneering ſtalkt along before.
Th' *Apothecary* in mean while
Applauding, did devoutly ſmile,
In token too of his Conſent,
With the Remains thus on he went.
And I admire (as th' Doctor *ſays)*
The head-ſtrong Madneſs of the days,
That men ſo wiſe ſo learn'd in ſenſe,
Are lur'd with ſuch Impertinence;
They boaſt that mighty Cures are done,
The Scurvy, Strangury, *and* Stone,
Gripes *and* Hiſterick Paſſions *too,*
Green Sickneſſes *in not a few,*
The Dropſy, *and Obſtructions all;*
They'll make 'em Epidemical;
But above all that has been ſaid,
They can retrive a Maidenhead;
Oh! wondrous Virtues! wondrous things!
That flow from thoſe important Springs!
Fate give 'em good ſucceſs, ſaid I,
The empty'd bowls with more Supply,

Since

Since publick thus I daily pile,
And heap with Bills my loaded File.
I mind your drift, (the Cit reply'd)
And Screw'd his Grinning Teeth aside:
Your Interest ('faith) I cannot blame,
Were I engag'd I'd say the same;
But Friends, observe you speak too late,
Experience proves the Virtues great;
Your early Care at first was shown,
By your applause you made 'em known;
In hopes the undigested Spring,
To you might crowding Patients bring:
Then closely did your Interest hide,
Now find your selves 'oth' loosing side,
And by your subtile, slighting Arts,
Con'd win from them the Peoples hearts:
But ('faith) I find wondrous ease,
Since I began, it's seven days;
The Soveraign Dose relax'd my Greif,
And daily does afford Relief:
That Physick *here the* Spring *Instills,*
Effects more good than scores of Pills;
My Three-pence here will farther go,
Than Pounds I in your Fees bestow.
What needs there this Intestine strife,
(Returns the Learned *Doctors* Wife;)
(*Love*) *let 'em ungain-said go on,*
They'l find before the Summer's *done,*
Their Errour vainly was pursu'd,
The Wells *their Senses did delude,*

And by this raſh unruly Trick;
We'eſt reap th' advantage when they'r Sick.
The Parſons Tongue began to ſtart;
He argu'd the Defenſive part,
That th' *Waters* muſt unqueſtion'd be,
In terms of High *Phyloſophy*;
That Heav'n in Mercy had deſign'd,
Theſe Soveraign *Springs* to heal mankind.
Impatient now of longer ſtay,
I ſlunk in ſilence ſtrait away;
And to the *Waters* ſailing near,
A harſh confuſed noiſe I hear.
Two Cavalier ſtiff *Toryes* came,
Each Hand on Hilt, Face on a Flame;
Damn me, ſays one, *on Honour Draw,*
My Sword ſhall give your boldneſs Law;
At this I wiſely ſtept away,
Nor ſtay'd the Iſſue of the Fray:
But to the flowing *Pump* I came,
Promiſcuous Crowds buzz'd round the ſame;
Full Bowls by turns were empty'd out,
Healths to the King there bounc'd about;
They gorg'd it down like *Claret-Wine*,
Like *Florence*, or like *Muſcadine*;
From thence I cloſely thronged out,
And ranged all the walks about;
Here *Tradeſman*'s Wife ſtood big with *Cully*,
Her Daughter with a Bouncing *Bully*:
Whilſt behind all the Footmen play'd,
And wanton'd with the Chamber-Maid.

A Taudry Jilt as I past by,
Glouted around with wishing Eye,
With Breasts thrust out, and vaunting pace,
With Pockey *Ar*— and Painted Face,
With Hair in Crisp, and Fuz o'th' Brow,
Scudded and jogged to and fro.
A Gaudy Fop whose Pregnant store,
Scarce paid his entrance at the door,
Prepar'd to accost the Rutting *Whore*:
By Heav'ns Madam how you shine,
Be pleas'd t'accept a Glass of Wine:
Damn me, how Happy shou'd I be,
Blessed with your Charming Company.
With Mouth screw'd up, and winking Eye,
Just opening with a sweet reply;
Turning with speed, I tack'd about,
And thrust into the *Whiggish* Rout,
Here State affairs advanc'd the Stage,
With every circumstance o'th' Age;
Some in soft Silence gave their Votes,
And pitty'd suffering *Titus Oates*:
Whilst some more solid knowing Men,
Curst down the *Observators* Pen:
And others who as wisely meant,
Made Martyr'd *Russel* Innocent,
Essex Murder'd, that *Armstrong* dy'd,
Condemn'd unjustly, and not Try'd;
Some there in private had decreed,
Who shou'd the envy'd *Charles* succeed.

But — —
Tyr'd with the ſtuff, I turn'd aſide,
And Loyal *Tory* Gameſters ſpy'd;
Then towards the lower walk I drew,
An Object there my *Stout* — o'rethrew,
And I began to Purge and Spew:
Weary and Sick with naſty ſight,
With Cuckholds made by morning Light;
With *Whores* pick'd up, which *Treaſon* talk'd,
With Fops who to the *Waters* talk'd;
With Noiſe, and with an Humming there,
That pierc'd and Eccho'd through each Ear:
I grudged then a longer ſtay,
So bleſs'd my ſelf, and came away.

Sereniſſimis Principibus Eboracenſibus, & Albanienſibus *Ducibus*, *ter Maximis in* Angliam *Reducibus Congratulator.*

IAcobus
INclyte poſt *Carolum Caroli* ſpes certa Coronæ
Nglienis gratus Dux *Jacobe* venis.
Onveniant alacres Regi, Regnóq; Fideles;
Mine nam fauſto Dux *Jacobus* adeſt.
Is læſæ Majeſtatis reus exulet hoſtis,
Rnaq; ſit ſtudiis perfidus ipſe ſuis.
Alva ſit, & victrix ſtirps Regia regnet ab ortu
Legitimo tutus portus, & ara ſuis.

Primus

PRimus es à *Carolo*, *Carolo* cum Rege Secundus,
RI Egis es unanimis Frater, & *Alter Ergo*.
NC Ngeminent tria Regna tuos *Jacobe* triumphos
ES Ec desint titulis aurea Sceptra tuis.
Onstantem post tot Terrâ, pelagóq; pericla
Ligat in summum Rex ad utrumq; Ducem.
PRincipe te felix lætetur *Wallia*, & illum
S Ummo in Concilio dent tibi Regna locum.

VIVAT, VIve igitur Felix *Carolo* cum Fratre, triumphis
Nsultent mundo Frater uterq; suis.
Ivat utérq; diù sibi causa salutis utrimq;
Nglia ter Felix sit sub utroq; diu.
Er Felix quia te benè cepit *Scotia*,
Anglia quod recipit lætaq; *Ierna* cupit.

MARIA Artia lugubrem depone, *Britannia*, vultum,
Nglia lætitiæ jactet ad Astra sonos.
PEgia namq; *Maria* domum revocata quietem,
Nq; utero Regem fert benè grata tibi.
Nglia pro dono tali redamato *Mariam*;
Oblita est culpam namq; Benigna tuam.

BEATRIX PEllonæ è Regno Studium, rixásq; *Beatrix*
Xpellit vultu, quo beat Astra, suo.
Forma micat illa Venus, de Nunmine Juno,
Antaq; ab ingenio, Pallas ut illa suo, est.
PEvera, ut nomen notat, & virtute *Beatrix*,
Nclyta quæ meritis hæc tria Regna beat.
Antus erit *Thamesis*, tenebræ lux, docta priusquam
Musa queat meritis dicere digna tuis.

ANNA

Dventum tamen illa tuum gratatur, & ipſo
Omine, quod redamat, facta Beata tuo eſt.
Obilibus decus, & plebi ſolamen, utríſq;
NNA ades à meritis Gloria, & altus Honos.

ISABELLA,

Nvictis *Iſabella* animis adverſa repulſit,
Anctaq; in exilio robora mentis habet.
Ngelico vultu, rebúſq; *Iſabella* ſecundis
Ella oculis, geſtu, fonte modeſta manet.
Rgo per *Maria*, & terras exempla *Beatrix*
Ege ſua cunctis *Anna Iſabalia* dedit.
Ex benè vivendi tua vita eſt: Irruat ergo
Nglia in applauſus *Scotia*, *Ierna* tuos.

& ANNA

NNA tibi tribuit Divinar Gratia dotes
Atura vires exſuperante ſuas.
Atura altercans, & gratia dimicat; *Annam*
Mbæ namq; ſuam concupiere Deam.

INFANTA

Nter utramq; Micas Virgo nitidiſſimà Princeps
Atura, & ſupplex gratia facta tibi eſt.
Orma tua eſt elegans, facies pulcherima, menſq;
Lma, quibus gaudent *Juno Minerva*, *Venus*.
Ec ſine *Germana* remanes, tibi namq; *Maria* eſt
Alibus à meritis, & pietate ſoror.
Natu, ſpecie, vultu, Virtute Coronas
Utraq; ab Ingenio, conſilióq; merent.

ANGLIÆ

Anglia tollè animos,& jam tua commoda tan-
Oscito Principibus facta Beata tuis. (dem
Gratia Magna tibi est *Carolus* mitissimus, illi
Arga est in Bello, Pacéq; cura tui.
Nq; Piis Regina tibi, Virtutibus omne
Quum de meritis námq; Coronat Opus.

Ad Utramq; ANNAM.

Everti nequit, *Anna* tum nitidissima nomen
Semper idem inversum nomen utante manet:
Maxima sic virtus semper tua five secundis
Adversisve manet rebus ut ante fuit.
Prima *Ducem* sequitur mira pietate Maritum
Exilio constans altera & *Anna* Patrem
Una tribus pietas causa est longinqua petendi,
Exulis O Pietas! O Reducésq; Pios!
In Regem Pietas bene nota est Principis: Ergo
Principis exilii causa fuisse pium est.

Regiarum Vestrarum Celsitudinum,

Celsitudinum,

Humilimus Servus,

A. S.

A Pindorique Ode, *upon the late Horrid and Damnable* Whiggiſh Plot.

I.

DIſſentiug *Bigots*, boaſt no more,
Of Glorious Miſchiefs heretofore;
Not all the Troops your Godly *Factions* led,
Bradſhaw and *Cromwel* in their Head,
Can vie ſingle *Shaftsbury*
For ſecure Arts of cloſe-laid Villany;
They but the empty Types, the weighty ſub-
[ſtance He.
'Tis true theſe two great Leaders carry'd on
Their bold Deſigns till Life was done;
But when the Vip'rous pair was cruſh'd, the
[Wound
They living made, clos'd and again was ſound;
Whilſt he, like *Serpents* of more Pois'nous kind,
Where e're he once his fork'd Tongue applies,
Thongh in the Fatal Act he dies,
Still leaves his Venom and his Sting behind.

II.

M—th and *Eſſex* both were Stung,
And many more by his Envenom'd Tongue;
And ſtrait they all began to ſwell,
From Senſe and Reaſon ſtrait they Fell;

And

And Melancholly Fumes poſſeſs'd their Brain,
And they wou'd all be Kings, and all wou'd Raign,
Hence their diſorder'd paſſion ſprings,
And ſpitting Venom on the beſt of Kings;
Hence their attempts upon his Life & Throne;
Hence all their ſecret Myſteries
Of undermining Treacheries,
And hidden Veins of Treaſons yet unknown.
But Thou, Great *Charles*, deſpiſe their vain Deſigns;
The *Unicorn*, Supporter of thy Arms,
'Gainſt all their Poiſon bears ſufficient Charms;
And a much greater Pow'r blows up their deep-eſt Mines.

III.

Methinks the dark Cabal of Six I ſee,
Double *Triumvirate* of Villany;
Exceeding that which went before
In number much, in Miſchief more:
Cæſar's Adopted Son does firſt appear;
Art thou, (my *Brutus*) there?
Thou that wert once ſo Great and Good;
From the high place wherein you juſtly ſtood,
How art thou fallen, O *Lucifer*?
He once (like you,) was Fair and Bright,
Chief Leader of the Glorious Hoſts of Light;
But long (alas!) he cou'd not bear
To ſee above him plac'd th' Eternal Kings Immediate Heir,

He

He ſcorn'd Subjection, for a Kingdom fell;
But gain'd Eternal Slavery and Hell: [tend;
Thus while from Good to Ill they Headlong
The brighteſt Angel makes the blackeſt Fiend

IV.

Next *Eſſex*, once deſervedly Great,
Though ſince the Scorn and Mockery of Fate;
Eſſex whoſe late Succeſsful ſway
Made *Ireland* Peaceably obey;
And follow'd well Great *Ormond*'s Track, who
[led him all the way,
His Fathers Bright Example long prevail'd,
And that moſt Precious Legacy
He left to him of *Loyalty*; [Night,
(So the declining *Sun*, when chas'd by coming
Still guilds the World a while with the remains
[of Light:)
But when that *Hell* and *Shaftsbury* aſſail'd,
His Noble Reſolutions quickly fail'd,
And all his former Virtues nought avail'd,
Addreſſes and *Petitions* firſt,
(For who can fall at once from good to worſt?)
Began the Game: and aiming to Betray,
(Like *Judas*, *All Hail Maſter*, led the way.
Unhappy man! who carry'd on
Too ſadly the Compariſon!
Tortur'd like him by his Deſpair,
Like Him, he was his own ſad Executioner.

Ruſſel

V.

Ruſſel and *Eſcrick* next in order were;
Nor did I much admire to ſee Them there:
Happy the latter of the two, who ſince
Has waſh'd away his Faults in Humble peni-
And by a true Confeſſion [tence;
Of others Treaſon and his own,
With his moſt Gracious Prince may for the laſt
I wave the former, ſince he juſtly dy'd, [Atone.
And by his Death has ſatisfy'd:
But he has to himſelf been more unkind;
And his own Libel left behind.
Next *Sydney* comes; a Name
In brave Sir *Philip* known to Fame
For Perfect Wit and Loyalty: [black a Dye
Though now by *Algernoon* mark'd with ſo
As does almoſt Eclipſe the Fame of his Great An-
Hambden the laſt; the worthy Son [ceſtry.
Of him well known in *Forty One*:
Grand Patron of the *Canting Tribe*,
How ſhall I thee Deſcribe?
None can draw thee according to thy due,
But he that has the knack to *Hang* and *Quarter*

VI. [too.

Theſe, and a num'rous Train of many more,
Their dark Deſigns did ſecretly contrive;
Till *Keeling* who did long Connive,
To ſound their depth, and number all their ſtore,
Broke forth, & ſhone like Gold amidſt the Ore.

Againſt

Againſt his Conſcience nothing cou'd prevail;
Not Life and Int'reſt in the other Scale:
All other by-concerns he laid aſide;
And fix'd his mind with Noble Pride
Upon a Name ſo Good and Great,
As ſole Preſerver of the *Church* and *State*.
What Thanks for ſuch Obligement ſhall we
Our Fortune and our Lives we owe[bring?
For what you did on us beſtow;
What then for our *Religion*, and our *King*?
Take firſt our Hearts; while we can only Pray,
God and his great Vice-gerent will repay.

VII.

And now the Horrid *Plot* appears,
Writ in the blackeſt Characters;
And ev'ry Page ſome Bloody Title bears,
Seditions, *Treaſons*, *Maſſacres*.
What in a King ſo Good, what cou'd they ſee,
To Arm that numerous Conſpiracy
Againſt ſo mild a Majeſty;
Which like the *Sun*, its beams does wear
Not to Conſume, but Warm and Cheer?
Bleſt Prince! and canſt Thou ſtill Diſpence
To this unthankful Land thy Gracious Influence,
Still canſt Thou ſhed thy Favours upon thoſe
That are the near Relations of thy Foes?
Brave *Capel* and *Southampton* on this Hand,
Eſſex and *Ruſſel* on the other ſtand;
He turn'd from theſe, and fix'd his Princely
Upon the Nobler Object of the two; [view

And

And as he look'd, on all their Friends his willing
[Favours threw.
Let *Ruſſel's* Wife (ſaid he), unpitty'd go;
But ſhall *Southamptons* Daughter fall ſo low?
Eſſex his Son ſhou'd want, 'tis true,
But what ſhall then Brave *Capel's* Grand-ſon do
In his Indulgent Memory,
So long great Virtues live, ſo ſoon Offences dye

VIII.

Yet him, thus juſtly fam'd for mildneſs of His Reign
The Bloody *Faction* dooms to dye;
And to Enhance their Cruelty,
Wou'd in his Royal Brother Murder him again;
His Royal Brother, who had always bin
A Partner of the Troubles He was in;
Of all his dangers bore a ſhare,
And ſtill with him Joynt-Sufferer:
Ev'n him their Helliſh rage Aſſails;
The *Hercules*, that when our *Atlas* fails,
Muſt with his Shoulders prop the ſinking ſtate,
And beat unmov'd the mighty weight.
With them the Loyal, all the Good and Great
Muſt meet an unrelenting Fate;
For thoſe by ſtrong Antipathy they hate.

IX.

Nor can the Church eſcape this Curſed Band:
What once was to the worſt a Sanctuary,
Can to its ſelf no refuge be;
That with the State does always fall or ſtand:

And

And may both ſtand till Time it ſelf has end;
And ſtill each other mutually defend:
For whilſt with open Force, or ſecret Hate,
The two extreams aſſault the State;
The *Engliſh* Church keeps on her ſteady pace,
Fix'd in the middle, Virtues place;
Nor e're Rebell'd againſt the Throne,
Under whoſe Gracious ſhade 'twas planted, and [has grown.
But as the *Ivy*, with whoſe Verdant Boughs
Her Learned Sons may juſtly wreath their Bows
Does round the *Elm* its loving Branches twine;
And when the Axe its kind ſupport aſſails,
That alſo feels the Stroke, and with it fails:
So while the Church and State their ſtrict Em- [braces joyn;
The ſame rude Blow, that over-turns the [Crown,
Strikes its lov'd Partner too, & hews her down.

X.

Ah! wretched *England*! how art Thou,
The Worlds late Envy, made its Laughter now?
Is't not enough, that Forreign Foes
Diſturb thy quiet, and thy Peace oppoſe?
But muſt thy Children, like young Vipers, tear
The womb which did them bear?
Haſt thou ſo few abroad, that Thou muſt be
Thy own moſt dreadful Enemy?
At length Unhappy Land thy Errours view;
And give to *Cæſar*, and to God their due;

Leave

Leave Factious Arts, nor let ſo ſtale a Cheat
Twice in one Age impoſe upon the State:
Murmur no more, when you ſhou'd Thanks re-
And value Mercies, leaſt they fly away: [pay;
For they who ſpurn at God, deſerve to ſuffer
[worſe;
And Bleſſings, (when abus'd,) oft turn into a
[Curſe.

A Pindarique Ode, *upon His Majeſties Review of His Forces at* Putney-Heath.

I.

THou more than happy Plain,
Thus honour'd with this Glorious Train,
The Awful *Monarch* of Bleſt *Albion*'s Iſle,
With all His Martial Pomp around
Thus Circled, and thus more than Crown'd;
A Sight would make even wither'd *Autumn*
[ſmile;
And the proud *Thames* in paſſing by
Th' Auguſt *Solemnity*,
With a ſlow Ebb his Rowling waves convey
Down to their Mother SEA,

To

To pay their Humbler Homage to th' Ador'd
Great *Charles* the Sea Dread *Sovereign Lord.*
Imperial *CÆSAR* here
Does no *Aſſociating Senates* fear.
Theſe *Loyal* Walls of *Steel* untainted ſtand
Whilſt faithleſs *Capitols* with Royal Gore,
Schiſm, *Sacriledge*, and *Treaſon* blotted o're,
Eternal *Shame* and Deathleſs *Infamy* ſhall brand.
No more are our Battalions led
By an ungrateful *Brutus* in their Head.
Th'avenging Deity from that high Sphere
Has thrown the falling *Lucifer*:
And the Great Heir of that Immortal Man,
Monk, who our *Sun*'s bright *Phoſphor*, firſt [began
To mend the broken Wheels, and ſet the vaſt [*Machine*
Of Monarchy a moving once again,
Now wields the Royal Sword,
To *Guard* that Majeſty's Renown'd *Sire* reſtor'd.

II.

Let the Old *Roman Triumphs* boaſt no more,
Their Coſtly Pomp of Yore.
What were their *Golden Chariots*? What
Thoſe Shining Scenes of State?
Or'e Vaſſals *Heads* They only Rode:
O're Proſtrate *Hearts* we'll Mount our Dri- [ving GOD.
Whilſt Heccatombs of offer'd Souls ſhall come,
With one Rich *Incenſe*, One *Perfume*;

Till

Till Towring to the Sky,
The Universal Great Oblation fly;
The *Roman Eagles* all Out-soar'd, Outvy'd
Their *Pageants*, all their gilded Pride,
A *Trajan Column* or *Egyptian* Pyramide;
Poor Piles of Earth, and Monuments of Clay,
Far, far beneath the *Rites* we Pay:
When our united *Shouts*, *Vows*, *Prayers*, all
[Circling round his Head,
Their more then Coronation Drops shall Shed:
Whilst the Victorious *Charles* shall March
Under that Brightest, Greatest, most Divine *Tri-*
[*umphal Arch.*

III.

And Sacred *Charles* to Crown this Glorious
[Day,
Loud let Thy *Canons* roar, so Bright thy *Ban-*
[*nors* play;
And hold thy Glittering Brandish't *Sword* so
[*High.*
Till *Treasons* Awed and Silenced lye;
Till Bursting *Envy* dye.
Till the Dread *Sight* alone
Has that intire, and *Bloodless* Conquest won,
Shall make the Hissing Tongues of *Murmur*
All husht into a *Calm*, and *Dazled* into *Peace*.
Thus Conquering, thy Halcyon Reign shall be
But one Long *Jubilee*.
Whilst Thou our Dearer, Greater *Jove*,

The Greater, tho' less *Thundering* Name,
Thy Lightning all but *Lambent* Flame,
Crown'd with *Miraculous Mercy* Sits *above*,
And all *Beneath* Thee LOVE.
Mercy more *Wondrous* far
Then thy own *Native Noon-day* STAR.
A *Mercy* so prodigious as t' excel
All but thy RESTAURATION *Miracle.*
Mercy that even Heavens hardest Toyl
FANATICISM shall reconcile:
Soften th' invet'rate Hate of *Church* and *Crown*,
And all the Iron Hearts melt down.
Mercy and *Charles* all this Stupendious work shall [do;
Nay move without a *Pang* the Mighty *Labour*
IV. [through.
But whil'st this Faithful Band's unshaken Loyalty
For *Charles* dares Fight, and for Him dye;
'Tis as the GODS *Devotion* treats
With precious *Odours*; all no more
Than Heaps from their own Store:
The *Gums* which their own *Sun* creates.
'Tis all but a Creation of thy own,
Whil'st *Charles* is his own Guard alone,
Inspires that Loyalty protects his Throne.
Nor is alone this Loyal Host,
Th' Auxiliary thy Cause can boast.
For let 'em cover all the spacious Plain,
Nay add ten Thousands more to fill the Glori- [rious Train:
Great

Great *Charles*, not *half* thy *Guards* are [here;
Heavens kindeſt *Angels* in that *Liſt* appear,
They lead the Mighty *Van*, and *Theſe* bring up the [*Rear*.

The Melancholly Complaint *of Doctor* TITUS OATES.

WHat could a curſt ungrateful Age do [more,
Impoſtor-like, to puniſh him ſo ſore,
Whom for a Saviour, they ador'd before.

I was the man, Oh! cruel change of Fate:
Once, the Pillar of the ſinking State,
Am now become the very Jayl-birds hate,

Out of a pallace, into a Dungeon thruſt,
From ſix good Diſhes, to ſnap at one brown Cruſt,
By God and man like *Cain*, mark't out and curſt.

Is this the end of all my promis'd Joys,
I that once made ſuch buſſle, and ſuch Noiſe,
Puft up with Triumphs of the ſhouting Boys.

With what applauſe was I receiv'd by th'Rabble
When I gave hopes for to re-build their Babel;
But now they'l hang me, 'cauſe I was not able.

With watring Chops, I call to mind the cheer,
That oft I made with many a Noble Peer,
Now in good time may ſnack the Basket here.

I do remember too how tumbling Pence
Came rowling in when I did firſt commence
Maſter of th' Art, and Doctor *Evidence*,
For want of which I never ſhall get hence.

'Tis ſtrange, that Bolts, and Bars, and Iron Grates,
The juſt reward of pe;jur'd Rogues, and Cheats,
Should prove the *Præmimum* of my Glorious [feats,

Ungrateful Slaves! What! have ye quite forgot
How for your ſakes ſtrange Kingdoms I did trot,
Brought nothing but th' wonder of my Plot;

Though many ſhifts abroad I have been put too
Scarce able to provide for Back and Gut too,
And often-times was forc'd to pad a foot too,

Nay, many times I've lain all day in Bed,
Becauſe abroad I durſt not ſhew my head
But when't grew dark, ſtole out to beg my bread

What

What I have ſuffer'd for the Kingdom's ſake,
In wants and dangers what I did partake,
And now to fear the Gibbet or the Stake,
Brethren, 'twill cauſe your tender hearts to ake.

I curſt my Country, and deny'd, my *Credo*,
And for the Nations good, turn'd Renegado,
Receiv'd Cruel *Whitebread*'s Baſtinado,

I worſhip't Idols that were falſe I knew;
And when I'd done, ſwore they were Gods moſt [true;
And play'd the Devil for the ſakes of you;

I pray'd to Saints, in time of need, with cryes,
Till they had granted my neceſſities,
My Almes obtain'd their Saint-ſhips I'd deſpiſe;

I chang'd Religion, often as my Name,
Spew'd out and hated whatſo'ere I came,
Haunted by th' Devil, Beggary and ſhame,

Through the wild Sects, and Tribes, I made a [Ramble
And to them all did lye, ſwear, and diſſemble,
Enough to make the very Devils tremble,

Thus by me were the ſilly Jeſuits ſham'd;
When as with tears I ſwore I ſhould be damn'd
If not receiv'd into their Holy Band.

I made them think Religion was the Tye,
That did engage me when I came to Spye,
Since 'tis well known, the Devil a bit had I.

I made his Holineſs believe, the Pope,
That in his Pardons I conceived ſuch hope,
That for his cauſe, I'd ſuffer Fire or Rope;

But when I'd got my foot out of his door,
I Rail'd, and call'd him Babylonian *Whore*,
And many Horrid things againſt him ſwore;

For why? I ne're yet valued Faith or Troth,
Or ever made more ſcruple of an Oath,
Then of a blaſt of breath to cool my Broth.

I quickly kill'd the worm, within that gnaws,
And made the Goſpel, Prophets, and the Laws,
Come truckle Brethren, to your good *Old Cauſe*;

I laught at all Religion, and its Baubles;
Such as Evangeliſts and holy Tables;
Eſteeming them no more then *Æſops* Fables;

Like merry *Lucian*, look'd on't as a Tale;
A dull inſipid thing, grown Old and Stale,
Serves me to joak on o're a pot of Ale;

I ſcoſt't & ſcorn'd, but ne're would cringe or bow
To thoſe grave fools that do ſuch tales allow,
And would have judg'd them to the Cart or Plow

That

That with you I might gain repute and fame,
I laught at Conſcience as a Bug-bear name;
And ſhook off quite all modeſty and ſhame,

In hopes once more you'd come to rule the Roaſt,
I made my ſelf Knight-errant of the Poſt;
Of which I take the vanity to boaſt;

For good of Commonwealth without repine,
I franckly Dedicated me, and mine,
Contemning Laws, both humane, and divine;

Vaſt Sums I in the publick ſervice ſpent?
Much Money to the needy Jeſuite Lent,
When at that time, I'd neither Land nor Rent;

The correſponding Charges I did own,
When to the Lords my juſt accounts were ſhown
Beſides ſome By-ones more than e're were known

The many painful journeys, to and fro,
Embaſſador 'twixt Devil, and Turk to go,
To all the World my vaſt Expences ſhow;

Beſides for Flying-Horſes which would ſcour,
To *France* or *Spain*, and back in half an hour,
With Old Nicks Fees for granting me this power

I morgag'd all my Heritage and Lands,
To purchaſe from the *Roman* General's hands
Commiſſions for my new rais'd ſecret Bands;

But Oh! the Devil poor man was ne're ſo croſt
When God knows what thoſe *Roman* Bulls had [coſt,
Lo! ſuddenly they vaniſht, and were loſt,

To *Mulciber* for ſtrange and curious Arms,
Made with ſuch cunning magick ſpells, & charms,
To fright and fear, and do no further harms;

Procuring of rich Cordials for the King,
The which I judg'd, the ſafeſt and ſureſt thing,
Him to his bed, of longeſt reſt to bring;

For Blunderbuſs, or Croſs-bow, I count nought
Becauſe for ſecret ſervices they were bought;
Beſides, were not well manag'd as they ought;

At many other charges I have been,
For preſervation of the Duke and Queen,
And ſwearing things were never heard nor ſeen;

For Doctor-ſhip and *Salamanca* Fees;
Where Piſtoles flew away as thick as Bees;
Pox on their Univerſity degrees,

For Ancient Books, that I in *Ægypt* bought,
From the fam'd *Ptolemæus* Study brought
No Gypſie gibberiſh ones, as ſome have thought

I bought in *Spain*, the wity *Guzman*'s works,
The Holy League 'twixt *Teckley*, and the *Turk*
With *Matchiavel*'s, ſtate-niceties and querks,

All

All this, and more, I freely did disburſe,
For th' Nations good out of my privy purſe
And never thought my ſelf a groat the worſe.

But this is nothing to a thouſand more,
Good ſervices, that I have ſtill in ſtore,
Such as the Devil himſelf, ne're did before.

The many famous deeds that I have done,
Since I the Kingdoms mighty work begun,
Have made *Ketch* half as rich as ſquire *Dun*;

What Tongue can tell with how much cunning
I did contrive my Plot in every part, [Art
Of which the *Tories* ſhould have felt the ſmart.

For whom I liſt, of It I could accuſe,
If to compound with me they did refuſe,
I ſwore good Chriſtians to be *Turks* and *Jews*:

The *Jeſuits* I ſet like any Spanniel,
To do their Work I had a ready Pannel, [Flannel
That ſcarce would give them time to buy them

I watch'd for *Prieſts*, as Cat doth watch for Mouſe
At midnight, Low-belling from houſe to houſe,
Though here each night I'm forc'd to hunt for
[Louſe.

I rail'd at th' Privy Council, and at *Scrogs*,
And call'd them damn'd confounded *Popiſh dogs*,
'Cauſe they'd not hang all thoſe which I call'd
Rogues. Thoſe

Thoſe were my golden days, my days of Power,
When Great ones fear'd me, when I ſent each
At leaſt a ſcore to *Newgate*, and the *Tower*; [hour

I made them tremble at my very word,
Which did the work as ſure as any Sword,
Though now 'tis no more valued than a T—

Then was I ſtout, as I St. *George* had been,
At th' Commons Bar to ſtick I ne'r was ſeen
Of Treaſon to accuſe Lord, Duke or Queen,

No man durſt thwart me, with deſire of pelf,
I rag'd and grew to ſuch a peeviſh Elf,
Had the King vext me, I had peacht Himſelf;

For at that time I'd brought things to ſuch a paſs,
In open Court, I'd bid 'em kiſs my A——
But now the times are chang'd Alas! Alas!

I was by moſt Sir Reverenc'd and reſpected
From Popiſh Treaſons by my Guards protected,
Tho now like Rogue I'm ſligted and neglected.

Each word that from my ſacred lips then fell,
Received were as holy Oracle,
Tho' now they ſay 'twas all the craft of Hell.

I Rul'd and Reign'd in mighty pomp and ſtate,
Whilſt in the Houſe my Lords and Maſters ſate,
I furniſh'd them with buſineſs of debate.

'Twas

'Twas prety in thoſe days good faith to ſee
Your Popiſhly affected Lords with Fee,
And Cap in hand come ſneaking after me.

They fear'd my very menaces and frown,
Dreaded my anger more than of the Crown,
For I could pull their lofty Stomachs down.

I was the *Tories* Plague, their Iron Rod,
I huſt the Biſhops, on their Miters trod,
Swore what I liſt, fear'd neither Man nor God.

Juſt as I pleas'd, State-matters I'd diſpoſe, [Foes;
Found the Kings Friends to be the Kindoms
To ſmell out Traytors none had ſuch a Noſe.

I pointed out Men-worthy, Wiſe, and Juſt,
Whom I thought fit for Offices of Truſt,
And told the King thoſe were the men he muſt

Advance, and thoſe great Officers of State,
Well known againſt their good or evil fate
Depended much on my politick Pate;

For thoſe that did not *Romaniſts* annoy,
And their Adherents hated more deſtroy,
I thought it fit their places to enjoy;

But by Adherents, would you know what's meant
For 'tis a word of very large extent,
All thoſe whom we thought fit to circumvent.

I did adviſe the Kingdom to diſgrace
The next Succeſſor of the Royal Race,
And to exalt a Baſtard in his place.

The King I Councel'd into better hands,
To the Navy and the trained Bands,
Content himſelf to live on his Crown-lands.

T'leave Popiſh Councils, follow better courſes,
Turn out his Guards, thoſe Mercinary Forces,
Live privately, and keep a brace of Horſes,

His Guards did terrifie good peaceful men,
He might go live, and truſt himſelf with them,
As ſafe as *Daniel* in the Lyons Den;

I did commend him to the Commons care,
Wiſht him t'obey, by whiſpering in his Ear,
The diſobedience of his Father dear.

If he'd be wiſe, and rul'd by them no doubt,
And turn his old and wealthy minions out,
Soon all his buſineſs, would be brought about;

They'd give him money, or what elſe he pleas'd,
When he his Subjects of their Yoke had eas'd,
And every ſqueamiſh Conſcience was appeas'd.

I always pray'd for the Parliaments ſitting,
And that too as long as their Worſhips thought [fitting,
Becauſe when they met, they minded their [knitting.

For had they ſat on I was in fair hopes
To have got an Eſtate by cutting of Throats,
But now I ſhall never be worth Ten Groats.

For I deſerv'd the Mannnor of *Bobbing*,
For Plarliament buſineſs and other jobbing,
As well as a Thief a Halter for Robbing.

The next good ſervice that I did the Crown,
Was to poſſeſs the Country and the Town,
They'd ne're be ſafe till Monarchy came down.

That Monarchy unjuſtly ſtill bereaves
Of Liberty, and makes poor Subjects Slaves,
And is upheld by prating Fools and Knaves:

To prove it by example, I did chuſe
Some Stories of the old Rebellious *Jews*,
With ſome late Manuſcripts of Doctor *Hugh's*.

For in thoſe days when *Iſrael* had no King,
Without controll, men might do any thing,
Live merily, and go t'Heaven in a String.

I oft did from the lofty Pulpit ball,
And (not obſcurely) hinted to them All, [*Hall.*
To truſt not much, ſome Great Ones at *White-*

I told Deſigns were hatching many years,
On both ſides whiſper'd Jealouſies and Fears,
In hopes they'd fall together by the Ears:

I rais'd up Storms and Tempeſts in the State,
That threatn'd all the Ship with dreadful Fate,
In hopes I ſhould be Choſen Maſter's Mate,

For why, my Skill in Plotting was ev'n ſuch,
That I had learn'd of the Neighbouring *Dutch*,
That at the choice the Saylors would not grutch;

By their own Compaſs I my courſe would ſteer
From *Popiſh* Shoals, and Sands, ſtill keeping clear,
Nor lofty Rocks of Tyrany come near.

But Oh! the Fates! the Tempeſt was deſcry'd,
The jealous Maſter all the matter ſpy'd,
And I was in the Hold faſt bound and ty'd.

I had a Poſt each moment ſent from *Hell*,
A nimble Spark, that new my Genius well,
With expreſs Orders purpoſely to tell,

And teach me every thing that's done above,
Or underneath the mighty Throne of *Jove*,
And all his pains was purely for my love.

For

For by this means I knew of things to come,
As well as what in elder times was done;
And by it all my former Credit won.

For in thoſe days who was ſo great as I?
Or could ſo ſoon ſtrange Myſteries eſpy?
'Twas almoſt death to give me but the Lye.

I told the Parliament, how that the Queen
After the murder'd Juſtice She had ſeen,
Made a low Courteſie to *Hill*, and *Green*. [ta'en.
And thankt, them kindly for the pains they'd

I ſaw the Duke; in Parliament I ſwore,
I did believe through fixteen Doors, and more,
Communicating with the *Roman* Whore.

I call'd him ſtubborn Rogue, that ne're would [bend,
And told them plainly he was not their Friend,
Therefore advis'd them to contrive his end.

I workt it ſo, for all his great Commands,
I made him glad to ſcape out of their hands,
By ſhifting for himſelf in foreign Lands.

I rav'd and went on, and was't not prety
To accuſe the King in the ſecret Committee,
And jeer him at Clubbs and Cabals i'th' City.

I wonder'd how brave *Engliſh* Heroes cou'd
Be Rul'd and Govern'd by the *Scottiſh* Blood,
Such Servitude I ne're eſteemed good.

Therefore their indignation to appeaſe,
If that they'd iſſue forth a Writ of Eaſe,
I'd ſerve't on Him when their Honours pleaſe.

I taught the people that ſince *Babel*-Tower,
From them alone Kings did derive their power,
Whom if they pleas'd they might change every
[hour.

From Club to Club made drunk where e're I
[came,
I loudly rail'd againſt the *STUARTS* Name,
And did their Fathers Perſecutions blame.

I made Diſſenting Saints believe that He
Deſign'd t'enſnare their Souls and Liberty,
And on Him ſham'd the *Iriſh* Maſſacre.

I prais'd old *Noll* the Armies Bully-Rock,
With thoſe good men that brought Him to the
[Block,
Him above all that gave the fatal knock:

I curſt the Fates of that unlucky day
Wherein *Old Rowley* ſtrangely ſlipt away,
And would not for his Friends at *Worceſter* ſtay.
Though

I wiſht the Devil might th'Popiſh Traytor choak
That hid Him from us in the rotten Oak,
Which is as true a word as e're I ſpoke:

A ſneaking Dog whoſe conſcience was ſo nice,
A Thouſand pounds would not the Thief entice,
I would have don't for half the money, twice.

With grief I celebrate that Feaſt in *May*
Which Tories call their great Thankſgiving day,
As for a Judgment then I faſt and pray.

Theſe are the Services I've done the Nation
As a fore-runner of new *Reformation*
And to make way for the *Aſſociation*;

For which I ſhould to great preferment riſe,
Rewarded and advanc'd above the Skies
By th'keepers of the *Engliſh* Liberties.

This to be true, Time would have prov'd my (words,
Better then Bar of Commons, or of Lords,
By the fair Tryal of your Pikes and Swords;

For as Reformers muſt, I've wrought ſome won- [ders,
Which ſhould have been confirm'd by Warlike [Thunders
Made out by Rapine, Sacriledge, and Plunders

With *Roman Bulls*, Black-bills, and *Smithfield* Spits,
I frighted three Kingdoms out of their Wits,
And made them fall into Convulsion-fits.

I made them on a sudden fly to Prayer,
For fear of Mountains falling from the Air, [spair.
Which made some soft Pates, of their Brains di-

Some choose to die by true Protestant Ropes,
And some for fear of *Papists*, cut their Throats,
For which they were beholding unto *Oates*;

Whilst others frighted with the hideous cries
Of *Fairy* Armies fighting in the Skies,
By gazing up, lost both their Heads and Eyes.

Some thought the Island was just running round,
No steady place of footing to be found,
For fear they run away and left the ground.

That *Roman Canibals* in furious mood,
Were coming to destroy th'Protestants brood,
And eat them all at once for want of food.

No man could safe on Pillow lay down's head,
As in full Senate learnedly One said,
Least he might rise with's Throat cut in's Bed;

For

For as we are told by a deceaſed Squire
In's Narratives of Maſſacres and Fire
How narrowly we ſcap'd the *Papiſts* Ire:

That they had made the great *Veſuvian* Hills
Into Fire-balls as ſmall as Doctors Pills,
And ſecretly convey'd them o're in Quills:

The Trayt'rous Jeſuits, and their curſed backers,
Had made mount *Ætna* in Squibs and Crackers
To throw, & burn our Cloaths to Rags & Tatters

All this was but a Tryal of my Skill,
Like th' Exerciſe of *Quixot* and his Mill,
I was reſolv'd to do more wonders ſtill;

I raiſed forty thouſand of the Dead
Souldiers that from their Camp laſt Age were fled
And fed them under-ground with Ginger-bread

Armies of Pilgrims I call'd out of *Spain*,
Embarqu'd in a Nut-ſhell ſafely on the Main
And in a trice convey'd them back again.

I made a Prince that was of little ſtature,
With half a word, a tall and comely Creature,
My very breath chang'd him in every feature;

I rais'd up *Gyges*, robb'd him of his Ring,
And by that means convers'd with many a King
So ſecretly, Themſelves knew not the thing;

I beg'd of *Juno*, *Argus*'s head and eyes
To place abroad in Princes Courts for ſpyes,
So that I knew of every Enterprize:

I knew all mankind living on the Earth,
Set private marks upon them at their Birth,
Which caus'd amongſt ſome people wondrous mirth;

Though now and then I bawkt by Candle light,
Pox on my ſences, and my duller ſight,
Could not diſern a Squire from a Knight.

Theſe and a thouſand other pretty pranks
I've play'd with men of all degrees and Ranks,
For which I did expect ſome better thanks.

I little thought that this ſweet Face of mine,
That looks ſo like a Reverend Grave Divine,
Should come ſo ſoon thro' Iron Grates to ſhine.

I never dreamt of ſuch rewards as theſe,
Whilſt that I liv'd in Palaces of eaſe,
Sporting with my prity *Gammedes*;

Nor did I think my Labours and my Toyles
Should be rewarded in the common Jayls,
'Twould make a *Welch-man* ſwear, *Guts* plutter her Nails,

But Oh! see what the destinies have brought [to pass,
That folks at last should make me such an Ass,
As to keep Colts with *Oates* instead of Grass.

I thought the Nation would have paid my score,
For a reward have thrown me something more,
But now I see I am deceiv'd full sore.

As holy Mussel-men do count and write
Their great *Hegira* from their Prophets flight,
When for Rebellion he was banish'd quite.

So may I date my woes from that same day,
My *Polish* Princely Patron run away,
And left his people in the mire and clay.

Why did he not take me with him to dwell,
When he embark'd for *Holland* and for *Hell*?
I ne're shall get there half so safe and well.

My mind long since presages dreadful things,
With tortured cryes my Ears already rings,
And think each man some fatal tidings brings.

My Tongue that never fail'd me yet, now falters,
I dream of nothing but of Hemp and Halter,
And frightful Visions of the *Rye-house Malters*.

Methinks I ſee ſome of my Friends come o're,
And becken to me from the *Stygian* Shore,
All pale, and wan, and welter'd in their gore.

Methinks I ſee each night ſtern vengeance ſtand
Over my head with naked Sword in hand,
Threatning *Eſt Soons* to rid me of the Land.

Oft times I dream of thoſe bald gaſtly Pates
O'th' *Bridge*, and Quarters o're the City Gates,
Pitying (as 'twere my own) thoſe poor mens fates.

And then I fear, leaſt the juſt Fates decree
As a Reward for my Fidelity,
The *Doctor* to adorn the *Triple-Tree.*

But hang me Sirs, if e're you catch me there,
When once I've brought my ſelf into the ſnare,
In verbo Sacerdotis I'll declare

The truth of all and every thing I knew,
Which will I'm ſure make many men look blew;
Though I ly'd living, dying I'll ſpeake true.

An account of an *Apparition* that appeared to *TITUS OATES.*

SOme night last past, as I (*accurſed*) lay,
Tumbling and Tossing, wishing long for day;
Just fallen into a Sleep, I did Espy [nye
(Methonght) some frightful Things approaching
My trembling Bed: Those who at first appear'd,
Were naked Men with *Crimson Blood* besmear'd,
Dragging their Bowels trayling at their Heel,
Their Breasts ript open, wanted Hearts to feel:
They gently came and drew near to my Bed,
Shew'd what, & who they were, but nothing said
At which I then (though ne'r before) turn'd red
In every Gesture you might plainly find,
A Soul compos'd, and a well order'd mind [high,
They knew me not, their Thoughts did soar more
Their Eyes & Thoughts were fix'd above the Sky
But with true Consort each did Sing this Song,
O Lord most Holy, Lord most Just, how long?
Just following them, came Two so closely joyn'd
As Matrimonial Bands had e're design'd
For Man and Wife, (perhaps they so might be,)
The one dreſt-Man-like, t'other contrary;
The Robes he wore were of *a Scarlet dye,*
Of Aspect Reverend, full of Gravity:

In whose right Hand fast held (methought) I saw
A Book, Intituled, *Covent by the Law.*
Her Dress as *Vestal Nuns* are made to wear,
From Head to Foot, did purely White appear;
Whose Eyes were Cover'd with the Finest Lawn;
Inher right Hand a Naked Sword was drawn,
Pointed towards me, at which I trembled more,
Then at the Bleeding sight I saw before,
As if she knew me, she did boldly come,
Inquir'd for *Conscience*, I reply'd, *from home*;
Quoth she, *How long?* I said, *I cou'd not tell,*
She very seldom us'd with Me to dwell.
Then with a Bold(I thought commanding) word
To th' *Scarlet Gown* cryes, *Judgment* give my Lord
He seem'd reserv'd, and would but little say,
Yet shook his Head, Look'd Stearn, and went a-
With threatning Signs of a severer day. [way,
At which I wak'd from that most dismal Dream,
And thus I write upon the Tragyck Theme.
Alas those inward Pangs I hourly feel,
Are now grown greater than I can reveal,
None e're more sensibly than I, cou'd tell,
How like a wounded Conscience is to Hell:
My crying Crimes, like Vipers dayly tear
My Bleeding Intralls, and I'm all dispair:
The Fate of *Judas* was more mild than mine,
He shew'd Repentance of his Treacherous Crime:
Favour was granted to that *Cursed Elf*,
And Strength of Mind enough to hang Himself.

But

But I more miserable far than He
Who dare not do what none will do for me,
Ungrateful *Ketch* where's thy Civility!
You know that lately, might I had my Will,
And *Cornisses* and *Bethels* Sheriffs still,
I wou'd have sworn whilst Death had Power to Kill,
And was in all Superlatively ill.
For I, more fierce than all the Devils, hurl'd,
And strove to turn to *Chaos* all the World: [fire
For which I'm Plagu'd, and Burn with more than
By the strict vengeance of the *Almighties Ire.*
To Heaven I dare not look, that Glorious Throne
Did evermore my *Hateful Crimes* disown.
Th' Infernal Spirits seem to dread me too,
Or envy that my *Crimes* did theirs out-do.
Proscrib'd by all, *Where wretched shall I flye?*
To hide my *Guilt* from GOD's *All-searching Eye.*
——But hold, have I not read
Pythagoras Faith, and what th' *Egyptians* said
Of *Transmigration* of the Souls of Men.
Into some *Birds* or *Beasts*, alas! what then?
Where may I search? for either *Beast* or *Fowl*
Deserves the Plague of such a Loaded Soul?
What Land e'r so accurst as to produce
So foul a Creature, to so foul a Use,
Unless perhaps on that *Unhallow'd Ground*
Where my *Learn'd Tutor* dy'd, such may be found
If that proves true, then *Titus* thou art blest,
And in that hope, accursed *Oates* take rest.

A Paradox *againſt Liberty*, Written by the Lords, during their Impriſonment in the Tower.

A Priſon, or the Iſle, are much the ſame;
They onely differ in Conceit and Name.
As Art the firſt, Nature Immures the laſt;
Onely i'th larger Mold her Figure's caſt.
All Iſlanders are in a Priſon pent,
And none at large, not thoſe o'th' Continent.
Each Mariner's a Priſoner in his Bark.
The living World was priſon'd in the Ark.
And though it be abroad a days; the Light
Still lodges in the Priſon of black Night.
The Sea it ſelf, is to its bounds confin'd,
And *Æolus* in Caves ſhut up the wind:
Nothing in nature has ſuch vaſt Extent,
But is impriſon'd in its Element.
The Fiſh in watry Dungeons are inclos'd;
Men, Beaſts, and Birds, to Earth and Ayr diſpos'd.
If to enlarge their narrow bounds, they ſtrive,
The fatal freedom rarely they ſurvive.
And as with them, we hope with Us 'twill be,
When from their Priſons took, Death ſets them free.

Man

Man can no more a native freedom boaſt;
That Jewel ne're was found, ſince firſt 'twas loſt
Twas then tranſported to the *Stygian* Coaſt.
But ſtill there's ſomething which we do eſteem,
Onely becauſe 'tis like the poliſh't Gem,
And this we *Freecom* call; its credit grows
From a falſe ſtamp, the guilded outſide ſhows:
Which a varitious Man attempts to get,
Cheated and ruin'd with the Counterfeit.
Like Children, Soapy-Bubbles they purſue,
And the fantaſtick Viſion, take for true;
But whilſt they think bright forms they do em-brace,
Ixion-like, they find a cloud i'th' place.
Conſent of Crowds exceeding credit brings,
And ſeems to ſtamp Truths Image on falſe things,
Not what's a real good, but what does ſeem,
Still ſhares the blind and popular eſteem,
Whilſt Senſe and fancy over-rule their choice,
And Reaſon in th' Election has no voice.
But Souls in vain have Reaſons Attribute,
If to the Rule, they cannot Senſe ſubmit.
Hence the Heriock mind makes no complaint,
But freedom does Enjoy, even in reſtraint.
When Chains and Fetters do their Body bind,
He then appears more free, and leſs confin'd.
Diſcord and Care, which do diſtract him here,
In durance take their leave and come not there.
Falſe Friends and Flatt'rers, then take laſt adieu
Who often ſwore how faithful and how true,
Things their diſhoneſt boſoms never knew.

Theſe

These like the Swallows, in cold weather flye;
A Summers fortune onely draws them nigh.
Flatt'rers a sort of fatal Suckers be,
Which draw the Sap 'till they destroy the Tree.
Fair Virtue to their Obticks when they bring,
Seems a deform'd and antiquated thing.
Vice they commend, whilst Vertue is despis'd;
The blackest by these Negroes most are pris'd.
These slaves to Vice, do hug so hard and long,
Till like the o'refond Ape, they kill their Young.
Ambition in the Mind's a Feverish Thirst,
Which is by drinking dryer than at First;
And these will feed the humour till it burst:
When Parasites the Arbiter are made,
They'l place the Garland on a Beadlam's head.
Riot, Excess, and Pleasure car' the Day,
And Lust (the worst of Tyrants) bears the sway
At whose black Throne they blind Allegiance pay.
Morose and dull they do account the Grave;
And the Meek-man fit only for a Slave:
The Humble of a Nature poor and base;
The Chast, sprung a dull insipid Race;
And Temperance, a Gallant's chief disgrace.
In Vertues garb, the great Mans Vice they dress,
Giving it names with sound of Worthiness.
They call his Pride the Graniduer of his mind,
And for his lust the Name they have design'd
Is a complisant Ayr, that makes men kind.

Pro-

Profaneneſs is his Wit; and his Exceſs
By a Gay janty Humour they expreſs;
All his Debauches too muſt be no leſs.
Thus they lap ruin up, and guild our Crimes
But Vice deſtroys, like *Ivy*, where it climbs.
In us the dangrous ſtate th' Ambitious ſee
Of Greatneſs, Avarice, and Flatterie.
Gifts, Honour, Office, Greatneſs, Grace of Kings,
Raiſe the Ambitious upon treach'rous wings.
Till from the mighty hights they giddy grow,
And fall into the Ruin lyes below.
If the firſt fail, which do ſupport our ſtate,
The laſt our fall ſerve to percipitate.
This with to dear Experience we have bought,
And learnt a Leſſon, which too late was taught.
Proſperity's a Drug that muſt be ta'ne
Corrected, (*Opium* like) or elſe 'tis bane.
A more *Lethargick* quality's in her,
Than ever yet in *Opium* did appear.
Her fatal Poyſon to the Mind ſhe ſends,
And uncorrect, in ſure deſtruction ends.
Whilſt in the way her guilded ſnares ſhe lays,
Eaſie and credulous Man ſhe ſoon betrays;
Who ſees her Roſes and her Lillies here,
But her concealed Snakes doth never fear.
Proſperity's repaſts puff up the Mind
With unſubſtantial and unwholeſome wind.
'Tis a *Haute-Gouſt* which *Epicures* do uſe,
And choicer Viands ſqueamiſhly refuſe.

But

But when Affliction moulds your dayly bread,
'Tis then the ſtaff of Life with which ſhe's fed.
Affliction (like the River *Nile*) beſtows
Her fruitful bleſſings whereſoe're ſhe flows:
And if when ſhe withdraws, ſtrange Serpents riſe
Not in her ſtreams, but in Soyl, it lyes.
Which (like the great *Apollo*) ſhe ſtrikes dead,
By the ſame Influence they firſt were bred,
If ſhe return, and ſhew her hidden head.
Great minds (like the victorious palms) are wont
Under the Weights of Fortune more to mount.
Strongly ſuppreſt, and hurl'd upon the ground,
Fill'd with ſublimer thoughts they more rebound
Still careleſs whether Fortune ſmile or frown,
Whether ſhe give, or take away a Crown.
Our Walls are Tyded, and by that we know
She always ebbs, when ſhe doth leave to flow,
And conſtant in Inconſtancy does grow.
Make an attacque all Injuries that can,
They fall like Waves beneath a riſing Swan.
Freed and ſecur'd from all diſcordant Care,
Here we our heads above the billows bear,
Till from our ſhoulders they tranſplanted are.
And from their ſummits, with dum gapes pro-
Of a *Quincumvirat* the trait'rous ſhame. [claim
But during all this Storm, we ſtill do find
An Anchor and a Haven in our Mind,
Not beaten now, though then expos'd to th' Wind
As Nightingales, our boſoms we expoſe,
And ſing, environ'd with the ſharpeſt woes.

De-

Degraded from vain Honour, here we grow
More great and high, as Trees by lopping do.
Honour's like froth in each Man's glaſs of Beer;
'Tis leaſt of uſe, though topmoſt it appear;
The common Vouchee for ill acts ſhe's grown;
It and *Religion* all our Miſchiefs own.
She raigns in Youth with an unruly heat,
And in her falſer Mirrour ſhews them Great,
Till Age and Time convince them of the cheat.
Raſh heads approve what ſober Men deſpiſe,
And the fantaſtick Garb offends the Wiſe;
She rarely now is ſeen but in Diſguiſe.
True Honour and plain Honeſty's the ſame;
From various Dwellings, comes the various [Name:
For whilſt ſhe gay in Courts, ſhe's Honour there,
But Honeſty with Us in Durance here.
In differing States, moſt things have difference:
What pleas'd this day, the next offends the [Prince.
The Proſperous loath what the Afflicted love;
Priſoners abhor, what free they did approve.
And ſtill there's power in each Mans choice to [make,
Himſelf content, if he can wiſely take, [Stake.
And think his own (though hard) a happy
In ev'ry ſtate does ſome Contentment dwell,
And here we find a Pallace in a Cell.
Good is good ev'ry where, and ev'ry thing,
And good can of it ſelf no evil bring.

All

All good's a raye of the first Light alone,
When Ill approaches, only that's our own,
Vertu's not gain'd by spending of our days
In pleasure, Princes Courts, or from the Rays.
At Vertue's Coast by Travel we arrive,
And so by Travel Virtue's kept alive.
She dwindles if she want due Exercise;
But us'd, grows brighter and still multiplies.
Virtue increases, Snow-ball-like, rowl'd on:
A lazy Vertue's next of kin to None.
Pris'ners indeed they be, that do lay by
At once their Fredom and their Industry.
If Men turn Drones within their hony'd Hyves,
It lyes i'th' Pris'ners heart. and not his Gyves.
The good grows better here, the bad grows worse; [Horse.
The Spur that makes this go, does jade that
Hence the great'st part are male-content and sad
Since that the Good are fewer then the bad.
A Bliss that springs from penetential joy,
Is the Minds balsome in each sharp Annoy;
Fools only their own Comfort do destroy.
To this Retirement we can freely go,
'Tis the great'st pace of Majesty below:
Or stirring out imports the World to know.
The Gaoler's Centinel to guard our Doors,
And Castles are contain'd i'th' narrow Floors.
More happy and more safe, secur'd from Foes,
Than those whom Troops of Enemies enclose.

Much

Much more as Pris'ners, our high bliſs we boaſt,
Being ſecur'd from ſuch a mighty Hoaſt
Of deadly Foes, ſo fierce with wrath & might,
Our ſelves ſo feeble, and unfit to fight
'Gainſt the black band of vicious and Profane,
Who thouſands do undo in each Campain.
In the Aſſault, we ſeldom brook the Field.
But flye like Hares, or elſe like Cowards yield.
Yet this the World eſteems an hard eſtate,
And Us, who feel it, count unfortunate.
Shew then, Philoſophy! the ſtate wherein
Such Safety, and ſo much content is ſeen.
Wherein leſs rugged or ſteep hind'rance lyes,
T'obſtruct the Path unto Perfection's prize,
The uſeful Rod's only bound up for this,
To whip and laſh the Childiſh on to Bliſs;
Who ſullenly refuſe the Rod to kiſs,
And ſo the Bleſſing in the Whipping miſs.
Some, like the Whale, only deſign'd to play
In fruitleſs pleaſures, drive the flying day;
As Boys with Clackers drive the Lent away.
Whilſt here, we ſtop the hours of time, that
With Contemplation's nobler Exerciſe. [flyes,
Maugre all Goals, think we e're long muſt dye,
And then enjoy an endleſs Liberty;
Death will redeem from long Captivity.
Man's Life's a Piece ſpun of a various Thred;
In ſome 'tis fine, in ſome a courſer Web.
The Threads acroſs, th' Occurrences of Fate,
Cut early from the Loom by Death, or late.

The Dread of Kings, Death, does not us dismay;
To Dye's less then be Tantaliz'd each day.
What Man complains, with Wearines oppress,
That Night is come, the only Time to Rest?

The last Speech of Sr. *Edmundbury Godfrey*'s Ghost.

LOok up? Base Croaking Zealots of the Age
Before your Frenzy Wits, fall into rage;
Look here? Who Vindicates the Royal Stage.
Godfrey's brave Spirit, doth this day appear,
Tremble ye now for Anger, or for Fear.
His shorthy Ghost, that courted Sacred good,
Has past the dangers, of the *Stygian Flood*;
Left the *Elizian Shades*, by strict commands,
To see once more how this poor Cuntrey stands.
But to our shame his grieved Soul doth find,
(*Lunatick Zeal*) with us hath been too kind,
And struck his Loving Fellow Subjects Blind.
He fears our Disobedience to a Prince,
Whom Heaven protected, (he can the World convince,) since.
From Zealous rage; and Traytors hands long
He sees & fears that in-bread Wars are coming
By Zealous Prayer created, Preach'd by cunning,
Holy

Holy long-winded, Fervent, Pious men,
Who seem as innocent as the prety *Wren*;
But if well try'd, we easily may find,
They unto none, but themselves are kind;
Envy all happiness, but what's their own,
Have humble out-sides, inwardly o're-grown
With Pride, Ambition, and Self-interest;
Longing with Crowns themselves for to invest.
For what is *Monarchy*, to them that say,
They are all *Monarchs*, that zealously can pray?
He sees foul threatnings, and intestine Thunder,
The *Plagues* of eating Swords, *Domestick Plun-*
Foretels the Fathers striking of his Sons, [*der.*
Who without mercy, on the old *Sire* runs;
Sees the Sons base Revenge upon the Father,
Who never leave, till all lie dead together;
Friend killing Friend, a Brother fights a Brother,
And spares his own blood less than any other.
Awake, awake, I say awake betimes,
Before your Souls feed on such Hellish crimes;
Let your own reason clear your blinded eyes,
Let sad experience, banish such Tragedies;
And as you older are, still grow more wise.
Beware those *Monsters*, that have taught your Zeals, [heals,
First to Dethrone your Prince (whom God
Then brings Destruction, to your Publick Weals
For doubtless such base Principles as these,
Cannot, but must the Heavenly Power Displease,

Godfrey's fore griv'd-Ghoſt, weeps *Bloody Tears*,
Seeing you drawn into Jealouſies and Fears,
To act thoſe *things*, which *murdering ſorrow bears*
Is it ſo long ſince, that you have forgot,
Can you ſo ſoon waſh out that Royal Spot,
Of Sacred Innocent Blood, bring back to mind,
Murd'ring the *Sire*, then to the Son be kind,
And ſay again your Zeal had made you blind.
Let no *Religious Cloak* your Bodies cover,
And under That Both Prince and Country Smo-
[ther.
To make your ſelves more hateful, & leſs good
Then *Lucifer* and his *Rebellious Brood*.
But ſtriving (with this Difference in the thing,)
They 'gain their Heavenly —— [King.
But you, both 'gainſt your Heaven & Earthly
Nay e'n a King ſo good, ſo ſweet, ſo great,
Makes all your joys and Happineſs Compleat:
Them only are excepted, that you ſee
Fain would be *Monarch's*, Kings as well as He.
Let not your Loving *Godfrey* longer weep,
But let his weary Ghoſt retire to ſleep;
Who never can have reſt, unleſs he find,
Your Souls more Loyal, to your Prince more
[kind;
Endeavouring ſtill to imitate thoſe Quires,
That with their Harps, and Hearts, and Sacred
[Lyres
Sing to their Heavenly King, who can alone,
Set whom he pleaſes on an Earthly Throne.

Ad-

Advice to the Painter's Adviser.

WE *Dogs* and *Lions* by their *Voices* know,
For by their *Notes* themſelves all *Crea-*
[*tures* ſhow;
Yet here's a *Thing* I know not what to call,
He *roars* and *Barks*; what's *Good* he curſes all.
No *Monſter* that e're yet from *Africk* came,
But what would ſtart at thy prodigious *Fame*;
Yet we thy Name nor *Pedigree* can tell,
Thou dar'ſt *Blaſpheme* beyond the *Mouths* of *Hell*.
What ſhall I call thee, *Monſter* or *baſe Fiend*,
That canſt daub *Paper* to ſo baſe an end?
Unmouth that *Tongue*, maugre its double *Pale*,
(Fit *Inſtrument* to tell the *Devils Tale*)
Which dar'd *blaſpheme* that *Sacred Majeſty*,
The voice of *Angels* joy'd to Deifie.
Foul Traitor, to beſpatter ſuch a King
With th' Aſpiſh Poiſon of thy ſlandering,
Whoſe ev'ry Action (if the Truth we ſcan,)
Speaks as much *God*, as his Foes find him *Man*?
A *Prince* ſo tender of his *Subjects* Good,
As would redeem the meaneſt with his *Blood*;
Heavens Joy, *Earths Pride*; when After-age ſhall
[tell
His *Worth* and *Parts*, 'twill want a Parellel.

Let *Greece* and *Rome* their *Heroes Punics* call,
Our *Charles the Great*, I'm ſure outdoes them all.
Curſt *Caitiff*, thy *ſharp Arrow*, *bitter word*,
Gall'd more than *Europ*'s many edged *Sword*.
Ye *Heavens* look to't, he that attempts ſo high
As *Vice-God Charles*, threats *Gigantomachy*.
So he that ſtabb'd fam'd *Millain*'s Duke of yore,
By Practice at his *Picture* did no more.
But (Oh! the *Devil*) ſee the Serpent flies
To his firſt courſe, he doubles his *Advice*
To a poor *Painter*, to draw This and That,
And *draws himſelf* into the Lord knows what.
Even to thoſe *Brats of ſin* we bluſh to own,
We bring to *others doors*, and lay them down,
But (*pox upon his Picture*,) to be ſhort,
The wary *White* could have no *colour* for't;
Elſe *Hell* had paid the Wages of th' abuſe,
His *Quidlibet audiendi*'s no excuſe.
Kings failings (if they are any) ought not lie
An open *Proſpect* for the *Vulgar Eye*.
He that drew *Alexander*'s ſcarry Face,
Diſcreetly put his *Finger* on the place:
But where's the *Artiſt* that can frame a Line,
To *Shadow* or *Eclipſe* the *Glorious Shrine*
Of *Charles*'s *Ray*; what *Eagle-Eye* can gaze
On ſo much *Sun*, or fully ſuch a *Blaze*.
Illuſtrious i'th' *Abſtract*, whoſe each *Glance*
Would ſtrike *Preſumption* out of Countenance;
Much leſs can any draw his *Treaſur'd Mind*,
To every Noble Virtuous *Mood* inclin'd;

Unblemiſh'd as the *Saints*, the *Sun* leſs clear
In that firſt *Shine* which *Summer'd* all the *Year*:
Our *Painters* well knew this, who e're read o're
A *Face* more puzling *Art*, a mind much more.
Then, *Devil do thy worſt*, with thy *Advice*,
Charles and his Court are 'bove thy *Calumnies*.
Powers and *Dignities* approach the Skies,
Like Ships the more the Waves do under riſe.
But 'tis not each *Gods Fate* alone, elſe why
Do *Miſcreants* ſlight the *Angels* Miniſtry?
Ours is but little lower, one remove,
Vicegerent to the *King of Kings* above.
The beſt are ſtill the moſt malign'd with wrong,
Virtue's no fence againſt a *ſpiteful Tongue*;
He is the Object of his *Prophanation*.

Tho' pure as new fall'n *Snow*, free from offence,
As blameleſs Truth, and white as *Innocence*.
His breath blaſts thoſe, whoſe breath perfuming
[*Air*,
Makes all (ſave that) as ſweet as they are fair,
Unbitter'd bitterneſs it ſelf of all,
Earth's Heavenly few, the moſt *Angelical*,
But *Vice* be dam'd, thou art like one of thoſe,
Who giddi'd in a Ship at Sea, ſuppoſe
The *Continent* doth move as well as they,
All tread awry to thoſe whoſe Feet are ſplay.
If (tho our *thoughts* are free) we muſt not think
Ill of the King; he that ſhall black his Ink,

And pale his Paper with words, ſtartles more,
Than, *Lord, have mercy*, chalk'd upon the door.
To traduce *Princes* in the ſhapes of ſin,
Wiſe *Painters* chooſe to draw the *Devil* in;
Theſe are the *marks o'th' Beaſts*, who caſts an eye
On thoſe (as on a *Baſilisk*) muſt die.
The *Mecha Pilgrims* at their Prophets Tomb,
Need nothing elſe to make them blind or dumb.
Here now my muſe would ſit as Judge at laſt,
And Sentence paſs on every Sentence paſt;
But he's not worth the while, Avant, be gone;
Yet firſt attend thy *Benediction*.
Thou that darſt own, and doſt deſire no Name,
But what is Regiſtred to endleſs ſhame,
Live long in all the Plagues *this World affords;*
And if thou wilt repent and eat thy words
To choak thee; or, to give the Devil's due,
The Hang-man *draw thee, and thy* Painter *too.*

The *Hypocritical Chriſtian*; or the *Conventicle Citizen.*

WEll! for a careful foreſight, ſober wit,
Give me a *Godly*, zealous, *Whiggiſh Cit.*
He twice a *Week* to *Conventicle* walks,
Where bawling, canting *Preacher* Nonſenſe talks
He (ſqueamiſh *Fool*) for *Orthodox* Divine
Nere cares; becauſe he cannot Sob, and Whine:

He

He likes a *Tubſter* with his down caſt Face,
His Comic Poſtures, and his damn'd Grimace.
But hates the Rev'rend *Clergy* of the Town,
Diſdains with Pride a *Pulpiteer* in Gown.
And every *Parſon* Dr. *Crape* he'l call;
Like *Lad* of late at *Merchant-Taylors-Hall.*
Whoſe ſneaking looks his *Principles* betray'd.
It was a fly, ſtarv'd *Whig* in Maſquerade,
A ſtingy perjur'd, faithleſs Renegade.
The Godly *Puppet* came (he ſaid) to ſee,
And know the Humour of the Company.
But the Glut'nous *Aſs* he was ſo naſty,
Hew'd down the *Walls* of the *Ven'ſon-Paſty:*
To come to's *Roſt*; Alas! the *Tarts* and *Pyes*,
To's Eſtrich-ſtomack fell a Sacrifice.
His Appetite was keen for all's pretences,
He pleas'd his Eye, and ſurfeited his Senſes.
Then all the generous Gueſts traduces,
With ſlurring, dirty, pitiful abuſes.
Becauſe they drank a Loyal Health or two,
He calls them *Popiſh*, *Toriſh* drunken Crew.
A parcel of mean ſordid *Lads* there were,
Who he was certain near eat *Buck* before.
For ſuch abuſes let the *Lad* beware,
And ſo let pimping, *Whiggiſh Harry Care.*
Who's Tugging daily to Promote the *Cauſe*,
To Thwart all Juſtice, and make null the *Laws.*
One *Ignoramus-man* (ſays he) at leaſt,
Is able to purchaſe all that were at Feaſt.

All

All their Eſtates in equal Ballance lai'd,
By one *Whig-Jury-man's* would be out-weigh'd.
Faith! *Harry's* very generous; he prates
As tho he really knew all mens Eſtates.
Poor Mr. *Chriſtian's* dead, and the Dukes Grace,
May give to *Harry* his old Stewards place.
For he's a Godly, Honeſt Man, and true,
And do's deſerve his place, and Pill'ry too.
His too hot Zeal for *Teckley* Reformation,
In broaching Falſhoods, t'embroil the Nation;
The greateſt Truths that publiſhed can be,
By *Hodge*; are Story's and damn'd Ribaldry,
If it with his and *Gotham's* diſagree,
The Dukes young Daughter could not live 'twas
'Twas ſo infirm a Child, and ſince 'tis dead. [ſaid
The Serenading Crew, for all their ſqueaking,
VVere Thieves, and did intend Houſe-breaking.
Contriv'd with's Grace, a black and diſmall *War*,
To batter him with Fiddles and Guittar,
The Inſtrument of Death, a ſmall *Recborder*,
And Fiddle Stick, and Pipe to do the Murder.
The *Chicheſter* Informer took a Pot,
Too much of *Brandy*; and his Brains were hot.
Broke *Windows* was a ſwearing drunken Sot.
H' had wild Freaks, ungovernable Paſſions,
and dy'd (like Biſhop's Horſe) of the Faſhions.
The fine Prelatic Jade will ſure be Sainted,
Yes, yes: If *Baxters* Book of Saint's reprinted.
Then *Curtis*, *Care* with mighty *Polander*,
Shall have their Names in *Whiggiſh* Calender.

And

And all who carry on the work o'th' Laird.
Shall have a good and bountiful Reward.
In this large Catalogue of Fools and Knaves,
Come Leaden Conſtables with wooden Staves.
VVith Solemn Oaths they gravely can diſpence,
They have a ſwingeing well ſtretcht Conſcience.
VVho take up th' Office out of mighty Zeal,
To ſupport their Brethren o'th' *Common-weal.*
They to th' Brother-hood ſend holy Greetings,
Acquaint them how they'l come t' moleſt th'
[*Meetings.*
Then hey! the Godly Flock's diſpers'd & gone.
And all (like young Fledg'd Birds) are quickly
[Flown.
The Preacher then with's Congregation,
Give thanks for this great Preſervation;
And Orders that th' Thanks of the *Houſe* be ſent
To Godly *Conſtable* for's good intent.
O! what will not Men do, if this they dare,
To Affront Juſtice? and themſelves Forſwear
To Oblige a few, and ſuch a Faction pleaſe,
Who in this Goverument were ne re at eaſe.
Thus *Officer*, (though gravely Sworn) Collogues,
Calls *Hilton* Fool, and all th' *Informers* Rogues.
Though he hath *Warrants* with him, that's all one,
In ſpite of *Laws*, he Executeth none.
'Tis ſtrange, ſuch *Meetings* cannot ſilenc'd be,
Where *Preacher* bawls ſo much for *Liberty*,
And boldly talks of *Subjects Property*.

Oh!

Oh! Horrid Inſolence! can Juſtice ſleep?
Not ſee ſuch Vermin into Corners creep?
Seduce poor *Women*, and on *Cit* impoſe,
Draw him through *Bogs* of *Error* by the Noſe.
Tell him of *Plots*, and great *Deſigns*, forſooth
All which the Cred'lous *Cit* ſucks in for Truth:
That ſev'ral *Jeſuits* were up and down,
In cloſe *Cabals*, for to enſlave the Town.

It was not long ago at *Lor'mers Hall*,
That Youngſters did for *Magna Charta* Bawl.
And (like *Hugh Peters*) with new ſtrange Alarms
Bid 'em beware, ſtand ſtiffly to their Arms;
To quit themſelves like Men, be Strong & Stout,
Secure their Perſons, and the *Tories* Rout,
What! loſe the Priv'ledge of Chuſing *Shrieves*,
Why *North* and *Rich* will prove two deadly
[Thieves.
They'l rob you of your *Jury*'s here at home,
And make you fall ſad Victims unto *Rome*.

Then ſtill oppoſe the Polls of Sir *John More*,
He hugs that Witch, the *Babyloniſh* Whore,
Will ne're your Native Liberty's reſtore.
Be ready too, your *Charter* to ſecure,
Who thoſe damn'd *Quo-Warranto*'s can't endure?
You ſee that *Oxford* ſtoutly doth Defie
Such *Writs*; and will protect their *Liberty*.
Ne're truſt their *Charter* in the Hands of *King*'s,
Who'd bauk their *Privil'dge*, & clip their *Wings*.
Then ſtand it out Boys ſtill, and ſtill be Famous,
(Like *Oxford* Towns-Men) for old *Ignoramus*.

Fut

But I'm inform'd of late that *Whiggiſh* Town
Is Alter'd ſtrangely; and is Loyal grown,
An Impudent Reſiſtance do's diſown.
The *Charter* they'l Reſign for all the bawling,
Of Fooliſh *Wright*, and ſelf-conceited *Pawling*.
To oppoſe the *Loyaliſts* the *Whigs* don't dare,
The Youngſters laugh at dull *Machine* the *Mayor*
Thus Honeſty, I hope, in vogue may be,
And *Cit* may find his long loſt *Loyalty*,
And baul no more for Bugbear *Property*.
May names of Parties and Diſtinctions ceaſe,
May *Faction* fall, and *Loyalty* increaſe,
To Stabliſh here an Univerſal Peace.
May *Cit* to *Church* devoutly go and Pray,
And ne're deſpiſe a Godly-Homily.
Ne're Meet thus in Unhallow'd *Barns* and *Styes*,
And blindly Offer their Fools Sacrifice.
Leave *Cit*, thoſe *Synagogues*, and do Conform,
Into the *Churches* Breaſt at laſt Return.
Caſt off(for ſhame)the Factious Crew; you know
How they Prophanely impudent do grow.
An Am'rous Brother late ſo kind and tender,
Did there with Siſter Publickly *Ingender*.
The *Treacher* ſaw the *Godly Act* of *Grace*,
Saw the *Lewd Couple* Zealouſly *Embrace*.
He nodded, Frown'd, and gravely did Reprove,
Their wicked Satyr's way, of Bruital Love.
Hence forth he'l have a Smarter Rod in Pickle,
For ſuch *Debaucher*'s of's dear Conventicle.

From

From ſuch Vile *Cells* as from Contagion flee,
Such Deeds were ne're ſeen in *Monaſt'ry.*
Believe it (to th' Eternal ſhame of *Meetings*)
Nor in our *Churches* are ſuch Carnal Greetings.
Then prithee diſaffected *Cit* Comply
With Law; and thou'lt enjoy thy *Liberty.*
Securely live beneath thy *Vine* at eaſe,
Thy Credit and thy Fortune will increaſe.
Be Loyal, and defend the Kings Juſt Right,
Ne're read a Factious Pamphlet with delight.
Ne're feed on *Horſe-fleſh*; nor read vain *Diſcourſes*
'Twixt *Charing-Croſs* & your *Wool-Church-Horſes*
Ne're have a Vicious thought 'gainſt Majeſty,
But let all *Treaſon-Talkers* ſilenc'd be,
Thoſe *Vermin* that do girn at *Monarchy.*
Oppoſe their barking; and let the *World* know
You can be honeſt, if you would be ſo.
The *Comet* that appear'd did ſure portend,
That all your Factions here will have an end,
And Zealous Conventiclers will then amend.

On the KINGS moſt Happy and Miraculous Deliverance at *Newmarket.*

SO Weapons proſper which are form'd 'gainſt [Heaven,
Or it is Vicegerent Heavens peculiar Care,
To whom are more then Vulgar Bleſſings given,
And fire has ſav'd whom men more Cruel wou'd [not ſpare.
Some

Some greater Genius him defends,
By mighty means for mighty ends,
And makes his Foes his Footſtool be,
Or (what his Goodneſs more Delights to ſee)
Makes them his Friends:

II.

Nor do we more Congratulate,
The preſent ſafety of the State,
Then future Peace which we anticipate.
Now Treaſonous Arts are ſo Expos'd to view,
The Plots as ſoon as hatch'd are blaſted too.
Popery's coming in they well might cry,
Whoſe Methods wou'd fulfil the Prophecy. [pain
Nor did they cheat the World who took ſuch
The Jealouſies they rais'd ſhou'd not be vain.
Firſt Arbitrary Power muſt down,
(Meaning the Crown.)
Then muſt ſome Miniſter be in Diſgrace,
Becauſe a Rebel wants his place.
More Liberty the People crave,
Yet know not how to uſe that which they have.
Next that Mens Properties ſecur'd muſt be,
They'd made the King a Property,
What monſtrous Bleſſings wou'd a Change create
Might Atheiſts mend the Church, and Knaves the State.
But ſhall we twice be gull'd by one pretence?
With our Allegiance have we loſt our Senſe?
Theſe very Tricks ruin'd us once before,
Curſe of ſuch Arts which now are Arts no more

All

All that is envy'd ſtill attend the Throne,
And him that ſits Thereon.
But when theſe Earthly Gods ſhall die like Men.
Let only Nature then
(Nature the Rule of him by whom Kings Reign)
Appoint who next ſhall grace & truth Maintain.
Many Names of Matchleſs *Heroes* of this Race,
Diſtinguiſh happy times, till time it ſelf ſhall ceaſe

A *Paſtoral* upon the Death of her Grace the Dutcheſs of ORMOND.

Qua nihil majus, meliuſve Terris
Fata donavere, boniq; Divi,
Nec dabunt: Quamvis redeant in Aurum
Tempora priſcum. Horat.

MYRTILLO. ALEXIS.

MYRTILLO.

IF loaded Eye-lids, and a clouded Brow,
Croſs'd Arms and riſing Sighs, great Sorrow [ſhew;
And if one Friend may know anothers care,
Why theſe ſad Marks does my *Alexis* wear?

ALEXIS.

Alas, Myrtillo! *caſt thy eyes around,*
And tell me, what like comfort's to be found?

The

The Sun has not ſent forth one chearful Ray,
But worn a Cloud of Mourning all the day.
See how our drooping Flocks no Paſtures heed,
But bleat about us, and neglect to feed!
Let Nature look in all her Orders ſad;
Nor Envy dare to ſhew it, if ſhe's glad;
Since nothing, nothing now can Joy reſtore,
For Fate has ſtruck, and Pyrrha *is no more.*

MYRTILLO.

Pyrrha! for whom our daily vows we pay'd,
And beſt-lov'd Younglings on the Altar lay'd;
For whoſe long Well-fare, Life, and happy State,
All grateful Pray'rs on the good Gods did wait;
Whoſe Virtue Nymphs were taught to copy [young,
For 'twas the Theme of ev'ry Shepherds Song:
Has Fate at laſt prevail'd! And is SHE gone!
O whither now ſhall many wretched run!
The Injur'd, for Redreſs; the Poor for Aid;
Worth, for Reward; or Grief, to be allay'd:
Since Juſtice, Pity, Bounty quits our Plains;
But Sorrow grows Eternal, and remains.

ALEXIS. [ground,

As full blown Flow'rs, that long have deck'd the
And with their Odours fill'd the Air around,
Bend down their heads at laſt to Mother Earth,
And fade away, though to a ſecond Birth;
Or as tall Cædars, who (admir'd) have ſtood
For many years the Glory of the Wood,

Finding in time their sacred Roots decay,
Are by the next rude tempest torn away,
So flourish'd Pyrrha, *and as high did rise,*
Adorn'd the Earth, and seem'd to reach the Skies.
Fair, without blemish; Lofty, without Pride:
But, Oh! the Tempest rose, and Pyrrha *dy'd!*
Gone then's all Spring, now Winter's only ours;
Sighs rise like Storms, and Tears must fall like [*Showers.*

MYRTILLO.

If full of Years and Honours *Pyrrha* fell,
Grief may with Swains of humbler Talents dwell
While to a nobler work our minds we raise,
Suspend our Sorrows, and Proclaim Her Praise.

ALEXIS.

As round Heaven's Throne whole Choirs of Angels [*throng*
Yet all their Triumph's one Eternal Song:
So here on Earth should Pyrrah's *Praises last,*
Till Time's no more, and Natures works lie wast.

MYRTILLO.

Ten let us tune our Reeds; Thou first the Lay
Begin; Our Flocks shall listen, and I'll play:
So up to *Pyrrha*'s Fame our Notes we'll raise,
Suspend our Sorrows, and proclaim her Praise.

ALEXIS.

Mean time, ye boundless Winds, your Gusts forbear,
And all ye Hills and Valleys round give ear:
Keep back ye Rivers, and forbear to run,
Till the great Tale of Pyrrha's *Fame be done:*

Then

Then let each wind bear it where-e'r it blows,
Catch it, ye Hills and Valleys, as it goes,
With your assenting Ecchoes in the close.
Murmur it, Floods, as to your Seas ye creep,
And with It add new Wonders to the Deep;
For the Renown of Pyrrha's *Name shall last*
Till Time's no more, and Natures Works lie wast.

MYRTILLO.

On then.

ALEXIS.

—As Stars before the rising day
Seem in their Orbs to sink, and dive away;
So all the Nymphs upon our fertile Plains,
Though proud and cruel to their sighing Swains,
When Pyrrha's *pow'rful Charms approach'd, they*
And any Satyr might have then prevail'd: [fail'd
So much in blooming Youth cou'd she surprize,
Sh'ad all the panting Hearts and wishing Eyes.
Come then, ye Nymphs of Arcadia, *draw near,*
Weep round her Earth, and all your Garlands tear;
For Pyrrha's *Beauty once no Equal knew;*
But Fate has seiz'd Her *now, and must have* You.

MYRTILLO.

Pyrrha's bright Eyes enlightned every Grove,
And fir'd at last *Alcanders* Heart with Love;
The Nymph found Him a Tryumph worth Her
And She alone was fit to fill His Arms, [Charms,
Many did either Conquest wish t'have made,
But only They each other could invade;

For in her Form did Nature seem improv'd,
And He was fram'd to Love, and be Belov'd:
Therefore Heav'n smil'd, and all the Stars look'd [kind,
When *Pyrrha* & *Alcander*'s Hearts were joyn'd.

ALEXIS.

Who has not heard of great Alcander's *Name,*
So long the Muses Task, and Pride of Fame?
Pan *early chose, and made him great in Pow'r,*
When the Wolves *rag'd, and did our Flocks devour*
He took the guard of the molested Plains;
Saw our Lambs fed, & chear'd Us frighted Swains;
Wak'd with us 'midst dark Nights and pinching [*Colds,*
To drive the howling Monsters from our Folds:
In all which time, Pyrrha, *His charming Bride*
Oft came, and watch'd as He did, by His side;
Of his worst dangers still her part would bear,
And for all Joys She gave him, ask'd but care.
Now, ye poor Flocks, go bleat about, and stray;
Ye Shepherds, cast your Scrips and Hooks away;
Stretch'd on the ground, your Fatal loss bemoan,
And call on Pyrrha's *Name at ev'ry groan.*

MYRTILLO.

Full fifty happy years this matchless Pair
Liv'd in unshaken Love; No Jealous care,
Or mean Distrust, did once their Joys molest,
So in a Noble Off-spring were They blest,
Of Warlike Youths, worthy their Fathers Name,
And Daughters, spotless as their Mothers Fame:

Bold

Bold *Celadon*, the Darling of loud War,
And *Strephon* now, whose pious shoulders bear
The burden of his aged Fathers care;
Young *Damon*, lovely as the Beams that play
About our East, and lead the coming Day;
Fair *Phyllida*, who was with *Ægon* wed,
And blest Him with a Faithful Fruitful Bed;
Generous *Lysca* too, by Nature taught
To recommend the poor mans cause unsought.

ALEXIS.

All these the Off spring were of Pyrrha's *Womb:*
Come then, ye Mothers, mourn around Her Tomb:
In Pyrrha's *Name your Mystick Rites perform,*
When to your Aid ye would Lucina *charm,*
Either the lab'ring Matrons pangs to ease,
Or bless the Barren Mourner with increase.

MYRTILLO.

Oh! kind *Alexis*, still pursue thy Song,
How these fair Branches grew, or wither'd young

ALEXIS.

Brave Celadon *through Fate untimely fail'd,*
And was by Pan *and all his Train bewail'd;*
Some mourning Muses sung Him to his Tomb,
Yet others felt more grief, and thence were dumb.
Young Damon *faded in His Beauties Pride,*
And Phyllida *no less lamented dy'd.*
But long may Strephon's *Life rejoyce the years*
Of good Alcander, *and assist His Cares.*
Fulness of time, kind Heav'n, to Lysca *give,*
*'Tis for your Honour, Gods, that she should live;

For She, the more of days you Her afford,
By Her *good Deeds will make* You *more ador'd;*
Since Lysca *was of pious* Pyrrha *born,*
And Pyrrha's *Virtues* Lysca's *Heart adorn.*

MYRTILLO.

But what shall now give good *Alcander* joy?

ALEXIS.

The Gods, when Fate took Celadon *away,*
Call'd Daphnis *forth, th' Heroick Race to run,*
Which his great Parent had so well begun:
From Celadon's *brave Loins young* Daphnis *came,*
Full of His Heat, and conscious of His Fame;
Whose Mind his Fathers Deeds did so imploy,
He grew Alcander's *Hopes, and* Pyrrha's *Joy.*
Pyrrha *lov'd* Daphnis, *and with pleasure found*
The Hero's *Virtues in the* Youth *abound.*
When Daphnis *languish'd,* Pyrrha *did provide*
The charming soft Aminta *for His* Bride:
Aminta! *tender as the Lambs that play*
In Sunny morns, and Innocent as They;
Sweet as those Ev'ning Airs that gently blow
Where the rich fragrant Eastern Spices grow;
Calm as our Groves in a fair Summers night,
And Lovely as the first-created Light.
Daphnis *was born,* Amintas *with him joyn'd,*
To chase all sorrows from Alcander's *mind;*
To add new Honours to His store of Fame,
And a long Race of Heroes *to His Name:*
His Name, which shall, with Pyrrha's *Praises, last*
Till Time's no more, and Natures Works lie wast.

In-

Funeral Tears to the Sacred Memory of our late Soveraign King CHARLES the Second.

THe Noon-day *Star*, that once out-fac'd the [*Sun*,
Charles his bright *Phoſphor*, has its period run:
And reſting *Charles*, with more fix'd Glories [crown'd,
Has paſt his mighty finiſh'd *Circle* round.
All th' untired race of *Prodigies*, the late
Continued ſhame of this Stupendious fate,
Which once his *Reſtoration* Lawrels bore;
Thoſe never-ſleeping Pores, now move no more.
Myriads of *Gardian Angels* all disband;
And *Wonders* wait no more on his Right Hand.
Whilſt *Truth* invincible, unbyaſt *Right*,
Goodneſs unbounded, *Mercy* Infinite;
Honour Unſullyed; All the brighteſt Train
Of Miniſtring *Graces* t' his Illuſtrious Raign,
Their *Royal Robes* to *Funeral Sables* turn
All Mourners o're their *Sacred Maſters* Urn:
But 'midſt the *Tears* our ſtreaming Sorrows pour
Three *Wailing Kingdoms* in one *Loyal Shower*,
How feebly does our *Voice* of *Mourning* ſound,
Whilſt *Royal Eyes* in deeper Griefs lie drown'd

No Heart like *James* with killing Loads o're preſt
Kindeſt of *Brothers* and of *Friends* the beſt.
So ſad the pangs of parting Friendſhip prove,
Immoderate *Grief*, and ever burning *Love*
Rend His Great Soul, and their keen paſſage
Methinks I ſee Him at the *Dire* Divorce; [force.
Whilſt the Great *James* like Great *Teleſia* ſtands,
With Eechoing Cryes, and with up-lifted Hands,
With rended Garments, and a flowing Showr
Of bitt'reſt Tears deplores the diſmal Hour.
Till from above behold the grining Sky;
The Fiery Steeds, and *Flaming Chariot* fly.
Th' Aſcending *Saint*, 'midſt ſhouting *Angels* (round,
With purer Joys, & brighter Diadems Crown'd.
Here with ſad Tyes he took His laſt Farewell.
And graſp'd the *Wondrous Mantle* as it fell.
With Prime Tranſmigrating Glories fir'd,
Fill'd with the Mounting *God*, with the whole (*Charles* inſpir'd.

O Mighty *Charles*, what have not only We
Three Kingdoms, but even *Empire* loſt in Thee?
Founder of *Monarchy*, for Thou alone
Stood'ſt the unſhaken Bulwark of the Throne.
When the old Storm yawn'd for th' Imperial [wrack,
Thy Hand alone beat the fierce Torrent back:
Faction & *Schiſm* by Thy ſtrong Arm o'rethrown
Whilſt a calm'd World was Thy great work [alone.

Glory

Glory and *Peace* but in Thy *Sun-beams* play,
Whilſt thou 'rt the *God* of our long *Halcyon* day.
The Old *Fanatick* Fiend, ſo late before
Drunk with a Martyr'd Monarchs *Purple Gore.*
Whilſt with th' Old Poyſon, and th' Old Rage [he ſtood.
All Thirſting for new Draughts of *Royal Blood*,
The *Crowns* long Foe, and Blackeſt Imp of *Hell*,
His Sting juſt Faſtning, Thou alone couldſt quell.
Thy Book of Fame with this laſt Glory fill'd:
What ſhall Great *James* on thy Foundations [build?
Strike Royal Heir, th' half Conquer'd *Serpent* [dead,
Charles bruis'd his Teeth, and Thou ſhalt cruſh [his Head.
Peace, *Union*, *Concord*, all ſo well begun;
Tho' Thou, Great *Charles*, thy Race like *Moſes* [run;
Thy People led by Thy Miraculous Hand
To th' *Milk* and *Honey* of a Bleſſed Land;
Call'd hence too ſoon by the Almighty Voice:
Saw'ſt but the *Borders* of the Promis'd Joys:
That God-like *Joſhua* fills Thy Royal Seat,
Who Thy unfiniſh'd Wonders ſhall compleat.
Tranſlated Saint, now thy *Full* Honours ſeize
Bleſt with thy own Eternal Handmaid, *Peace*
Around thy Head Immortal Honours play,
Brighter thy own Reſtoration Day.

Like

Like thy own Mercy ſoft be thy Repoſe;
Whilſt on thy Brow that Perfum'd Fragrance [flows,
Sweeter than the Odours even of that Rich [Fame
That ſhall Embalm Thy Everlaſting Name.

SCOTLANDS Loyalty; or, Sorrowful Sighs on the Death of our late Soveraign His Sacred Majeſty; CHARLES by the Grace of God King of *Great Britain, France* and *Ireland*, &c.

LEt *Muſick* ceaſe; yet let true Subjects Sing
Sad *Ela*'s Note (in Sorrow) for our King;
Whom (to the worth) no *Poet* can bemoan,
Though all the Seas were turn'd to *Helicon*.
But there's no need our Sorrow to Infuſe,
Or ſtrain *Elogiums* from a Mournful Muſe
In Stubborn Hearts; the cauſe of our ſad Grief
Brings Floods of Tears, though in the end Relief.
Great *Charles* is Dead, who was *Great Britains* [King,
Great in Exploits, who Trophies great did bring
Of *Peace* and Plenty to His own three Realms;
Through ſtorms of State, which he did turn to Ca'lms.

Our

Our by-paſt *Propheſies* did point Him forth,
Preceding Kings were Shadows of His worth:
Then caſt up Virtues to one total ſum;
Perfections Product will be found in Him.
We will Engrave His Name in *Marble Pure*,
With Diamond of the *Black Rock*, to endure
Till after Ages; that our Children may
Pay Tears (for Tribute) to His Sacred Clay,
Could men in Arms our Sorrows ſtroak aſſail,
Or floods of Tears with Cruel *Death* prevail,
We'd Muſter all our Forces then with ſpeed,
And Weeping Eyes ſhould overflow the *Tweed*.
But ſure the *King of Kings* hath giv'n the ſtroak,
And Mortals cannot Deſtiny revoke.
We'll kiſs the Rod; though we the ſmart regrate
Submitting though unto our rigid Fate.
Yet we'll breath doleful Sighs to His ſad *Herſe*,
That's dipt in Tears, and *Elegiack Verſe*;
T'immortalize Great *Charles* His Royal Name,
And be *Memento's* on the Wings of Fame.

Then reſt dear *Saint*, though dead yet ſtill alive;
(Though laid in duſt,) Times Age thou ſhalt ſurvive;
Thou'rt mounted high above the Worlds renown
With *Kings* and *Prieſts*, to wear a *Croſs-leſs-Crown*.
And (though our Grief cannot our loſs prevent)
Let this ſad Verſe but give our *Paſſion* vent.

Epi-

EPITAPH.

HEre lyes Grave, Majeſtick Duſt;
Which (when alive) was Good and Juſt:
Great Charles *the ſecond,* Britain's King;
Whoſe valour makes us Weep and Sing.
His Crown *environ'd was with Thorn,*
Which makes His Subjects double Mourn:
By Land *and* Sea *he did our Work:*
The Fear, and Terrour of the Turk.
He Peace to Europe *did reſtore,*
When other Kings *had given it o'r.*
Defender of the Faith, *that's true,*
Until he had the World adieu.
Let Princes *Eternize His* Name;
And make his worth their Diadem.

Now ſince the Sighs that did Eclipſe our Skie,
By His Succeſſors Light begins to flye,
O're Tears we'll Triumph; ſince our ſore doth bring
The ſureſt Salve, which is a Lawful King.
We'll pay Allegiance *due on* Charles *his ſcore,*
To JAMES *the* VII. *and many Millions more.*

P. K.

An

An *Elegy* on the Deplorable, and never enough to be Lamented Death of the Illuſtrious, and Serene CHARLES the Second. KING of *Great-Britain*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c. Who departed this Life *February* the *6th.* 1685.

HAng all the Streets with Sable Sad; and call
The Royal Palace, *Black* and not *White-Hall*:
Weep Sacred Beads of Loyal Tears, and true,
Of Orient Pearl; but Occidental Hew:
Since *Britains Phœbus* hath forſook the Stage,
Before he reach'd the *Tropick* of his Age.
The interval betwixt our *Setting Sun*,
And Riſing *Soveraign*, 'ere his Light begun
Was ſhort; yet (till our Sorrow found Relief)
We were near delug'd in the Seas of Grief.
Yet (tho' our *Soveraign* doth our Mourning 'ſwage,
And gives our joy of Grief the *Weather-gage*.
We'll make no *Boneſires*, for (it were in vain)
Our flowing Eyes would Weep them out again.
All *Iſrael* when good *Hezekiah* dy'd,
To his laſt Breath, true Loyal Honour pay'd;
Where's then the Boldeſt Critick can deny
Great *CHARLES* his worth a Doleful *ELEGY*:
His Worth, to Times laſt Period ſhall Endure,
In ſpight of Envy, or the Grave, Secure.
And Children yet unborn with Tears ſhall pay
A Mourn'ful Tri'ute to his ſacred Clay.

He

He from His Child-hood was of great Renown;
He bore his *Croſs* before he wore his *Crown*.
Brancht in the ſtock of Trouble ('tis well known)
His Fruit was Ripe, the Bloſſom yet unblown.
Great Britains Bane, and *Bluſh* Eclips'd his Skie,
E're *England* knew his Soveraignty:
But as his *Sun* aſcended the Noon-day,
All Clouds (like Vapours) vaniſh'd quite away:
And the Bright Calms of Peace did ſtill remain
Through the whole Circle of his Halcyon Reign.

Then Reſt (dear *Saint*) tho' now Intomb'd in Duſt)
Until the Reſurrection of the Juſt.
And let our Mourners mitigate their Grief,
Becauſe our Sorrow doth admit Relief:
The Vail of Death no Chriſtian needs diſmay;
The *King of Kings* Himſelf did guide the Way.

And (ſince our Sore a Salve along doth bring)
God ſave Great *JAMES*, our Second Soveraign *King*.
Let his Dominions preface Black and White;
Since Riſing *Phœbus* diſſipates our Night:
Let Loyal Subjects all both cry and Sing
Like Birds Reviv'd in the returning Spring.
Let Court and City raiſe their joyful Voice
And Loyal Sighs ſtill Eccho back, *Rejoyce*:
Till Plotters all Conſpiracies lay by,
And *Treaſon* turn to pureſt Loyalty.
Hence then projecting Traytors, ſtand aloof;
His Loyal Throne is ſure, and *Treaſon-Proof*:
Left ſit on Edge by old Seditious *Smec*——
Your *Treaſons* Trap turn round upon your Neck.
His Preſence may no *Rebels Old* Reſort,
Nor baſe *Achitophels* frequent his Court;

But

But Reign in Peace, whil'ſt we have in our Eye
CHARLES ſtill live in *JAMES'S* Royalty,
But ſince he's Dead and gone, let this ſad Verſe
(Tho' undeſerving) yet attend his *Herſe*.

EPITAPH.

HEre lyes *Great* Charles *the Juſt the Good*,
As ever came of Royal Blood:
To Troubles Born, he Early knew
What Kings (*as Men*) *are ſubject to*:
His Morning Glories were o'recaſt,
And by ſome Fatal Star Oppreſt.
But as his Sun *aſcended Noon*,
The cruel Comet *did fall Down*,
In Peace he Liv'd, in Peace he Dy'd;
The Kingdom and the Churches Guide,
The Guardian of the ſwelling Main;
The Terrour of the DUTCH *and* DANE.
At his Command all war did Ceaſe,
And Europe *Owes to him her Peace*.
Diſeaſes at his Power did Crouch,
And own the Virtue of his Touch.
Let KINGS *and* PRINCES *in him Glory*,
And make his Reign their Directory.

To His Sacred Majeſty King JAMES II.

ALL Hail *Great Prince*! whom ev'ry *Miracle*
Preſerv'd for *Univerſal Rule*;
When Time Your *Wondrous Story* ſhall unfold,
Your *Glorious Deeds* in *Arms*, when yet but Young;
Your ſtrange *Eſcapes*, and *Dangers* ſhall be told,
Your Battles *Fought*, Your Guilded Lawrels *worn*,

When

When yet the *Elder* Generals (not in *Fame*)
Your *Perils* dar'ſt no ſhare,
Alone the raging Torrent You wou'd ſtem,
And bear before You the fierce Tide of War.
How *Spain* Records Your Glorious Name;
And how when *Danger* call'd, for *Britains* good,
You paid the *laviſh Ranſom* of Your *Blood.*
When the Ingrates ſhall Bluſhing read,
How far *great* Souls the *Vulgar* can exceed
In *Patience, Suffering,* and *Humility,*
Your *Condeſcention,* and Your *Baniſhment,*
Then let the *Obſtinate* (convinc'd) agree:
You only were preſerv'd, and fit, for *Sacred Government.*
Come liſten all, whom *needleſs fears* poſſeſs,
And hear how Heav'n *confirms* Your Happineſs:
Behold the Sacred Promis'd Prince,
Whom wond'rous Prophets Ages ſince
Told, When the Myſtick Figures of the Year,
To ſuch a Number ſhould Amount,
(As fill this Lucky Years Account)
O'ze England there ſhould Reign a Star
Of that Divine and Gracious Influence, [fear:
Should make proud Neighbouring Nations
And Mightier Britains happy Genius prove,
And bleſs the Land with Plenty, Peace, and Love.
'Tis YOU oh Sacred Sir, for *Empire* Born,
Shall make the great *Prediction* true,
And this laſt *Miracle* perform,
To make Us *Bleſt,* and make Us *own* it too.
Oh may Your *Luſter* with Your *Life* renew!
Long may You Shine, and ſpread Your Beams as far,
As from the Morning to the Evening Star;
'Till Your *Convincing Rays,* Your Foes o're come,
And for Your *Glorious Magnitude* the ſcanted Globe
[want room.

F I N I S.

Ireland's Tears. *A Pindarique Poem upon the Death of our late Soveraign* Charles *the Second; and the Peaceful and Happy* Succeſſion *and* Inauguration *of our preſent Great Monarch King* James *the II.*

I.

As diſtant Thunder in a rowling Cloud,
First Murmures inwardly, then Roars aloud
O're the amazed liſt'ning Crowd:
Till the Dread Clap ſcares ev'ry Mortal Ear;
Too weak Heav'ns angry voice to bear:
Such was the ſad aſtoniſhing News
Which *February*'s 6th. *Ides* did bring;
The dangerous Sickneſs of our Deareſt *King*!
It ſtun'd all Ears, and did all Minds amuſe;
All the ſad Tydings ſo bemoan,
As if it were not His Sickneſs, but their Own.
Trembling, and full of Fear we wait
To know what the next Meſſenger will ſay;
And all the while we *Weep*, and all the while we *Pray*.
When ſuddenly Death's *Herald* ſpoke the *Dreadful Fate*—
Alas! the Miſerable Day!
The *News* too ſad to *Hear*, too *Killing* to *repeat*

II.

Horrour and Cryes fill all around:
Diſtracted *Looks*, and Throbbing *Hearts*,
As if 'twere the laſt Trumpets ſound,
In ev'ry place are found;
And hideous Groans do Eccho from all parts.
Frighted with what I ſaw, and heard;
But much more with what I fear'd:
The blaſted City ſoon I left,
And as of *Reaſon* quite bereft,
I wildly roam'd about to ſeek ſome place
Leſs Doleful than that City was;
Where without Partners, or Lookers on,
I might Enjoy my Grief alone:
And for a little ſpace
Might lay the *weighty burden* of my *Sorrow* down.

III.

And long I had not rov'd about,
E're an approv'd Retirement I found out;
Ruins, that to *Religion Sacred* were of *Yore*;
Nor now leſs Venerable than heretofore:
Where all things did my *Melancholly Fancy* pleaſe
Murmuring *Waters*, awful *Cliffs*, & wither'd *Trees*
There Cheerful *Birds* n'ere Sing, nor e're blows
Nor any Beaſt, or Humane Face [*gentle breeze*
Was to be ſeen upon the lonely Place.
To this Forlorn and Uncouth ſeat,
Well ſuited to my Troubled ſtate,
I ſoftly with my load of Grief retreat:

Where

Where each Rock, and ev'ry Tree
Wou'd, (I knew) Condole with me;
Only ſtearn Fate would un-relenting be.
Thus then with many a Tear and Groan,
My Dead Prince I did bemoan.

IV.

Charles, the Clement, and the Good!
Charles, the Flow'r of Princely Blood!
Of all we Earthly Gods do call,
Charles, the moſt Belov'd of all!
Our Heart's Delight, Joy of our Eyes;
And whom not we alone did prize,
Through the whole Univerſe His Glory flies.
Ev'n Nations Strangers to our Faith and God,
Heard of His Fame,
Rever'd His Name, [nown,
And *Eaſtern* Princes Dazled with His bright Re-
Which did ſo much Eclipſe their own,
Sent their *Embaſſadors* Abroad
To Court the Favour of this Second *Solomon*.
Of Him to learn the Royal Art
To Govern, and ſecure the Peoples Heart:
While *Chriſtendom* in ev'ry weighty Ail
Did to His well-known Juſtice ſtill Appeal,
Whoſe Word and Wiſdom ever turn'd the Scale.

V.

He that can tell the drops of Rain
Which on an *April* day do fall,
(Or his ſad Subjects Tears can count,
Which to a greater number mount;)

May reckon up the Graces, but not all,
(For that Eſſay would be in vain,)
Which did adorn his Life and Glorious Reign:
For who will e're Attempt to tell
Things that are unexpreſſible?
Great Lord of Wit, Patron of Arts He was,
Learnings ſtrong *Atlas*, Poetry's beſt Friend;
Crown'd with each Ray, and bleſt with ev'ry [Grace,
That could a Prince, or make, or recommend.
But if in any one He could & did Himſelf Excel
'Twas that of *Clemency*!
Herein He was Heav'ns Parallel.
Nay (be't with Reverence ſpoke) He Heav'n [out-went,
In Pard'ning the Impenitent —
Is Heav'n it ſelf ſo Merciful as He?

VI.

But as Ten Thouſand ſcatter'd Rays
By Art are made to Center in one Glaſs;
So all the Tenderneſs and Love [move,
Which in His Heart did towards all His Subjects
Firſt on His Royal Brother fell, and through
[Him did paſs.
Not fearing loſs of *Empire*, or of Life,
When High-born *James*'s Foes were rife,
When ſawcy, Factious Senates menac'd high
And bluſh'd not to Decry [*narchy*
The *Crown*'s Juſt Heir and Trueſt Friend to *Mo-*
Our King cloſe to His Brothers Intereſt ſtood,
And ſtem'd the Impetuous Flood.

To

To the Damn'd Project ſoon He put an end,
And ſhew'd Himſelf not more a *Monarch* than a
[Friend.
Friendſhip like This the World did never
[know,
Save what the King of Heav'n did ſhow,
Who, for our ſakes, deſcending here below,
Ceas'd to be Happy, that we might be ſo.

VII.

How Dear to Heav'n its Champion was, our
(Who did ſo well Defend the *Crown*[Prince,
And Faith which He receiv'd from thence,
Still valuing the *Publick Weal*, more than his own)
Let the long Chain of Miracles convince,
Which, Maugre all the oppoſition
Of *Fiends*, & *Fiend*-like Men combin'd in one;
Deſtin'd him for, and Brought Him to, and kept
[Him on His *Throne*.
Witneſs that ſhining *Herald*, ſent
To tell the World of His Illuſtrious *Birth*:
As if Heav'n had hereby meant ——
Another God is Born on Earth!
At Noon we ſaw the New-born *Star*
Shine on his Infant Brother here,
With a Mild *Aſpect*, yet ſo Bright and Clear
As did out-vie the Mid-day *Sun*,
As far as He Himſelf all other Kings has done

VIII.

And when *Rebellion* Black and Dire
Had haraſs'd long His God-like *Sire*;

Whose Life it Barbarously took away,
Of all things Great and Holy made a Prey,
And turn'd three Kingdoms into One *Aceldama*.
Our late (Ah wretched word!) Heav'n-lov'd
[King,
Kind Providence did wond'rously convey,
And sheltred Him beneath its wing,
From all the Ills which War, and Chance,
And *Treasons* blacker than the Night,
Did 'gainst His Sacred Life advance. [Fight:
Witness His Happy 'scape from *Worster's* Bloody
Where Hov'ring Angels with their Mighty
[Shield,
Sav'd Him from all the Hazards of that Dread-
[ful Field:
And their important Charge, by ways unknown
[convey'd
T' a Neighb'ring Friendly shade,
Where sturdy *Oaks* stretch'd out their Arms
(Oh shame to Mans Barbarity!) [on high
To Receive, and shelter Distress'd Majesty.
Witness, O *Boscobel*, thy Monumental Tree!

IX.

From thence through Dangers numberless
In mighty Wants, and deep Distress
At Home, Abroad, by Land and Seas,
(As once his High-fam'd Ancestor, the wandring
[*Trojan* Prince
By many a wondrous Providence,
During his Nine Years Exile hence,
Heav'

Heav'n its Regard of Him did Evidence,
When the Almighty King to shew his care
Of such as his Vicegerents are; [when
When Humane Force could do no more; And
Our dying Hopes could ebb no lower;
Did by a Turn, Miraculous Restore
Our King to Us, Us to our King again:
To bring which Blessed work to pass,
Neither Man's Power, nor Policy had place;
No Contract made, nor Blows were given;
But the astonish'd World saw 'twas
The stupendious work of Heaven!

X.

So Great a *Monarch*, and so Glorious,
So much Belov'd at Home, & Fear'd Abroad;
(Much too Good alas! for Us:
Wise as an Angel, Generous as a God ——
Though calmly Settled to a Lofty Throne,
Was not above the reach of Envious Lookers on
Which made him stand in need of Heav'ns high
[Patronage;
(And what he needed, he still had,)
To Save his *Crown* and *Person* from the Rage
Of Men (with too much Ease) gone Mad:
Witness those *Plots*, the *Faction*'s fruitful womb
So oft Conceiv'd, tho' still in vain,
Against their Gracious Sovereign:
(Where sometimes the Discoverer
Play'd both the Devil and the Conjurer:)

Which being by Heav'ns great care Abortive [ſtill become,
They added to the VVonders of his Reign:
And made his *Throne* as fix'd and Glorious, as [his *Wain*.

XI.

When lo! the Prince who ſeem'd Heav'ns [chief Delight,
Its Darling and Prime Favourite,
His *Mid-day Glory*'s all full Blown ——
How ſtrangely are they Blaſted, Ah! how ſoon!
But what Heav'n rais'd, Heav'n only can pull [down.
Down low as Earth, this Son of the moſt High [is come;
And all his ſcatter'd Trophies ſerve, but to adorn [his Tomb.
But why! no Prodigy at all?
No Beacon-*Comet* fir'd above?
(No *Monſtrous Births* no *Storms*, no *Whale*,
Or to Preſage, Great *King* thy Fall,
Or to attend thy Funeral?) [wonder move.
Which Nature's fright might ſhew & Mankind's
Why (ſeeing a wondrous *Star* proclaim'd his [Birth,)
Did not as wondrous an Eclipſe foretel his leav- [ing Earth?
Muſt God-like *Kings* like Puny Mortals die?
Muſt *Charles* the moſt *Auguſt* ——
Be meanly crumbled like *Plebeian* Duſt?
Why deal'ſt thou with th' Anointed, O King of Princes! why? But

XII.

But while thus Ravingly I ſpoke,
With a ſtrange Horrour I was ſtruck,
Which dim'd my Eyes, looſen'd my Joynts, and chill'd my Bloud;
Before me ſtraight a Viſionary ſomewhat ſtood;
Whoſe Form I could not well diſcern;
The *Genius*, likely, of the place,
Or ſome ſuch Airy Image 'twas;
Of Stature high, Clad in Blue miſts, Its Viſage ſtern:
Which with an angry Hollow Tone
Thus ſtop'd me ——

"Shall Mortal wight dare to reprove,
"Or prie into the things above?
"The Prince whoſe Death you ſo bemoan,
"Was He not th' Almighties Loan?
"Who only has took what was his own.
"His Awful Meen, and Heavenly Eyes,
"Which made all Hearts his Votaries;
"His Soul ſo Soft, yet truly Great,
"His Mind ſo Clear, aud ſo Sedate,
"Prov'd well his Extract from the Skies.

XII.

With Milder Accent, and Genteeler look,
The Spright, (leſs Frightful now,) thus farther ſpoke.

"Then if your much-Lamented King
"So Good and Amiable was;
"Why wou'd you have ſome dreadful thing
"The ſmoothneſs of his Reign deface?

"Let

" Let Tyrants and Uſurpers have
" *Sea-Monſters*, and Rough *Hurricanes*
" Foretel their Death, and dig their Graves,
" Such Prodigies ſuit well their Reigns:
" *Comets* have ſtill a noiſy end,
" When calmly does the *Sun* deſcend;
" Or if you muſt have Prodigies,
" Think of the Millions of Weeping Eyes,
The Trueſt kind of *Elegies*;
" Or elſe let this be reckon'd one,
" That 'tis a Prodigy — *That you have none.*
" In *Halcyon*-days your Dove like Prince was born,
" Which did with him return; [born,
" His Realms five Luſtres have Peace's white Li-
[very worn;
" Living, He Peace beſtow'd on ev'ry ſide,
" Kept all in Peace, and Peaceably He Dy'd.

XIV.

It ſcarce had ſpoke; when, lo! a ſudden Thun-
(for ſuch at firſt it did appear) [der
Shak'd the Thin Ghoſt aſunder;
Which ſtrait diſſolv'd into its Primitive Air.
From the cold Turf I quickly rais'd my Head,
Left there my Load of Grief, and to the Town
[for ſhelter fled;
E're (as I thought) the Storm ſhould fall upon
[my Head.
The City ſoon I reach'd, help'd with the wings
[of Fear;
But my old Grief and Fright ſoon chang'd into
new Dread and VVonder] When

When, what I took for Thunders noise,
A second Peal inform'd me was the *Canon's* roar-
VVhich led me to a *Loyal Crowd*[ing voice;
That with Great Triumph did Proclaim,
VVith *Joyful Shouts* and *Acclamations Loud*,
A new *Kings Title*, and *Imperial Name*.
Amaz'd at This so easie Change, I said,
May this Prodigious Shout strike all His Ene-
[mies dead ——
Long, and as this Day, Peaceful be His Reign,
And may His God-like Brother live in Him again.

XV.

Poets of old, were *Prophets* deem'd;
And if they now were such esteem'd,
(And who knows but they may?)
If our Predicting Rhimes
May lucky *Omens* prove to after Times,
And, that some Good may be presag'd from
Then would I boldly say [*Names*;
These Realms are doubly blest in that of *James*
Great Britain's Glory did Commence [Law:
VVhen the First *James* did to the whole give
He *joyn'd* the *Kingdoms*, & *deriv'd* from thence
That long white Row of Peaceful years our
[Happy Fathers saw.
The Second *James* by Heaven's Decree
VVill the great Healer of our Breaches be,
And as His *Wisdom* does already give our *Fears*
[*Relief*,
So will His *Mercy* suddenly *Cure* all our *Publick*
Grief. VVell-

VVell-skill'd He is in all His *Royal Grandsires* [Arts,
VVho joyn'd both *Crowns*, as He will do all [*Hearts*,
May *Heaven* fulfil, and own the *Propheſie*:
But *Ireland* ſure, above the reſt
In that *Auſpicious Name* is doubly Bleſt:
For while the Royal *James* the *Engliſh* Crown [does wear,
And *Ormond's* Noble *James* remains His *Vice-* [*Roy* here,
Ireland will ne're again know cauſe of Publick [Grief, or Fear.

An Heroick POEM *Moſt humbly Dedicated to the Sacred Majeſty of* CATHARINE *Queen Dowager.*

WHat art thou *Muſe*, that do'ſt the Mind [inſpire,
And Tun'ſt the Strings of the *Poetick* Lyre?
Refin'ſt the Droſſy Soul to Nobler Flame?
VVhat art thou, but a ſtrong deſire of Fame?
A greedy Paſſion of excelling Praiſe, [ways:
VVhich moves in different Tempers, different
To be Admir'd, firſt made the *Souldier* Fight,
The *Courtier* Flatter, and the *Poet* VVrite.

But

But all ſuch Thoughts from my griev'd Boſom fled,
VVhen firſt I heard our Sovereign *Charles* was dead:
My Soul grew ſo Oppreſt with the ſad News,
I hated Fame, abhorr'd my once-lov'd *Muſe*,
Of all Deſires Grief ſtop'd the eager Senſe,
And froze Ambition to Indifference.
Oh Frail Condition of all Humane Things!
See here the Fate of ev'n the Mightieſt Kings;
See here the Glorious *Charles*, whoſe Royal worth
Made Him the Judge of the Diſputing Earth;
The *Arbitration* in His Boſom lay,
He held the *Scepter* of *Imperial* ſway, } obey.
And *War* and *Peace* did His Commanding will }
Like Heav'n (by Heav'ns Decree) within His Breaſt
The Fates of *Kingdoms*, and of *Empires* Reſt;
And VViſely was He choſe for the great Grace,
For who, like Him, could Govern ſuch a Race
As His own Murm'ring People, ſure may guide
VVith Eaſe and Pleaſure all the VVorld beſide.
And yet this *Monarch* ——
Tho' all the Earth depended on His Breath,
Here lyes Himſelf a Subject now to Death.
To the Great Dead I here ſhould Altars raiſe,
And guild his Lawrels with a *Poets* praiſe;

For

For all that VVrite ſhould chooſe no other
Than the Immortal Glories of his Name,
And ſing to all the VVorld the greatneſs of his
Name. [Theam

But oh! I ſee his Virtues plac'd too high,
I ſtand, and wonder, but want VVings to fly,
Struck with ſuch Luſtre, ev'n the *Laureat* fell,
Tho' skill'd in all the Arts of Praiſing well:
'Tis true he fell, but 'twas like *Phaeton*,
Becauſe he durſt aſpire to drive the *Sun*.
Oh boundleſs Fame! how great is thy exceſs,
That Thoughts can never reach, nor Words ex-
preſs! [preſs!

With my ſmall Bark I dare not tempt that Coaſt,
Where crowds of Ship-wrack'd *Poets* I ſee loſt:
The greatneſs of the work diſdains their toil,
This Jewel ſhines too bright to need a foil.
Nor could I think of Verſe, Grief ſeiz'd my Breaſt
And Grief by Silence is the beſt expreſt;
My Thoughts were dead, till Duty led my way,
To where his *Queen*, his Mourning Conſort lay:
The Happieſt Portion of his Happy Life,
The Tend'reſt, Kindeſt, moſt Obſerving Wife.
Sorrow in pomp, alas! fills all the Place,
And ſits Triumphant upon every Face:
But in her Looks Magnificent appears,
Dreſt in the ſadneſs of her Royal Tears. [know,
Hecuba, the greateſt Queen that World did
Fam'd for expreſſion of her mighty Woe,

Had

Had ſhe liv'd now, would here Example had;
Not how to rage, but to be greatly ſad:
The *Indian* Widows, whom miſtaken Fame
Admires for d ing in their Husbands flame,
Find of their Grief an eaſie Remedy,
To live in Pain is harder, than to Die.
Here no unſeemly clamour ſeeks Relief,
Her Breaſt contains the burthen of her Grief;
Which Fire-like, ſuppreſt within her Princely [mind.
Lives, and preſerves it ſelf by being confin'd,
The Royal Mourner, lay'd in her dark Room,
Receives th' Officious Viſits as they come,
Thoſe tedious Forms of Cer'mony and State,
Is a hard Fine ſhe payes for being Great.
This Diſmal Scene on my num'd Fancy wrought
And ſad *Ideas* gave new wings to Thought,
The Prophet with his Country born away,
Hung up his *Harp*, and Wept, but could not Play:
But when with Pious Sorrow he Survey'd
The Great *Jeruſalem* in Aſhes laid:
From the ſad Object ſoon new Fancies ſpring,
And Sacred *Aleph* firſt began to Sing.

Good Heav'n, of all thy great Miſterious ways
That Reaſon comprehends not, yet obeys,
None moves men more to wonder, or diſtruſt,
Than thy ſevere Probations of the Juſt;
For who can hear of Pious *Catharines* Name,
(Great in the Glorious Rolls of Holy Fame)

And

And not from this ſad Scene Expoſtulate,
At leaſt lament the Frailty of our State? [Fate?
To ſee that Good and Great both ſubject are to
Elſe Sh' had been free, whoſe Life is ſo from [Blame,
Whoſe Thoughts make higheſt Virtue all their [aim,
At which hard mark She always ſhoots ſo right,
That every Action nicely hits the White:
Heav'n ſent this Bleſſing on our *Engliſh* ſhore,
T' Inſtruct this *Iſle*, and Virtue to reſtore
From hence long baniſh'd by miſguided heat,
And teach us how to be both Good and Great:
Great in Her Birth, whoſe Royal Linage Springs
From a long Race of *Lucitanian* Kings:
And in the current of whoſe Blood does ſhine,
Glorious Remains of the *Lancaſtrian* Line.
She, as a Dowry, brought to *England* more
Than any Queen that ever came before, [ſhore
She plac'd the *Engliſh* Arms upon the *Africk*
But ſtill moſt Great in this high part of Life,
As *England*'s Queen, and Mighty *Charles*'s Wife:
And yet ——
When Charity implores Her as a Friend,
To ſee with how much Goodneſs ſhe'll deſcend
To help th' Oppreſt, and to redeem the ſtate
Of the Unhappy, that are Slaves to Fate!
So the Bright *Sun*, that Nature ſets ſo high,
The Glory of whoſe Beams fill every Eye
From the great height of his Imperial ſeat
Nouriſhes all things by his kindly heat. In'

In those sad times, when with a Powerful Hand
Curst *Perjury* Infected all the Land;
Justice look'd on, but durst not say one word,
Her Enemy had rob'd her of her Sword,
And by her side her Ballance useless lay [weigh
For now, what men believ'd, they durst not
Commanding Vice struck every Virtue still,
All but her Patience how to bear the Ill.
The *Epidemick* Plague in every Breast,
The wholesom Spirit's corrupted or oppress;
Nothing could now withstand, nothing prevail,
Nothing but her Pray'rs, that never fail.

On what vain props all Wickedness is built!
There's something Self-confounding still in guilt
Else, (Oh mistaking men!) else how could these,
Innur'd in the success of Villanies,
Not see? That the known Virtues of her Name
Would guard her Life, & that t'attempt her Fame
Must of their Story prove so hard a Test,
As shows the Native baseness of the rest.
Even Zeal it self could never think, that She
So fam'd for Virtue and for Piety,
Could never Cherish wretches to Rebel,
Or strike the Life of Him she Lov'd so well:
'*Or that a Prince could Harbour such a Thought,*
'*Who had so bravely for His Country Fought:*
'*A Prince within the circle of whose Mind*
'*All the* Heroick Attributes *are joyn'd,*
'*That differently dispers'd, have made men Great.*
'*A Prince so Lov'd, so much preserv'd by Fate*

'*To wear theſe Glorious Crowns*; *and to repay*
'*What in His Brother She has born away*,[ſign'd,
This ſhow'd the *Cheat*,ſhow'd what the *Plot* de-
And all men ſaw, but ſuch as would be Blind:
Suſanna-like Accus'd, Her Prayers are heard,
Her Enemies are Puniſh'd, and ſhe Clear'd:
But 'tis no wonder Heav'n ſhould take Her part
That holds ſuch large Poſſeſſions in Her Heart:
Who e're a Glorious Piety would Paint
A great Triumphant *Queen*,and Praying *Saint*;
From the high Image of Her Heav'nly Thought
Might draw th'exacteſt piece was ever wrought.
The riſing *Sun* no ſooner did diſplay
His early Beams to kiſs the new-born day,
But that ſhe Roſe to Offer up Her Prayers
To Crown with Bleſt ſucceſs Great *Charles*'s
[Cares,
That this our Nation may be Proſp'rous ſtill,
And for thoſe few that ever wiſh'd Her Ill:
Mercy's Her Natures great Prerogative,
She never thinks of Faults, but to Forgive.

'Tis this, *Great Queen*, that makes me dare to
To Your high Fame ſo poor an Offering. [bring
Your Goodneſs knows to judge what we intend,
And how to Pardon, if we do Offend. [blame
This knowledge gives me hope you will not
My too-aſpiring Verſe, nor conceal'd Name.
My humble Duty here my Pride o're Pow'rs,
It dares not live in the ſame Page with Yours:

The

The Beams of your great Glory ſhine ſo bright,
I turn my Face away from my too much Light.
May Earth, *Great Queen*, give Joy to all your [years,
And Heav'n be ſtill Propitious to your Prayers;
May the great Bleſſings they alone could ſend
On *Charles*'s Happy Reign, and Pious end;
Have Pow'r to make him in his ſecond Birth
As great a Saint, as he was King on Earth:
Where e're you paſs may all your En'mies bow,
And Fame when ſhe relates your Name ſpeak true,
May you poſſeſs a Chain of Happier days, [true,
And better *Poets* riſe to Sing your Praiſe:
And when the Fates have Seal'd your mighty [Doom,
(For Fate, (too well we ſee) is ſure to come)
May Heav'n a Nobler way ſupply our want,
And hop'd Succeſs to all our Wiſhes grant,
Then when we looſe our *Queen*, we are ſure
[to find our *Saint*.

The Deſcription of the CORONATION.

MY Raviſh'd *Muſe* in ſuch bright Mazes [dance,
So Rapture-ſtruck, and all diſſolv'd in Trance,
That I her *Penſel* but in vain provoke,
To ſhadow out the *Viſionary Stroak*;

Since She, (like *Angels*, that above are *Blest*,)
Feels *Extasies* too high to be expreſt.
Nor blame the *Muſe* that would this *Subject* ſhun
Poets and *Limners* ſhould not meddle with [*Perfection.*
All *common ſtroaks* their ſtinted Art may draw,
Whilſt a Bright Viſion keeps the Hand in aw.
And if th'Original they don't Tranſcend,
They only Libel, what they would commend.
And who can add one little common Ray
To the *gay Splendor* of this *Happy Day?*
A *Day* that no *Hyperbole* can Grace,
The only Paint that Beautifies a *Poems* Face.
Hail Happy Day! A Day ſo long Renown'd
For Holy *George* & ſeveral *Monarchs* Crown'd!
Tho' now thy former *Glories* diſ-appear,
As twinkling *Stars*, when *Day*'s bright *Gods* [draw near;
Yet greater *Honours* in their room are given,
From *Earth*'s *rag Calander*, thou art tranſcrib'd [to that of *Heav'n.*
Long haſt thou worn *red Characters* below,
But now the *Gods* will keep thee Holy too.
Tho' the *Morn* was ſpread with *Rebel-ſhow'rs of rain* [again:
Yet *Jove*'s kind hand ſoon for'd them back
And now the *Sun* which long did *Mourning* wear
Does in his Nobleſt Gayeſt *Robes* appear.
Whilſt on *Heav'ns* brow no *Cloudy frowns* were
But as the *Firſt-day*, Pleaſant and Serene. [ſeen,
The

The gazing *Gods* throw those dark *Skreens* away
That they this *Sight* the Clearer might Survey
But if the *Sun* had layn a bed 'till now,
Without his aid we'd seen the Glorious Show.
The Souls of *Kings* and *Heroes* Blest above,
With *Choirs* of shining Spirits hith'er move;
Mantled in *Rays of Light* ne'r seen 'till now,
On wings of *Joy*, they hover to and fro,
Follow'd by *Chariots* so *Divinely bright*;
To which the *Sun* but Darkness is, and Night.
Or had this fail'd, we might the Prospect take
From the great *Splendor* which the *Court* did make.
As when we would the Richest *Jewels* try, by.
We need but their own Light to know them
Hark! what soft *Aires* and *Raptures* fill the *Skies*,
Perform'd by Infinite *Choires of Deities?*
Whilst Mortals too, their rural *Musick* mix, fix.
And with their *Concord* the Charm'd *Planets*
Now *Guardian-Angels* quit their worted Care,
And flie in Troops to Guild the *London* Air.
Where *Æolus* too in gentle Breezes hast;
Loaded with all the *Odours* of the *East*,
The *Essence* of each *Fragrant Flower* He brings,
And hovers o'er us with His *Balmy Wings*.
The *Gods* owe much to *Bounteous Nature* too,
From whose Rich Bosom several *Treasures* flow.
For had She Awkward been, They had been set
To the Expence of greater Wonders yet.

But hold! where does my forward Penſel run
To end the Day, before 'tis ſcarce begun?
Early I roſe this Triumph to attend,
And ſaw the *Royal Pair* the Boat aſcend.
Whoſe *Sacred Preſence* ſuch *Devotion* ſtrike,
Poets themſelves want Skill to feign the like.
By ſlow degrees on Silver *Thames* they road,
She as a *Goddeſs*, He ſo like a *God*,
That I with *Moſes* wiſht an *Interpoſing Cloud*
Objects ſo Bright ſhould put on a Diſguiſe,
Leaſt the Adorers faint beneath the Rays.
In the ſame Sphere two mighty *Suns* behold!
Each of which does contain a *Heav'nly* World
And did the *Perſians* ſee this *Royal Pair*,
They'd ſlight their *God*, and pay their *Homage* here.
He that has try'd to fix his daring Eyes
On that vaſt *Light* which Guilds the *Morning Skies*,
Will find it yet more daz'ling to Survey
This *Pair* of *Suns*, this *double Deity*.
The reſt o'th *Court* I with more eaſe could view,
Yet they made more than *Humane Figures* too.
With *Radiant Jewels* being cover'd all o'er,
Half the *Worlds Wealth*, with its *Pride*, they bore.
Scarlet beneath the *Maſſy-Lace* was hid,
With *Imag'ry*, o'er Splended *Tiſſue* ſpread.
Here the *Fair Sexes* Art and Patience ſee,
Emblem'd in ev'ry *Rich Embroiderie!*
Eight hideous Weeks, which moſt ſhould Work, they ſtrove,
Neglecting all the while their *Health* & *Love*.

And

And the *green Girls* preparing for the Day, [gay.
Made themſelves Pale, to make their *Lovers*
On *Thames* ſee numerous ſhining Veſſels move,
Which dance like ſome tranſported *Orphean* [Grove.
And like the *Spheres* their Artful meaſures take,
From the ſoft Muſick their own motions make
But when all did in one cloſe Body meet,
They look'd like ſome new-built *Eliſian*-ſtreet
Or as if the higheſt Heav'n came down
Fraughted Gems for his dear *James*'s Crown
An earneſt of His brighter laſt Eternal one.
Bleſt *Thames*! hadſt thou a Tongue thy bliſs to own, [known;
My *Muſe* had not then made her weakneſs
But ſince imperfect ſigns thy thoughts declare,
I dare intrude as thy Interpreter.
Hail Sacred Princes! thrice ſhe ſeems to ſay,
Whom Inſtinct makes ev'n ſenſeleſs things obey;
Your Royal Barge *on my ſoft Boſom made,*
The happy'ſt wound that Water ever had.
Under whoſe weight may I for ever live,
But, Oh, that wiſh, You cannot like, forgive!
Long may You wear that Antient Potent Crown,
Which now, (Great Sir) You're going to put on!
And may Your Sacred, Glorious Scepter *ſtand*
For ever firm, and eaſie in Your Hand!
Your Crown too, (Mighty Queen) *long may You wear,*
And be as Happy, as You're Good and Fair!

And when You'll (late) be pleas'd t'inrich the Skie;
May some kind Stars exhale me too on high!
Where (if the Gods so please) may I reside
Your fix'd, and everlasting Pyramyde!
In the mean while close by Your Pallace *side*
I will with soft, and constant numbers Glide.
The common Frowns which Nature bid me wear,
Shall at Your awful Presence disappear.
At that Command, I'll henceforth Ebb and Flow,
And will no Neptune *(Sir,) no* Thetis *(Madam)*
[*own but You.*

This Speech being finisht, she resign'd her care
To the now Honour'd Ground of *Westminster*;
Where, lo, the Earth is ready to unfold
That Pomp the Sea too narrow was to hold.
But Cloaths of State o're all the ground being
[*spread,*
This doleful Speech the sighing *Tellus* made.
What have I done (ye Gods) that I must meet
This curst Exclusion *from my Sov'reigns Feet?*
Must I sustain more than half Europe's *weight,*
Without the just return of viewing it?
But know, whoever did these Coverings lay,
Did spoil the greatest Wonder of this day,
Flora *does now in my wrong'd Bosom lie,*
Furnisht with all her Summer Treasury;
Long since delighting on great CAESAR's *Road*
In various Sweets to spread her self abroad.
Raising her Head, she had been Proud to meet
A Noble Ruin from Your Royal Feet.

But

But ſlighted thus,—— ſhe'd ſomething more to ſay,
But louder Tryumphs bore the ſound away.
Such num'rous Crouds both far and near were [ſeen,
That ſtreets ſeem'd Pav'd,& houſes Tyl'd with [Men,
Chequer'd with the Fair Sex, appear'd more [bright,
Whowith hard gazing fed their eager ſight,
Then ſigh'd & wiſht, & did the reſt in dreams [at night.
So cloſely preſt they did one *Maſs* appear,[near;
But when bright *James* & his fair Queen drew
The mighty Bulk did its own ſelf divide,
And made a Golden Wall on either ſide.[paſt,
Through which they to the Princes Chamber
To take Repoſe,for Gods themſelves muſt reſt
Where having had ſome ſhort Re-fection,
And Glorious proper Robes of State put on;
In the *Abby*(now)where Pomp & Tryumph waits
Behold the Royal God-like CANDIDATES?
Where after numerous Ceremonies paſt, [laſt,
Of *Unction*,*Oaths*,&c. which ſeveral hours did
Their Sacred Heads receiv'd the *Imperial Crown*,
By *CANTERBUT's* happy hand ſet on.
Bleſt Man!what bliſs haſt thou receiv'd this hour
What couldſt thou wiſh,or could Heav'n give [thee more?
Th'exact Deſcription of the *Cavalcade*,
And the bright Figures ev'ry Order made;

What

What hands the Scepter, Sword, Staff, Orb did
Or who *Curtana*, or the *Spurs* did bear, [wear,
Or by what Peers the Crowns ſupported were
What Favourites next the Preſence did remain,
Or what bright Youths bore up the Royal Train
How from the *Temple* to the *Hall* They paſt,
(Where waited for them a Stupendious Feaſt)
What *Hecatomb* fell Victims to Their Board,
Or what vaſt Seas of Wine it did afford.
And laſtly, how with the vaſt Infinite Train,
They to *White-Hall*, (now Crown'd,) return'd [again;
Are Thames that would a mighty Volume ask:
Nor is't a *Poets*, but the *Heralds* task.
Beſides, it would more charge of time require,
Then now my niggard Fate is pleas'd to ſpare.
But having yet Survey'd the *Court* alone, [known
I now would make the Peoples tranſports
But I (alaſs) want Language to expreſs my own.
Ten thouſand *Bells* in one loud Conſort joyn,
Both *Earth* and *Heaven* it ſelf to Entertain:
Sure for this Reaſon they were rais'd on High,
That th'*Gods* might better hear this *Harmony*.
The Pleaſant *Muſicks* nimble foot-ſteps hear,
Paſſing Harmoniouſly from Sphere to Sphere!
Which now the *Starry Battlements* has found,
Which, *Hark*, reverberates, and multiplies the
They Man's Officious, & Injurious call, [Sound!
Who interpos'd the deſign'd Miracle.

For

For Joy, their uſeleſs Ropes away they'd throw,
And *Muſick* on their own accord beſtow.
Next, *Loyal Fires* (the *Peoples Offerings*) ſee!
Like *Burning Groves* raiſing their Heads on high!
As if this night was deſtin'd to devour,
What was deſign'd for the next *Winter* Store
See how it Mounts, as if 't had an intent
To reach the *Stagarytes* Fictitious *Element*!
Whilſt on *Thames* too they ſuch vaſt *Fire-works* make,
That all her Streams ſeem but one *Flaming Lake*
The Frightned *Gods* thinking their *Skies* on Fire
For ſafety to the fartheſt *Heav'ns* retire:
They fear'd another Race of *Gyants* roſe,
Who now had *Fire* inſtead of *Mountains* choſe.
But when Diſcreeter *Gods* ſaw the intent,
Inſtead of *Thunder* and *Revenge*, they ſent
A *Herald* to proclaim this *Complement*.
Bleſt Change! And now the *Heav'nly Powers* rejoyce
That *England* does approve of their Wiſe Choice:
And to its *Throne*, wrong'd *Loyalty* reſtore,
Where *Treaſon* ſtretch'd its ugly Limbs before
Being *Loyal* grown, Your Bliſs is now compleat,
For You before all Bleſſings had, but *That*;
This day you've *Crown'd a King*, whoſe *God-like Reign*,
Reſtores you the Bleſt *Golden Age* again.

A Poem on the CORONATION.

FLie Envious *Time*; why doſt our Bliſs delay?
Repair *Death*'s & thy wrongs, & give us *day*
The Day which from our Woes muſt free us all,
Whom Grief would elſe Martyr in *Charles*'s fall:
That Ador'd Monarch, whoſe Illuſtrious Name
Alone, ſpeaks more, than all the Tongues of *Fame*
Whoſe Loſs, levy'd a Tax of Sighs, and Moan,
And forc'd the World t'an Univerſal Groan.
Hold, hold my *Muſe*--The *Dawn* new-gilds the *Skies*,
See where Great *James* our ſecond *Sun* does riſe
And quite exhales theſe Vapours from our Eyes
Tears, and the Sable ſigns of Grief, give way,
Chac'd by the Beams of this moſt Glorious Day;
A Day, doubly deſign'd by Deſtiny
To remain Sacred to Poſterity.
Something for *Geerge*'s Birth was to *It* due,
But now it is *Three Kingdoms Birth-Day* too,
From this *Coronation* We our Lives Renew.
Each *Loyal Heart* is ſtruck by 't's *Sovereign Rays*
And fill'd at once with *Gratitude* and *Praiſe*.
Hark! how the *Streets* with *cheerful Shouts* do Ring,
Exceſſive Joys in ev'ry Boſom ſpring,
And the whole Town do *IO PÆANS* ſing.
While th' Air as loath ſuch Loyal Sounds to loſe
With thouſand *Ecchoes* does prolong each cloſe;
Behold

Behold what heaps of *Hatts*, aloft there fly,
Like thickn'd *Clouds*, they ſteal away the *Sky*.
T' attend this Earthly *Jove*, the World agrees
In-landers leave their *Homes*, *Sea-men* the *Seas*;
Both *Engliſh* born, & thoſe that *Neighbours* are;
With Exultation cleave the yielding *Air*.
So in ſome *Garden*, deckt with *Flora*'s Pride,
Where all the *Glories* of the *Spring* reſide,
There near a *Waxen Canopy* we ſee,
Thouſands thus Buz about the *Royal-Bee*.
Nature, at this *Solemnity* Revives,
And the glad Earth by *James*'s Infl'ence Thrives
Hills, *Vallies*, *Woods*, are dreſt in new Attire,
April at its own Beauty does Admire,
The wing'd *Muſicians Carol* in the *Air*, [wear,
The Spacious Meadows, *Green-Pluſh* Mantles
Nay, the pleas'd *Heav'n*'s without a *Cloud* appear
While all the *Flowers* of the *Spring* do meet,
And, than *Arabian Spices*, ſmell more ſweet,
The Mighty *Pan*, the Mighty *Pan* to *Greet*.
How ſenſible the *Houſes* are, 'tis *He*!
Who but in *Arras-Gowns* the *King* will ſee.
Walls, *Windows*, *Roofs*, *Tow'rs*, *Steeples*, all are ſet
With ſeveral *Eyes*, but the leaſt Glimpſe to get.
And lo, the *Coſtly Pomp* is now in view,
Which claims our *Wonder*, and our *Homage* too.
The like of this Day's State not *Italy* Sings,
Conſular Triumphs, were but petty things:
Rome too as ſhort of this in *Shows*, you'll find,
As her *Now Glories*, are from thoſe declin'd.

Tri-

Triumphant Sight! In this one Train we may
Of all that's *Noble*, take a full Survey.
Do *Arms* Delight ye? Surfeit here your View
On *Troops*, as can th' Inſulting World ſubdue.
Nay *Learning* here in its Perfection ſhines,
And *Athens* now to *Weſtminſter* Reſigns.
Religion, *Law*, each her beſt Charms diſplays,
Chear'd by the *Warmth* of his Indulgent *Rays*;
Who gave His *Word*, that he'll maintain the *State*,
His *Word*, Unalt'rable as the Book of Fate.
VVho'll ſay, the City Brethren, Miſers be,
And but beholds, their this *Days Bravery*?
None, none; and by their Gallantry, all gueſs,
Their *Loyalty*'s the Cauſe of their Exceſs.
VVhat Rich Attire the *Spirit'al Lords* array!
VVhat *Maſſie Coronets* Adorn the Lay!
Such Cloath of *Gold* and *Silver*, Kill my Brain
My *Opticks* fail, and I grow Blind again.
Arch-Angels ſure, leaving their *Glorious Sphere*
Once-more themſelves have Bodify'd, and here
Reſolve, as *Engliſh Nobles* to appear.
Princes who've ſtill been waited on, now wait
And *Bowing* here, they count they ſit in State.
But ſtay! — In this *Terreſtial Galaxy*,
A *Glitt'ring Troop*, of *Beauties* I deſcry,
VVho Raviſh with too Bright a *Tyranny*.
Such *Luſtre* ne're was ſeen in *Thetis Train*,
VVhen Dreſt i'th' Native *Jewels* of the *Main*.
At ev'ry Look I take, new Charms ariſe, [*Eys*.
Bright are their *Diamonds*, Brighter are their

And

And in each Lovely Face, do plainly move,
Un-number'd Signs of *Beauty*, *Wit* and *Love*:
Shou'd Cold *Diogenes* theſe *Fair Ones* ſee.
Pierc'd by their *Darts* he wou'd Enamour'd be.
But what Freſh Object's this Invades my Eye,
And bids my Soul gaze there Etternally?
Aſſur'd I am, our *Climate* never held
Before a *Beauty* ſo unparallel'd,
All *Heavenly Features* joyn themſelves in one,
To ſhew their Triumph in this *Face* alone;
The *Savages*, that Worſhip the *Suns Riſe*,
Wou'd hate their *God*, if they beheld theſe *Eyes*.
The *Wealth* She wears about her, more does hide
Than it Adorns, Her *Native Beauty*'s Pride.
Mirrour of *Heaven*! *Wonder* of the *Earth*!
Oh! thou *Bright Goddeſs* of *Cæleſtial Birth*!
Now *Cæſar*'s Glory Augmentable ſeems,
Since You appear, and deign to mix your *Beams*
'Tis She! 'Tis *Englands* Queen whom thus we
Queen long ago, and now *Anointed* too. [view,
The *Crown*, not Her, but She the *Crown* does Grace
Before She ſway'd an *Empire* in Her Face.
Had *Virgil* liv'd this *Mary* but to ſee,
Dido had in Oblivion Slept, and She
Had giv'n his *Muſe*, Her beſt *Eternity*.
And now the *Monarch* of the Day's in ſight,
From whom the reſt receive their *borrow'd Light*,
Who giving way, His *Brighter Splendour* own,
As *Stars* do vaniſh at th'approach o'th' *Sun*.

Oh!

Oh! what a Flood of Virtues from Him flows!
How like a *God* Inſtall'd on Earth He ſhows!
Thus when the Thickeſt Darkneſs *Phœbus* Shrowds,
With greater Fulgence he breaks through the *Clouds*:
Look on His *Face*, His *Royal Mein* but mind,
And to be *Traytors* now, we muſt be blind.
Mankind's Delight! and *Heavens* chiefeſt Care,
To Victʼry, as to's *Crown* the *Lawful Heir*.
The World has always Shook at His *Alarms*,
At *Sea* and *Land* Succeſs ſtill Crown'd His *Arms*.
Ye Bold *Excluders*, ſee your Injur'd Prince,
And may this Sight You of your Crime convince,
Crouch crouch, *Rebellious Sirs*, & own your Inſolence
Both how to *Pardon*, and *Revenge*, He knows,
To Guard his *Friends*, and to Deſtroy his *Foes*.
Down, down then at His *Feet* without delay,
With double *Loyalty* His wrongs repay;
Lay, lay Him in your Hearts, and beg of Fate,
He long may Reign, though He is Crown'd, but late,
He ſhall; for th' thing that's ſlowly's ſure done,
And He whom *Heaven* deſigns to fix on's *Throne*,
It is the longer ſitting Him thereon.
No more ſhall Lawleſs, Hair-brain'd *Faction Rage*,
But may His Reign bring back the *Golden Age*.
May from His Sacred Conſort's VVomb Increaſe,
Spring Preſent Joy, and Future Ages *Peace*.
Let's keep their Path, which He (a *Subject*) made,
VVho ſtill His King Unmurmuring Obey'd.
Let's think His Foes be Ours, as ſo They are,
Think on His *Martyr'd Father*, and beware.
And let this Sight, (though ended, ne're be done,
But let it ſtill, and ſtill be Thought upon,
And Thought on, ev'n to Convert *Rebellion*.

LONDON.